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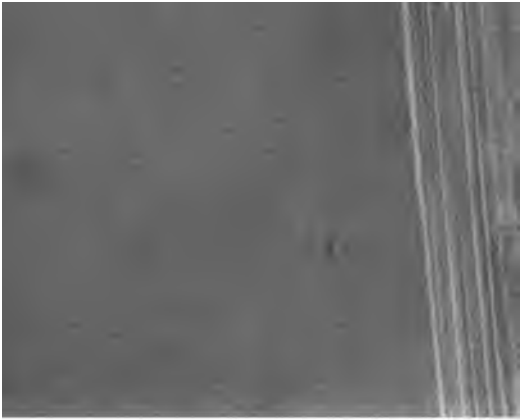

NRD

THE WORKS OF THE GREEK AND ROMAN POETS,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

VOL. X.

CONTAINING

DRYDEN'S VERSION OF VIRGIL'S PASTORALS AND GEORGICS;

AND

THE FIRST VOLUME OF ÆNEIS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR SUTTABY, EVANCE, AND FOX, STATIONERS' COURT; SHARPE AND HAILES, MUSEUM, PICCADILLY; TAYLOR AND *HESSEY, FLEET-STREET*; AND E. JENNINGS, *POULTRY.*

1813.

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VIRGIL

Pursued the Trojans & poured them in a dry cover
Georg. 4.

THE

WORKS

OF

VIRGIL:

TRANSLATED

BY JOHN DRYDEN.

SEQUITURQUE PATREM NON PASSIBUS ÆQUIS.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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1810.

RR

THE

PASTORALS.

DEDICATION

OF THE

PASTORALS.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

HUGH, LORD CLIFFORD[1],

BARON OF CHUDLEIGH.

MY LORD,

I HAVE found it not more difficult to translate Virgil, than to find such patrons as I desire for my translation. For though England is not wanting in a learned nobility, yet such are my unhappy circumstances, that they have confined me to a narrow choice[2]. To the greater part I have not the honour to be known; and to some of them I cannot show at present, by any public act, that grateful respect which I shall ever bear them in my heart. Yet I have no reason to complain of Fortune; since, in the midst of that abundance, I could not possibly

[1] The son of lord-treasurer Clifford, to whom the Dedicator had inscribed *his tragedy of 'Amboyna.'*

[2] *Dryden is here supposed to allude to the circumscribed sphere of his own religion and politics.*

master. He was that Pollio, or
introduced me to Augustus; and
dismissed himself from state-affa
short time of his administration, he
fully upon me, that, like the he
summer, he ripened the fruits of
climate, and gave me wherewith
least in the long winter which su
I now offer to your lordship, is t
mainder of a sickly age, worn out
oppressed by fortune; without ot
the constancy and patience of a
my lord, are yet in the flower of
may live to enjoy the benefits of
is promised Europe; I can only hea
for years, and, above all things,
have shut me out from sharing i
The poets, who condemn their
had added to his torments, if they
which is the proper

first essay in poetry (if the 'Ceiris' was not his): and it was more excusable in him to describe love when he was young, than for me to translate him when I am old. He died at the age of fifty-two; and I began this work in my great climacteric. But having perhaps a better constitution than my author, I have wronged him less, considering my circumstances, than those who have attempted him before, either in our own or any modern language. And though this version is not void of errors, yet it comforts me that the faults of others are not worth finding. Mine are neither gross nor frequent in those Eclogues, wherein my master has raised himself above that humble style in which pastoral delights; and which, I must confess, is proper to the education and converse of shepherds: for he found the strength of his genius betimes, and was, even in his youth, preluding to his Georgics and his Æneïs. He could not forbear to try his wings, though his pinions were not hardened to maintain a long laborious flight. Yet sometimes they bore him to a pitch as lofty as ever he was able to reach afterwards. But when he was admonished by his subject to descend, he came down gently, circling in the air, and singing, to the ground; like a lark, melodious in her mounting, and continuing her song till she alights; still preparing for a higher flight at her next sally, and tuning her voice to better music. The fourth, the sixth, and the eighth Pastorals, are clear evidences of this truth. In the three first, he contains himself within his bounds: but addressing to Pollio, his great patron, and himself no vulgar poet, he no longer could restrain the freedom of his spirit, but began to assert his

native character, which is sublimity—putting himself under the conduct of the same Cumæan Sibyl, whom afterwards he gave for a guide to his Æneas. It is true, he was sensible of his own boldness; and we know it by the *paulo majora*, which begins his fourth Eclogue. He remembered, like young Manlius, that he was forbidden to engage: but what avails an express command to a youthful courage, which presages victory in the attempt? Encouraged with success, he proceeds further in the sixth, and invades the province of philosophy. And, notwithstanding that Phœbus had forewarned him of singing wars, as he there confesses; yet he presumed that the search of nature was as free to him as to Lucretius, who at his age explained it according to the principles of Epicurus. In his eighth Eclogue, he has innovated nothing; the former part of it being the complaint and despair of a forsaken lover; the latter, a charm of an enchantress, to renew a lost affection. But the complaint perhaps contains some topics which are above the condition of his persons; and our author seems to have made his herdsmen somewhat too learned for their profession: the charms are also of the same nature; but both were copied from Theocritus, and had received the applause of former ages in their original. There is a kind of rusticity in all those pompous verses; somewhat of a holy-day shepherd strutting in his country buskins. The like may be observed both in the *Pollio* and the *Silenus*, where the similitudes are drawn from the woods and meadows. They seem to me *to represent* our poet betwixt a farmer and a *courtier, when he* left Mantua for Rome, and

dressed himself in his best habit to appear before his patron, somewhat too fine for the place from whence he came, and yet retaining part of its simplicity. In the ninth pastoral, he collects some beautiful passages, which were scattered in Theocritus, which he could not insert into any of his former Eclogues, and yet was unwilling they should be lost. In all the rest, he is equal to his Sicilian master, and observes, like him, a just decorum both of the subject and the persons; as particularly in the third Pastoral, where one of his shepherds describes a bowl, or mazer, curiously carved.

In medio duo signa: Conon, et quis fuit alter,
Descripsit radio totum qui gentibus orbem?

He remembers only the name of Conon, and forgets the other on set purpose. Whether he means Anaximander or Eudoxus, I dispute not: but he was certainly forgotten, to show his country swain was no great scholar.

After all, I must confess that the boorish dialect of Theocritus has a secret charm in it, which the Roman language cannot imitate: though Virgil has drawn it down as low as possibly he could, as in the *cujum pecus*, and some other words, for which he was so unjustly blamed by the bad critics of his age, who could not see the beauties of that *merum rus*, which the poet described in those expressions. But Theocritus may justly be preferred as the original, without injury to Virgil, who modestly contents himself with the second place, and glories *only in being the first* who transplanted pastoral *into his own country*, and brought it there to bear

as happily as the cherry-trees which Lucullus brought from Pontus.

Our own nation has produced a third poet in this kind, not inferior to the two former: for the *Shepherd's Kalendar* of Spenser is not to be matched in any modern language, not even by Tasso's *Aminta*; which infinitely transcends Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, as having more of nature in it, and being almost wholly clear from the wretched affectation of learning. I will say nothing of the *Piscatory Eclogues*[3], because no modern Latin can bear criticism. It is no wonder, that, rolling down, through so many barbarous ages, from the spring of Virgil, it bears along with it the filth and ordures of the Goths and Vandals. Neither will I mention Monsieur Fontenelle, the living glory of the French. It is enough for him to have excelled his master Lucian, without attempting to compare our miserable age with that of Virgil or Theocritus. Let me only add, for his reputation,

Si Pergama dextrâ
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.

But Spenser, being master of our northern dialect, and skilled in Chaucer's English, has so exactly imitated the Doric of Theocritus, that his love is a perfect image of that passion which God infused into both sexes, before it was corrupted with the knowledge of arts, and the ceremonies of what we call good manners.

My lord, I know to whom I dedicate, and could

[3] *The Piscatoria* of Sannazarius, which are facetiously censured by Tickell in No. 28 of the Guardian.

not have been induced by any motive to put this part of Virgil, or any other, into unlearned hands. You have read him with pleasure, and, I dare say, with admiration, in the Latin, of which you are a master. You have added to your natural endowments, (which without flattery are eminent,) the superstructures of study, and the knowledge of good authors. Courage, probity, and humanity, are inherent in you. These virtues have ever been habitual to the ancient house of Cumberland, from whence you are descended, and of which our chronicles make so honourable mention in the long wars betwixt the rival families of York and Lancaster. Your forefathers have asserted the party which they chose, till death, and died for its defence in the fields of battle. You have, besides, the fresh remembrance of your noble father, from whom you never can degenerate.

Nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.

It being almost morally impossible for you to be other than you are by kind, I need neither praise nor incite your virtue. You are acquainted with the Roman history, and know, without my information, that patronage and clientship always descended from the fathers to the sons; and that the same plebeian houses had recourse to the same patrician line which had formerly protected them, and followed their principles and fortunes to the last: so that I am your lordship's by descent, and part of your inheritance. And the natural inclination which I have to serve you, adds to your paternal right; for I was wholly yours from the first mo

much sunny, but that they appear somet
the dim mirror which I hold before yo
subject is not unsuitable to your youth, whic
you yet to love, and is proper to your prese
of life. Rural recreations abroad, and b
home, are the innocent pleasures of a man
early wise, and gives Fortune no more hold
than of necessity he must. It is good, o
occasions, to think beforehand as little as
to enjoy as much of the present as will not
ger our futurity; and to provide ourselves
virtuoso's saddle, which will be sure to ambl
the world is upon the hardest trot. What
bly offer to your lordship, is of this nature.
pleasant, and am sure it is innocent. M
ever continue your esteem for Virgil, and no
t for the faults of his translator; who is, w
nanner of respect and sense of gratitude,

My lord,

Your lordship's most humble

PREFACE

TO

THE PASTORALS;

WITH A SHORT

DEFENCE OF VIRGIL,

AGAINST SOME OF THE REFLECTIONS OF MONSIEUR FONTENELLE,

By William Walsh, Esq [1].

As the writings of greatest antiquity are in verse, so, of all sorts of poetry, pastorals seem the most ancient; being formed upon the model of the first innocence and simplicity, which the moderns (better to dispense themselves from imitating,) have wisely thought fit to treat as fabulous and impracticable. And yet they, by obeying the unsophisticated dictates of nature, enjoyed the most valuable blessings of life; a vigorous health of body, with a constant serenity and freedom of mind; whilst we, with all our fanciful refinements, can scarcely pass an autumn without some access of a fever, or a whole day, not ruffled by some unquiet passion. He was

[1] Mr. Malone seems to think it probable, that Dr. Knightly *Chetwood was the author of this* Preface, though attributed to *the early patron of Pope.* See Dryden's Prose works, iii. 549.

rage, tillage, geometry, writing, music,
&c.; whilst the moderns, like extrav
made rich by their industry, ungratefully
good old gentlemen who left them the
is not therefore to be wondered at, th
are fallen into disesteem, together with t
of life upon which they were grounded.
thinks I see the reader already uneasy a
of Virgil, counting the pages, and pos
Æneis: so delightful an entertainment i
relation of public mischief and slaught
come to mankind. And yet Virgil pass
different judgment on his own works:
most this part, and his *Georgics*, and
upon them for his reputation with post
censures himself in one of his letters to
for meddling with heroics, the inventio

imputations; to look into some of the rules of this sort of poetry, and inquire what sort of versification is most proper for it: in which point we are so much inferior to the ancients, that this consideration alone were enough to make some writers think as they ought, that is meanly, of their own performances.

As all sorts of poetry consist in imitation; 'pastoral is the imitation of a shepherd considered under that character.' It is requisite, therefore, to be a little informed of the condition and qualification of these shepherds.

One of the ancients has observed truly, but satirically enough, that, 'Mankind is the measure of every thing.' And thus, by a gradual improvement of this mistake, we come to make our own age and country the rule and standard of others, and ourselves at last the measure of them all. We figure the ancient countrymen like our own, leading a painful life in poverty and contempt, without wit, or courage, or education. But men had quite different notions of these things for the first four thousand years of the world. Health and strength were then in more esteem than the refinements of pleasure; and it was accounted a great deal more honourable to till the ground, or keep a flock of sheep, than to dissolve in wantonness and effeminating sloth. Hunting has now an idea of quality joined to it, and is become the most important business in the life of a gentleman: anciently, it was quite otherways. M. Fleury has severely remarked, that this extravagant passion for hunting is a strong proof of *our Gothic extraction*, and shows an affinity of humour *with the savage* Americans. The barbarous

Franks and other Germans (having neither corn nor wine of their own growth), when they passed the Rhine, and possessed themselves of countries better cultivated, left the tillage of the land to the old proprietors; and afterwards continued to hazard their lives as freely for their diversion, as they had done before for their necessary subsistence. The English gave this usage the sacred stamp of fashion; and from hence it is, that most of our terms of hunting are French. The reader will, I hope, give me his pardon for my freedom on this subject, since an ill accident, occasioned by hunting, has kept England in pain, these several months together, for one of the best and greatest peers [2] which she has bred for some ages; no less illustrious for civil virtues and learning, than his ancestors were for all their victories in France.

But there are some prints still left of the ancient esteem for husbandry, and their plain fashion of life, in many of our sur-names, and in the escutcheons of the most ancient families, even those of the greatest kings, the roses, the lilies, the thistle, &c. It is generally known, that one of the principal causes of the deposing of Mahomet the Fourth, was, that he would not allot part of the day to some manual labour, according to the law of Mahomet; an ancient practice of his predecessors. He that reflects on this, will be the less surprised to find that Charlemagne, eight hundred years ago, ordered his children to be instructed in some profession: and eight hundred years yet higher, that Augustus wore no clothes but such as were made by the *hands of the* empress and her daughters; and

[2] The duke of Shrewsbury.

Olympias did the same for Alexander the Great. Nor will he wonder that the Romans, in great exigency, sent for their dictator from the plough, whose whole estate was but of four acres; too little a spot now for the orchard or kitchen-garden of a private gentleman. It is commonly known, that the founders of three the most renowned monarchies in the world were shepherds: and the subject of husbandry has been adorned by the writings and labour of more than twenty kings. It ought not, therefore, to be matter of surprise to a modern writer, that kings (the shepherds of the people in Homer,) laid down their first rudiments in tending their mute subjects; nor that the wealth of Ulysses consisted in flocks and herds; the intendants over which were then in equal esteem with officers of state in latter times. And therefore Eumæus is called διος ὑφορβος in Homer; not so much because Homer was a lover of a country life, to which he rather seems averse, but by reason of the dignity and greatness of his trust, and because he was the son of a king, stolen away, and sold by the Phœnician pirates; which the ingenious Mr. Cowley seems not to have taken notice of. Nor will it seem strange, that the master of the horse to king Latinus, in the ninth Æneid, was found in the homely employment of cleaving blocks, when news of the first skirmish betwixt the Trojans and Latins was brought to him.

Being therefore of such quality, they cannot be supposed so very ignorant and unpolished: the learning and good-breeding of the world was then in the hands of such people. He who was chosen *by the consent of all parties* to arbitrate so delicate

he made of them. It seems ther
Fontenelle had not duly consider
when he reflected so severely upon
had not observed the laws of decen
rals, in making shepherds speak t
their character, and above their
stands amazed that shepherds shoul
as he expresses himself, the formatio
and that too according to the system
'In truth,' (says he, page 176,) I ca
to make of this whole piece (the si
I can neither comprehend the design
nor the connection of the parts. F
ideas of philosophy, and presently af
herent fables,' &c. To expose him
subjoins, 'It is Silenus himself who
absurd discourse. Virgil says, indee
drank too much the day before; per
bauch hung in his head when he c
poem, &c.' Thus far M. Fontenelle

ordered the whole to be rehearsed; and, with admiration of it, conferred them upon the glorious title of

Magnæ spes altera Romæ.

s it old Donatus only who relates this: we he same account from another very credible ncient author; so that here we have the ent of Cicero, and the people of Rome, to nst the single opinion of this adventurous cri- A man ought to be well assured of his own es, before he attacks an author of established ation. If M. Fontenelle has perused the ents of the Phœnician antiquity, traced the ess of learning through the ancient Greek ts, or so much as consulted his learned coun- an Huetius, he would have found (which falls mluckily for him) that a Chaldean shepherd vered to the Egyptians and Greeks the creation e world. And what subject more fit for such storal, than that great affair which was first led to the world by one of that profession? does it appear (what he takes for granted), Virgil describes the original of the world ac- ing to the hypothesis of Epicurus. He was well seen in antiquity to commit such a gross ake; there is not the least mention of *chance* at whole passage, nor of the *clinamen princi- m*, so peculiar to Epicurus's hypothesis. Vir- ad not only more piety, but was of too nice a ment to introduce a god denying the power providence of the Deity, and singing a hymn e *atoms and blind chance*. On the contrary, *escription agrees very* well with that of Moses:

and the eloquent commentator Dacier, who is so confident that Horace had perused the sacred history, might with greater reason have affirmed the same thing of Virgil: for, besides the famous passage in the sixth Æneïd (by which this may be illustrated), where the word *principio* is used in front of both by Moses and Virgil, and the seas are first mentioned, and the *spiritus intus alit*, which might not improbably, as M. Dacier would suggest, allude to the '*Spirit moving upon the face of the waters*;' but omitting this parallel place, the successive formation of the world is evidently described in these words,

Rerum paulatim sumere formas:

and it is hardly possible to render more literally that verse of Moses, '*Let the waters be gathered into one place, and let the dry land appear*,' than in this of Virgil,

Tum durare solum, et discludere Nerea ponto.

After this, the formation of the sun is described (exactly in the Mosaical order), and next the production of the first living creatures, and that too in a small number, (still in the same method)

Rara per ignotos errent animalia montes.

And here the aforesaid author would probably remark, that Virgil keeps more exactly to the Mosaic system, than an ingenious writer, who wi' by no means allow mountains to be coæval with world. Thus much will make it probable at le *that* Virgil had Moses in his thoughts, rather tl *Epicurus, when he* composed this poem. But i

ner remarkable, that this passage was taken om a song attributed to Apollo, who himself, too, unluckily had been a shepherd; and he took it from another yet more ancient, composed by the first inventor of music, and at that time a shepherd too; and this is one of the noblest fragments of Greek antiquity. And, because I cannot suppose the ingenious M. Fontenelle one of their number, who pretend to censure the Greeks, without being able to distinguish Greek from Ephesian characters, I shall here set down the lines from which Virgil took this passage, though none of the commentators have observed it.

———ἐραστὴ δ' οἱ ἑσπετο φωνὴ,
Κρείων αθανατῆς τε θεῆς, καὶ γαῖαν ἐρεμνὴν,
Ὦ; τὰ πρῶτα γένοντο, καὶ ὡ; λάχε μοῖραν ἕκαστο;,&c.

Thus Linus too began his poem, as appears by a fragment of it preserved by Diogenes Laertius; and the like may be instanced in Musæus himself; so that our poet here, with great judgment, (as always,) follows the ancient custom of beginning their more solemn songs with the creation; and does it too most properly under the person of a shepherd. And thus, the first and best employment of poetry was, to compose hymns in honour of the great Creator of the universe.

Few words will suffice to answer his other objections. He demands why those several transformations are mentioned in that poem? And is not fable then the life and soul of poetry? Can himself assign a more proper subject of pastoral than the *Saturnia regna*, the age and scene of the

much into the liquid dangerous looking-g
fear of being stolen by the water-nymphs
falling and being drowned, as Hylas wa
phaë's monstrous passion for a bull is ce
subject enough fitted for bucolics. Can
tenelle tax Silenus for fetching too far tl
formation of the sisters of Phaëton int
when perhaps they sat at that very time u
hospitable shade of those alders and popl
the metamorphosis of Philomela into tha
ing bird, which makes the sweetest musi
groves? If he had looked into the ancien
writers, or so much as consulted honest
he would have discovered, that under the
of this drunkenness of Silenus, the ref
and exultation of men's minds by philoso
intended. But, if the author of these re
can take such flights in his wine, it is alm
that drunkenness should be a sin, or that h
ever want good store of Burgundy and

nat is meant by those many figurative expres-
ons:' but, if he had consulted the younger Vos-
us's dissertation on this Pastoral, or read the ex-
ellent oration of the emperor Constantine, (made
rench by a good pen of their own,) he would
ave found there the plain interpretation of all
hose figurative expressions; and, withal, very
rong proofs of the truths of the Christian re-
gion: such as converted heathens; as Valerianus,
nd others. And upon account of this piece, the
ost learned of all the Latin fathers calls Virgil a
hristian, even before Christianity. Cicero takes
otice of it in his books of Divination; and Virgil
robably had put it in verse a considerable time
efore the edition of his Pastorals. Nor does he
ppropriate it to Pollio, or his son, but compli-
entally dates it from his consulship; and, there-
ore, some one who had not so kind thoughts of
I. Fontenelle as I, would be inclined to think
im as bad a catholic as critic in this place.

But, in respect to some books he has wrote
ince, I pass by a great part of this, and shall
nly touch briefly some of the rules of this sort
f poem.

The first is, that an air of piety upon all occa-
ions should be maintained in the whole poem.
This appears in all the ancient Greek writers, as
Homer, Hesiod, Aratus, &c. And Virgil is so
exact in the observation of it, (not only in this
work, but in his Æneïs too,) that a celebrated
French writer taxes him for permitting Æneas to
do nothing without the assistance of some god.
But *by this it appears*, at least, that M. St. Evre-
mont is no Jansenist.

M. Fontenelle seems a little defective in thi point: he brings in a pair of shepherdesses di puting very warmly, whether *Victoria* be a god dess or a woman. Her great condescension an compassion, her affability and goodness, (none o the meanest attributes of the divinity,) pass fo convincing arguments that she could not possibl be a goddess.

Les Déesses, toûjours fières et méprisantes,
Ne rassureroient point les bergères tremblantes
Par d'obligeans discours, des souris gracieux.
Mais tu l'as vu: cette auguste personne,
Qui vient de paroître en ces lieux,
Prend soin de rassurer au moment qu'elle étonne;
Sa bonté descendant sans peine jusqu' à nous.

In short, she has too many divine perfections to b a deity, and therefore she is a mortal; which wa the thing to be proved. It is directly contrary t the practice of all ancient poets, as well as to th rules of decency and religion, to make such odiou preferences. I am much surprised, therefore, tha he should use such an argument as this:

Cloris, as-tu vu des déesses
Avoir un air si facile et si doux?

Was not Aurora, and Venus, and Luna, and I know not how many more of the heathen deities too easy of access to Tithonus, to Anchises, and to Endymion? Is there any thing more sparkish and better-humoured than Venus's accosting her *son* in the deserts of Libya? or than the beha-*viour of Pallas* to Diomedes, one of the most per

fect and admirable pieces of all the Iliads; where she condescends to *raillé* him so agreeably; and, notwithstanding her severe virtue, and all the ensigns of majesty with which she so terribly adorns herself, condescends to ride with him in his chariot? But the Odysseys are full of greater instances of condescension than this.

This brings to mind that famous passage of Lucan, in which he prefers Cato to all the gods at once:

Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni—

which Brebœuf has rendered so flatly, and which may be thus paraphrased:

Heaven meanly with the conqueror did comply;
But Cato, rather than submit, would die.

It is an unpardonable presumption in any sort of religion, to compliment their princes at the expense of their deities.

But, letting that pass, this whole eclogue is but a long paraphrase of a trite verse in Virgil, and Homer,

Nec vox hominem sonat: O Dea certe!

So true is that remark of the admirable Earl of Roscommon, if applied to the Romans, rather, I fear, than to the English, since his own death:

..... one sterling line,
Drawn to French wire, would through whole pages shine.

Another rule is, that the characters should re-*esent that ancient innocence*, and unpractised

plainness, which was then in the world. Pére Rapin has gathered many instances of this out of Theocritus and Virgil; and the reader can do it as well as himself. But M. Fontenelle transgressed this rule, when he hid himself in the thicket, to listen to the private discourse of the two shepherdesses. This is not only ill-breeding at Versailles: the Arcadian shepherdesses themselves would have set their dogs upon one, for such an unpardonable piece of rudeness.

A third rule is, that there should be some *ordonnance*, some design or little plot, which may deserve the title of a pastoral scene. This is every where observed by Virgil, and particularly remarkable in the first Eclogue, the standard of all pastorals. A beautiful landscape presents itself to your view; a shepherd with his flock around him, resting securely under a spreading beech, which furnished the first food to our ancestors; another in a quite different situation of mind and circumstances; the sun setting; the hospitality of the more fortunate shepherd, &c. And here M. Fontenelle seems not a little wanting.

A fourth rule, and of great importance in this delicate sort of writing is, that there be choice diversity of subjects; that the eclogue, like a beautiful prospect, should charm by its variety. Virgil is admirable in this point, and far surpasses Theocritus, as he does every where, when judgment and contrivance have the principal part. The subject of the first Pastoral is hinted above.

The second contains the love of Corydon for *Alexis*, and the seasonable reproach he gives himself, that he left his vines half pruned (which, a

cording to the Roman rituals, derived a curse upon the fruit that grew upon it), whilst he pursued an object undeserving his passion.

The third, a sharp contention of two shepherds for the prize of poetry.

The fourth contains the discourse of a shepherd comforting himself, in a declining age, that a better was ensuing.

The fifth, a lamentation for a dead friend, the first draught of which is probably more ancient than any of the pastorals now extant; his brother being at first intended; but he afterwards makes his court to Augustus, by turning it into an apotheosis of Julius Cæsar.

The sixth is the Silenus.

The seventh, another poetical dispute, first composed at Mantua.

The eighth is the description of a despairing lover, and a magical charm.

He sets the ninth after all these, very modestly, because it was particular to himself; and here he would have ended that work, if Gallus had not prevailed upon him to add one more in his favour.

Thus curious was Virgil in diversifying his subjects. But M. Fontenelle is a great deal too uniform: begin where you please, the subject is still the same. We find it true what he says of himself,

Toujours, toujours de l'amour.

He seems to take *pastorals* and love-verses for the *same thing. Has* human nature no other passion? *Does not* fear, ambition, avarice, pride,

capriccio of honour, and laziness itself, o
triumph over love? But this passion does all,
only in pastorals, but in modern tragedies too.
hero can no more fight, or be sick, or die, t
he can be born, without a woman. But drama
have been composed in complaisance to the
mour of the age, and the prevailing inclinatio
the great, whose example has a more powerful
fluence, not only in the little court behind
scenes, but on the great theatre of the wo
However, this inundation of love-verses is no
much an effect of their amorousness, as of
moderate self-love; this being the only sort
poetry, in which the writer can, not only with
censure, but even with commendation, talk
himself. There is generally more of the pass
of Narcissus, than concern for Chloris and
Dinna, in this whole affair. Be pleased to look i
almost any of those writers, and you shall m
every where that eternal *Moi*, which the admira
Pascal so judiciously condemns. Homer
never be enough admired for this one so partic
quality, that he never speaks of himself, either
the Iliad, or the Odysseys: and if Horace had ne
told us his genealogy, but left it to the writer
his life, perhaps he had not been a loser by it. T
consideration might induce those great crit
Varius and Tucca, to raze out the four first ve
of the Æneïs, in great measure, for the sake
that unlucky *Ille ego*. But extraordinary geniu
have a sort of prerogative, which may dispe
them from laws, binding to subject wits. H
ever, the ladies have the less reason to be plea
with those addresses, of which the poet takes

greater share to himself. Thus the beau presses into their dressing-room; but it is not so much to adore their fair eyes, as to adjust his own steenkirk and peruke, and set his countenance in their glass.

A fifth rule (which one may hope will not be contested) is, that the writer should show in his compositions some competent skill of the subject matter, that which makes the character of persons introduced. In this, as in all other points of learning, decency, and economy of a poem, Virgil much excels his master Theocritus. The poet is better skilled in husbandry than those that get their bread by it. He describes the nature, the diseases, the remedies, the proper places, and seasons, of feeding, of watering their flocks; the furniture, diet, the lodging and pastimes, of his shepherds. But the persons brought in by M. Fontenelle are shepherds in masquerade, and handle their sheep-hook as awkwardly as they do their oaten reed. They saunter about with their *chers moutons;* but they relate as little to the business in hand, as the painter's dog, or a Dutch ship, does to the history designed. One would suspect some of them, that instead of leading out their sheep into the plains of Mont Brison and Marcilli, to the flowery banks of Lignon, or the Charante, they are driving directly *à la boucherie,* to make money of them. I hope hereafter M. Fontenelle will choose his servants better.

A sixth rule is, that as the style ought to be natural, clear, and elegant, it should have some peculiar relish of the ancient fashion of writing. Parables *in those times* were frequently used, as they

are still by the eastern nations; philosophical questions, ænigmas, &c.; and of this we find instances in the sacred writings, in Homer, contemporary with king David, in Herodotus, in the Greek tragedians. This piece of antiquity is imitated by Virgil with great judgment and discretion. He has proposed one riddle, which has never yet been solved by any of his commentators. Though he knew the rules of rhetoric as well as Cicero himself, he conceals that skill in his Pastorals, and keeps close to the character of antiquity. Nor ought the connections and transitions to be very strict and regular; this would give the Pastorals an air of novelty; and of this neglect of exact connection, we have instances in the writings of the ancient Chineses, of the Jews, and Greeks, in Pindar, and other writers of dithyrambics, in the choruses of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. If M. Fontenelle and Ruæus had considered this, the one would have spared his critique of the sixth, and the other his reflections upon the ninth Pastoral. The over-scrupulous care of connections makes the modern compositions oftentimes tedious and flat: and by the omission of them it comes to pass, that the *Pensées* of the incomparable M. Pascal, and perhaps of M. Bruyère, are two of the most entertaining books which the modern French can boast of. Virgil, in this point, was not only faithful to the character of antiquity, but copies after Nature herself. Thus a meadow, where the beauties of the spring are profusely blended together, makes a more delightful prospect, than a curious *parterre* of sorted flowers in our gardens: and we are much more transported

beauty of the heavens, and admiration of
ator, in a clear night, when we behold
all magnitudes promiscuously moving to-
than if those glorious lights were ranked
several orders, or reduced into the finest
ical figures.

er rule omitted by Père Rapin, as some of
y me (for I do not design an entire tren-
is preface), is, that not only the sentences
e short and smart (upon which account he
ames the Italian and French, as too talka-
at that the whole piece should be so too.
ansgressed this rule in his first Pastorals,
those which he composed at Mantua,) but
the fault in his riper years. This appears
Culex, which is as long as five of his Pas-
at together. The greater part of those he
have less than a hundred verses; and but
hem exceed that number. But the *Sile-*
ich he seems to have designed for his mas-
e, in which he introduces a god singing,
oo full of inspiration (which is intended by
iety, which M. Fontenelle so unreasonably
), though it goes through so vast a field of
and comprises the mythology of near two
l years, consists but of fifty lines; so that
ity is no less admirable, than the subject-
the noble fashion of handling it, and the
peaking. Virgil keeps up his characters
espect too, with the strictest decency: for
and pastime was not the business of men's
those days, but only their seasonable re-
after necessary labours. And therefore

the length of some of the modern Italian and English compositions is against the rules of this kind of poesy.

I shall add something very briefly, touching the versification of pastorals, though it be a mortifying consideration to the moderns. Heroic verse (as it is commonly called) was used by the Greeks in this sort of poem, as very ancient and natural; lyrics, iambics, &c. being invented afterwards: but there is so great a difference in the numbers of which it may be compounded, that it may pass rather for a genus, than species, of verse. Whosoever shall compare the numbers of the three following verses, will quickly be sensible of the truth of this observation.

Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi—

the first of the Georgics,

Quid faciat lætas segetes, quo sidere terram—

and of the Æneïs,

Arma, virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris.

The sound of the verses is almost as different as the subjects. But the Greek writers of pastoral usually limited themselves to the example of the first; which Virgil found so exceedingly difficult, that he quitted it, and left the honour of that part to Theocritus. It is indeed probable, that what we improperly call rhyme, is the most ancient sort of poetry; and learned men have given good arguments for it: and therefore a French historian commits a gross mistake, when he attributes th

invention to a king of Gaul, as an English gentleman does, when he makes a Roman emperor the inventor of it. But the Greeks, who understood fully the force and power of numbers, soon grew weary of this childish sort of verse, as the younger Vossius justly calls it; and, therefore, those rhyming hexameters, which Plutarch observes in Homer himself, seem to be the remains of a barbarous age. Virgil had them in such abhorrence, that he would rather make a false syntax, than what we call a rhyme. Such a verse as this,

Vir, precor, uxori, *frater succurre* sorori,

was passable in Ovid: but the nicer ears in Augustus's court could not pardon Virgil for

At regina pyrâ——

so that the principal ornament of modern poetry was accounted deformity by the Latins and Greeks. It was they who invented the different terminations of words, those happy compositions, those short monosyllables, those transpositions for the elegance of the sound and sense, which are wanting so much in modern languages. The French sometimes crowd together ten or twelve monosyllables into one disjointed verse. They may understand the nature of, but cannot imitate, those wonderful spondees of Pythagoras, by which he could suddenly pacify a man that was in a violent transport of anger; nor those swift numbers of the priests of Cybele, which had the force to enrage the most sedate and phlegmatic tempers. Nor can any *modern put into* his own language the *energy of that single* poem of Catullus,

Super alta vectus Atys, &c.

Latin is but a corrupt dialect of Greek; a
French, Spanish, and Italian, a corruption of
and therefore a man might as well go ab
persuade me that vinegar is a nobler liquo
wine, as that the modern compositions ca
graceful and harmonious as the Latin itself.
Greek tongue very naturally falls into iambi
therefore the diligent reader may find six o
and twenty of them in those accurate orati
Isocrates. The Latin as naturally falls in
roic; and therefore the beginning of Livy'
tory is half a hexameter, and that of Taci
entire one. The Roman historian[3], desc
the glorious effort of a colonel to break thr
brigade of the enemies just after the de
Cannæ, falls, unknowingly, into a verse n
worthy Virgil himself—

Hæc ubi dicta dedit, stringit gladium, cun
Facto, per medios——&c.

Ours, and the French, can at best but fa
blank verse, which is a fault in prose. Th
fortune indeed is common to us both; but
serve more compassion, because we are no
of our barbarities. As age brings men bac
the state and infirmities of childhood, up
fall of their empire the Romans doted into r
as appears sufficiently by the hymns of the
church; and yet a great deal of the French
does hardly deserve that poor title. I shal
an instance out of a poem which had the goo

Livy.

in the prize in 1685; for the subject deserved
ıler pen.

les jours ce grand roy, des autres roys l'exemple,
re un nouveau chemin au faîte de ton temple, &c.

ıe judicious Malherbe exploded this sort of
: near eighty years ago. Nor can I forbear
lering at that passage of a famous academi-
in which he, most compassionately, excuses
ncients for their not being so exact in their
ɔositions as the modern French, because they
ed a dictionary, of which the French are at
ıappily provided. If Demosthenes and Cicero
ɔeen so lucky as to have had a dictionary, and
a patron as cardinal Richelieu, perhaps they
t have aspired to the honour of Balzac's le-
of ten pounds, *Le prix de l'éloquence.*
ı the contrary, I dare assert that there are
y ten lines in either of those great orators, or
in the catalogue of Homer's ships, which are
uore harmonious, more truly rhythmical, than
of the French or English sonnets; and there-
they lose, at least, one half of their native
ty by translation.
:annot but add one remark on this occasion,
the French verse is oftentimes not so much as
e, in the lowest sense; for the childish repeti-
of the same note cannot be called music; such
ıces are infinite, as in the forecited poem:

épris	trophée	caché
mépris	Orphée	cherché

Boileau himself has a great deal of this
na, not by his own neglect, but purely by

the fullness and poverty of the French tongue. M. Fontenelle at last goes into the excessive paradoxes of M. Perrault, and boasts of the vast number of their excellent songs; preferring them to the Greek and Latin. But an ancient writer, of a good credit, has assured us that seven lives would hardly suffice to read over the Greek odes; but a few weeks would be sufficient, if a man were so very idle as to read over all the French. In the mean time, I should be very glad to see a catalogue of but fifty of theirs with

Exact propriety of word and thought [4].

Notwithstanding all the high encomiums and mutual gratulations which they give one another, (for I am far from censuring the whole of that illustrious society, to which the learned world is much obliged) after all those golden dreams at the Louvre, that their pieces will be as much valued, ten or twelve ages hence, as the ancient Greek or Roman, I can no more get it into my head that they will last so long, than I could believe the learned Dr. H———k [5], of the Royal Society, if he should pretend to show me a butterfly that had lived a thousand winters.

When M. Fontenelle wrote his Eclogues, he was so far from equalling Virgil or Theocritus, that he had some pains to take before he could understand in what the principal beauty and graces of their writings do consist.

Cum mortuis non nisi larvæ luctantur.

[4] *Essay of Poetry.*

[5] *Probably* Robert Hook, M.D. an eminent philosopher, *and curator of experiments to the Royal Society.*

PASTORALS.

PASTORAL I.

OR,

TITYRUS AND MELIBŒUS.

ARGUMENT.

The occasion of the first Pastoral was this. When Augustus had settled himself in the Roman empire, that he might reward his veteran troops for their past service, he distributed among them all the lands that lay about Cremona and Mantua; turning out the right owners for having sided with his enemies. Virgil was a sufferer among the rest; who afterwards recovered his estate by Mæcenas's intercession; and, as an instance of his gratitude, composed the following pastoral, where he sets out his own good fortune in the person of Tityrus, and the calamities of his Mantuan neighbours in the character of Melibœus.

MELIBŒUS.

BENEATH the shade which beechen boughs diffuse,
You, Tityrus, entertain your silvan muse.
Round the wide world in banishment we roam,
Forc'd from our *pleasing fields* and native home;
While, stretch'd at ease, you sing your happy loves,
And Amaryllis fills the shady groves.

TITYRUS.

These blessings, friend, a deity bestow'd;
For never can I deem him less than god.
The tender firstlings of my woolly breed
Shall on his holy altar often bleed.
He gave my kine to graze the flowery plain,
And to my pipe renew'd the rural strain.

MELIBŒUS.

I envy not your fortune, but admire,
That, while the raging sword and wasteful fire
Destroy the wretched neighbourhood around,
No hostile arms approach your happy ground.
Far different is my fate; my feeble goats
With pains I drive from their forsaken cotes:
And this, you see, I scarcely drag along,
Who, yeaning, on the rocks has left her young
The hope and promise of my failing fold.
My loss, by dire portents, the gods foretold;
For, had I not been blind, I might have seen:
Yon riven oak, the fairest of the green,
And the hoarse raven, on the blasted bough,
By croaking from the left, presag'd the coming bl
But tell me, Tityrus, what heavenly power
Preserv'd your fortunes in that fatal hour?

TITYRUS.

Fool that I was, I thought imperial Rome
Like Mantua, where on market-days we come,
And thither drive our tender lambs from home
So kids and whelps their sires and dams expre
And so the great I measur'd by the less.
But country towns, compar'd with her, appea
Like shrubs, when lofty cypresses are near.

MELIBŒUS.

What great occasion call'd you hence to Rom

TITYRUS.

Freedom, which came at length, though slow to come.
Nor did my search of liberty begin,
Till my black hairs were chang'd upon my chin;
Nor Amaryllis would vouchsafe a look,
Till Galatea's meaner bonds I broke.
Till then a helpless, hopeless, homely swain,
I sought not freedom, nor aspir'd to gain:
Though many a victim from my folds was bought,
And many a cheese to country markets brought,
Yet all the little that I got, I spent,
And still return'd as empty as I went.

MELIBŒUS.

We stood amaz'd to see your mistress mourn,
Unknowing that she pin'd for your return;
We wonder'd why she kept her fruit so long,
For whom so late the' ungather'd apples hung.
But now the wonder ceases, since I see
She kept them only, Tityrus, for thee;
For thee the bubbling springs appear'd to mourn,
And whispering pines made vows for thy return.

TITYRUS.

What should I do?—While here I was enchain'd,
No glimpse of godlike liberty remain'd;
Nor could I hope, in any place but there,
To find a god so present to my prayer.
There first the youth of heavenly birth I view'd,
For whom our monthly victims are renewd.
He heard my vows, and graciously decree'd
My grounds to be restor'd, my former flocks to feed.

MELIBŒUS.

O fortunate old man! whose farm remains—
For you *sufficient—and requites* your pains;
Though rushes overspread the neighbouring
plains,

Behold! yon [illegible]
Is fraught with flowers, the flower
bees:
The busy bees, with a soft murm
Invite to gentle sleep the labouri
While, from the neighbouring rock
The pruner's voice the pleasing d
Stock-doves and turtles tell their
And, from the lofty elms, of love

TITYRUS.

The' inhabitants of seas and skies
And fish on shore, and stags in ai
The banish'd Parthian dwell on A
And the blue German shall the T
Ere I, forsaking gratitude and tr
Forget the figure of that godlike

MELIBŒUS.

But we must beg our bread in cl
Beneath the scorching or the fre
And some to far Oaxis shall be s
Or to the Libyan heat, or Scyth

Did we for these barbarians plant and sow?
On these, on these, our happy fields bestow?
Good heaven! what dire effects from civil discord flow!
Now let me graff my pears, and prune the vine;
The fruit is theirs, the labour only mine.
Farewell, my pastures, my paternal stock,
My fruitful fields, and my more fruitful flock!
No more, my goats, shall I behold you climb
The steepy cliffs, or crop the flowery thyme!
No more, extended in the grot below,
Shall see you browsing on the mountain's brow
The prickly shrubs; and after on the bare,
Lean down the deep abyss, and hang in air.
No more my sheep shall sip the morning dew;
No more my song shall please the rural crew:
Adieu, my tuneful pipe! and all the world, adieu!

TITYRUS.

This night, at least, with me forget your care;
Chesnuts, and curds and cream, shall be your fare;
The carpet-ground shall be with leaves o'erspread;
And boughs shall weave a covering for your head.
For see, yon sunny hill the shade extends;
And curling smoke from cottages ascends.

PASTORAL II.

OR,

ALEXIS.

ARGUMENT.

The commentators can by no means agree on the person of Alexis, but are all of opinion that some beautiful youth is meant by him, to whom Virgil here makes love, in Corydon's language and simplicity. His way of courtship is wholly pastoral: he complains of the boy's coyness; recommends himself for his beauty and skill in piping; invites the youth into the country, where he promises him the diversions of the place, with a suitable present of nuts and apples. But when he finds nothing will prevail, he resolves to quit his troublesome amour, and betake himself again to his former business.

YOUNG Corydon, the' unhappy shepherd swain,
The fair Alexis lov'd, but lov'd in vain;
And underneath the beechen shade, alone,
Thus to the woods and mountains made his moan:—
Is this, unkind Alexis, my reward?
And must I die unpitied, and unheard?
Now the green lizard in the grove is laid;
The sheep enjoy the coolness of the shade;
And Thestylis wild thyme and garlic beats
For harvest hinds, o'erspent with toil and heats;
While in the scorching sun I trace in vain
Thy flying footsteps o'er the burning plain.

The creaking locusts with my voice conspire,
They fried with heat, and I with fierce desire.
How much more easy was it to sustain
Proud Amaryllis, and her haughty reign,
The scorns of young Menalcas, once my care,
Though he was black, and thou art heavenly fair.
Trust not too much to that enchanting face;
Beauty's a charm; but soon the charm will pass.
White lilies lie neglected on the plain,
While dusky hyacinths for use remain.
My passion is thy scorn; nor wilt thou know
What wealth I have, what gifts I can bestow;
What stores my dairies and my folds contain—
A thousand lambs that wander on the plain;
New milk, that all the winter never fails,
And all the summer overflows the pails.
Amphion sung not sweeter to his herd,
When summon'd stones the Theban turrets rear'd.
Nor am I so deform'd; for late I stood
Upon the margin of the briny flood:
The winds were still; and, if the glass be true,
With Daphnis I may vie, though judg'd by you.
O leave the noisy town! O come and see
Our country cots, and live content with me!
To wound the flying deer, and from their cotes
With me to drive a-field the browzing goats;
To pipe and sing, and, in our country strain,
To copy, or, perhaps, contend with Pan.
Pan taught to join with wax unequal reeds;
Pan loves the shepherds, and their flocks he feeds.
Nor scorn the pipe: Amyntas, to be taught,
With all his kisses would my skill have bought.
Of seven smooth joints a mellow pipe I have,
Which with his dying breath Damœtas gave,

And said,—" This, Corydon, I leave to thee;
For only thou deserv'st it after me."
His eyes Amyntas durst not upward lift;
For much he grudg'd the praise, but more the gift.—
Besides, two kids, that in the valley stray'd,
I found by chance, and to my fold convey'd:
They drain two bagging udders every day;
And these shall be companions of thy play;
Both fleck'd with white, the true Arcadian strain,
Which Thestylis had often begg'd in vain:
And she shall have them, if again she sues,
Since you the giver and the gift refuse.
Come to my longing arms, my lovely care!
And take the presents which the nymphs prepare.
White lilies in full canisters they bring,
With all the glories of the purple spring.
The daughters of the flood have search'd the mead
For violets pale, and cropp'd the poppy's head,
The short narcissus and fair daffodil,
Pansies to please the sight, and cassia sweet to smell;
And set soft hyacinths with iron-blue,
To shade marsh marigolds of shining hue;
Some bound in order, others loosely strow'd,
To dress thy bower, and trim thy new abode.
Myself will search our planted grounds at home,
For downy peaches and the glossy plum;
And thrash the chesnuts in the neighbouring grove,
Such as my Amaryllis used to love.
The laurel and the myrtle sweets agree,
And both in nosegays shall be bound for thee.
Ah, Corydon! ah, poor unhappy swain!
Alexis will thy homely gifts disdain:
Nor, should'st thou offer all thy little store,
Will rich Iolas yield, but offer more.

at have I done, to name that wealthy swain?
powerful are his presents, mine so mean!
e boar amidst my crystal streams I bring,
d southern winds to blast my flowery spring.
cruel creature! whom dost thou despise?
e gods, to live in woods, have left the skies;
d godlike Paris, in the' Idæan grove,
Priam's wealth preferr'd Œnone's love.
cities, which she built, let Pallas reign;
wers are for gods, but forests for the swain.
e greedy lioness the wolf pursues,
e wolf the kid, the wanton kid the browse;
exis, thou art chas'd by Corydon:
l follow several games, and each his own.
e, from afar, the fields no longer smoke;
e sweating steers, unharness'd from the yoke,
ing, as in triumph, back the crooked plough;
e shadows lengthen as the sun goes low;
ol breezes now the raging heats remove:
, cruel heaven! that made no cure for love!
wish for balmy sleep, but wish in vain;
ve has no bounds in pleasure, or in pain.
hat frenzy, shepherd, has thy soul possess'd?
y vineyard lies half prun'd, and half undress'd.
nch, Corydon, thy long unanswer'd fire!
ind what the common wants of life require;
willow twigs employ thy weaving care;
d find an easier love, though not so fair.

PASTORAL III.

OR,

PALÆMON.

MENALCAS, DAMŒTAS, PALÆMON.

ARGUMENT.

Damœtas and Menalcas, after some smart strokes of country raillery, resolve to try who has the most skill at song: and accordingly make their neighbour Palæmon judge of their performances; who, after a full hearing of both parties, declares himself unfit for the decision of so weighty a controversy, and leaves the victory undetermined.

MENALCAS.

Ho, swain! what shepherd owns those ragged sheep?

DAMŒTAS.

Ægon's they are: he gave them me to keep.

MENALCAS.

Unhappy sheep of an unhappy swain!
While he Neæra courts, but courts in vain,
And fears that I the damsel shall obtain.
Thou, varlet, dost thy master's gains devour;
Thou milk'st his ewes, and often twice an hour;
Of grass and fodder thou defraud'st the dams,
And of their mother's dugs the starving lambs.

DAMŒTAS.

d words, young catamite, at least to men.
know who did your business, how and when;
l in what chapel too you play'd your prize,
: what the goats observ'd with leering eyes:—
nymphs were kind, and laugh'd; and there
your safety lies.

MENALCAS.

, when I cropt the hedges of the leys,
: Micon's tender vines, and stole the stays!

DAMŒTAS.

rather, when, beneath yon ancient oak,
: bow of Daphnis, and the shafts, you broke,
en the fair boy receiv'd the gift of right;
l, but for mischief, you had died for spite.

MENALCAS.

at nonsense would the fool thy master prate,
en thou, his knave, canst talk at such a rate!
l I not see you, rascal, did I not,
en you lay snug to snap young Damon's goat?
mongrel bark'd; I ran to his relief, [thief!'
l cried,—'There, there he goes! stop, stop the
cover'd, and defeated of your prey,
1 skulk'd behind the fence, and sneak'd away.

DAMŒTAS.

honest man may freely take his own:
: goat was mine, by singing fairly won.
olemn match was made; he lost the prize.
: Damon, ask if he the debt denies.
ink he dares not; if he does, he lies.

MENALCAS.

ou sing with him? thou booby!—Never pipe
s *so profan'd to touch that* blubber'd lip.
ce at the best! in streets but scarce allow'd
kle, on thy straw, the stupid crowd.

DAMŒTAS.

To bring it to the trial, will you dare
Our pipes, our skill, our voices, to compare?
My brinded heifer to the stake I lay;
Two thriving calves she suckles twice a day.
And twice besides her beestings never fail
To store the dairy with a brimming pail.
Now back your singing with an equal stake.

MENALCAS.

That should be seen, if I had one to make.
You know too well, I feed my father's flock;
What can I wager from the common stock?
A stepdame too I have, a cursed she,
Who rules my hen-peck'd sire, and orders me.
Both number twice a day the milky dams;
And once she takes the tale of all the lambs.
But, since you will be mad, and since you may
Suspect my courage, if I should not lay;
The pawn I proffer shall be full as good:
Two bowls I have, well turn'd, of beechen wood;
Both by divine Alcimedon were made;
To neither of them yet the lip is laid.
The lids are ivy; grapes in clusters lurk
Beneath the carving of the curious work.
Two figures on the sides emboss'd appear—
Conon, and, what's his name who made the sphere,
And shew'd the seasons of the sliding year,
Instructed in his trade the labouring swain,
And when to reap, and when to sow the grain?

DAMŒTAS.

And I have two, to match your pair, at home;
The wood the same; from the same hand they come,
(The kimbo handles seem with bear's-foot carv'd)
And never yet to table have been serv'd;

Where Orpheus on his lyre laments his love,
With beasts encompass'd, and a dancing grove.
But these, nor all the proffers you can make,
Are worth the heifer which I set to stake.

MENALCAS.

No more delays, vain boaster, but begin!
I prophesy before-hand, I shall win.
Palæmon shall be judge how ill you rhyme:
I'll teach you how to brag another time.

DAMŒTAS.

Rhymer, come on! and do the worst you can;
I fear not you, nor yet a better man.
With silence, neighbour, and attention, wait,
For 'tis a business of a high debate.

PALÆMON.

Sing then; the shade affords a proper place,
The trees are cloth'd with leaves, the fields with grass;
The blossoms blow, the birds on bushes sing,
And Nature has accomplish'd all the spring.
The challenge to Damœtas shall belong;
Menalcas shall sustain his under-song:
Each in his turn your tuneful numbers bring;
By turns the tuneful Muses love to sing.

DAMŒTAS.

From the great father of the gods above
My Muse begins; for all is full of Jove;
To Jove the care of heaven and earth belongs;
My flocks he blesses, and he loves my songs.

MENALCAS.

Me Phœbus loves; for he my Muse inspires,
And, in her songs, the warmth he gave, requires.
For him, *the god of shepherds* and their sheep,
My blushing hyacinths and my bays I keep.

But fair Amyntas comes u
And offers love, and sits up
Not Delia to my dogs is ku

DAMŒT

To the dear mistress of my
Her swain a pretty present
I saw two stock-doves billin
Will take the nest and hers

MENALCA

Ten ruddy wildings in the wo
And stood on tip-toes, reachi
I sent Amyntas all my presen
And will, to-morrow, send as

DAMŒTAS.

The lovely maid lay panting in
And all she said and did was fi
Winds! on your wings to heave
Such words as heaven alone is f

MENALCAS.

Ah! what avails it me, my lo

DAMŒTAS.

The nightly wolf is baneful to the fold,
Storms to the wheat, to buds the bitter cold;
But, from my frowning fair, more ills I find,
Than from the wolves, and storms, and winter-wind.

MENALCAS.

The kids with pleasure browze the bushy plain;
The show'rs are grateful to the swelling grain;
To teeming ewes the sallow's tender tree;
But, more than all the world, my love to me.

DAMŒTAS.

Pollio my rural verse vouchsafes to read:
A heifer, Muses, for your patron breed.

MENALCAS.

My Pollio writes himself:—a bull he bred,
With spurning heels, and with a butting head.

DAMŒTAS.

Who Pollio loves, and who his Muse admires,
Let Pollio's fortune crown his full desires.
Let myrrh instead of thorn his fences fill,
And showers of honey from his oaks distil.

MENALCAS.

Who hates not living Bavius, let him be
(Dead Mævius!) damn'd to love thy works and thee!
The same ill taste of sense would serve to join
Dog-foxes in the yoke, and shear the swine.

DAMŒTAS.

Ye boys, who pluck the flowers, and spoil the spring,
Beware the secret snake that shoots a sting.

MENALCAS.

Graze not too near the banks, my jolly sheep;
The ground is false; the running streams are deep:
See, they have caught the father of the flock,
Who dries his fleece upon the neighbouring rock.

[illegible] tugs an emp

DAMŒTAS.

How lank my bulls from plenteou
But love, that drains the herd, dest

MENALCAS.

My flocks are free from love, yet l
Their bones are barely cover'd wit
What magic has bewitch'd the woo
And what ill eyes beheld the tende

DAMŒTAS.

Say, where the round of heaven, whic
To three short ells on earth our sigl
Tell that, and rise a Phœbus for thy

MENALCAS.

Nay tell me first, in what new regi
A flower, that bears inscrib'd the n
And thou shalt gain a present as div
As Phœbus' self; for Phyllis shall b

PALÆMON.

So nice a difference in your singing
That both have

PASTORAL IV.

OR,

POLLIO.

ARGUMENT.

The poet celebrates the birth-day of Saloninus, the son of Pollio, born in the consulship of his father, after the taking of Salona, a city in Dalmatia. Many of the verses are translated from one of the Sibyls, who prophesied of our Saviour's birth.

SICILIAN Muse, begin a loftier strain!
Though lowly shrubs, and trees that shade the plain,
Delight not all; Sicilian Muse, prepare
To make the vocal woods deserve a consul's care.
The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,
Renews its finish'd course: Saturnian times
Roll round again; and mighty years, begun
From their first orb, in radiant circles run.
The base degenerate iron offspring ends;
A golden progeny from heaven descends.
O chaste Lucina! speed the mother's pains;
And haste the glorious birth! thy own Apollo reigns!
The lovely boy, with his auspicious face,
Shall Pollio's consulship and triumph grace:
Majestic months set out with him to their appointed race.

And with paternal virtues r
Unbidden earth shall wreatl
And fragrant herbs (the prc
As her first offerings to her
The goats with strutting dug
And lowing herds secure fr
His cradle shall with rising
The serpent's brood shall di
Shall weeds and poisonous p
Each common bush shall Sy
But when heroic verse his y
And form it to hereditary p
Unlabour'd harvests shall the
And cluster'd grapes shall bl
The knotted oaks shall show
And through the matted gra
creep.
Yet, of old fraud some foots
The merchant still shall plou
Great cities shall with walls

The labouring hind his oxen shall disjoin: [vine;
No plough shall hurt the glebe, no pruning-hook the
Nor wool shall in dissembled colours shine;
But the luxurious father of the fold,
With native purple, and unborrow'd gold,
Beneath his pompous fleece shall proudly sweat;
And under Tyrian robes the lamb shall bleat.
The Fates, when they this happy web have spun,
Shall bless the sacred clue, and bid it smoothly run.
Mature in years, to ready honours move,
O of celestial seed! O foster-son of Jove!
See, labouring Nature calls thee to sustain
The nodding frame of heaven, and earth, and main!
See to their base restor'd, earth, seas, and air;
And joyful ages, from behind, in crowding ranks
appear.
To sing thy praise, would heaven my breath prolong,
Infusing spirits worthy such a song,
Not Thracian Orpheus should transcend my lays,
Nor Linus, crown'd with never-fading bays;
Though each his heavenly parent should inspire,
The Muse instruct the voice, and Phœbus tune the
lyre.
Should Pan contend in verse, and thou my theme,
Arcadian judges should their god condemn.
Begin, auspicious boy! to cast about [out.
Thy infant eyes, and with a smile, thy mother single
Thy mother well deserves that short delight,
The nauseous qualms of ten long months and travail to requite.
Then smile! the frowning infant's doom is read:
No god shall crown *the board*, nor goddess bless the
bed.

ARGUMENT.

Mopsus and Menalcas, two very expert shepherd
begin one by consent to the memory of Dap
supposed by the best critics to represent Ju
Mopsus laments his death; Menalcas proclaims
the whole eclogue consisting of an elegy and an

MENALCAS.

SINCE on the downs our flocks together f
And since my voice can match your tunef
Why sit we not beneath the grateful shad
Which hazles, intermix'd with elms, have

MOPSUS.

Whether you please that silvan scene to tr

MENALCAS.

first; if either Alcon's praise,
Phyllis, have inspir'd your lays:
ı mourn, or Codrus you commend,
d Tityrus your flock shall tend.

MOPSUS.

rather the sad verse repeat,
the beech's bark I lately writ?
l sung betwixt. Now bring the swain
ice you boast, and let him try the strain.

MENALCAS.

e shrub to the tall olive shows,
le sallow to the blushing rose;
s voice, if I can judge aright,
to thine, in sweetness and in height.

MOPSUS.

but sit and hear the promis'd lay:
ny grotto makes a doubtful day.
ds about the breathless body wait
nis, and lament his cruel fate.
and floods were witness to their tears:
the rumour reach'd his mother's ears:
ched parent, with a pious haste,
ning, and his lifeless limbs embrac'd.
l, she sobb'd; and, furious with despair,
her garments, and she tore her hair,
all the gods, and every star.
ns forgot their sheep, nor near the brink
ng waters brought their herds to drink.
ty cattle, of themselves, abstain'd
ter, and their grassy fare disdain'd.
h of Daphnis woods and hills deplore;
t the *sound to* Libya's desert shore;
an lions hear, and hearing roar.

Fierce tigers Daphnis taught the yoke to bear,
And first with curling ivy dress'd the spear.
Daphnis did rites to Bacchus first ordain,
And holy revels for his reeling train.
As vines the trees, as grapes the vines adorn,
As bulls the herds, and fields the yellow corn;
So bright a splendor, so divine a grace,
The glorious Daphnis cast on his illustrious race.
When envious Fate the godlike Daphnis took,
Our guardian gods the fields and plains forsook:
Pales no longer swell'd the teeming grain,
Nor Phœbus fed his oxen on the plain:
No fruitful crop the sickly fields return;
But oats and darnel choke the rising corn:
And where the vales with violets once were crown'd,
Now knotty burrs and thorns disgrace the ground.
Come, shepherds, come, and strow with leaves the plain:
Such funeral rights your Daphnis did ordain.
With cypress-boughs the crystal fountains hide,
And softly let the running waters glide.
A lasting monument to Daphnis raise,
With this inscription to record his praise:—
'Daphnis, the fields' delight, the shepherd's love,
Renown'd on earth, and deified above;
Whose flock excell'd the fairest on the plains,
But less than he himself surpass'd the swains.'

MENALCAS.

O heavenly poet! such thy verse appears,
So sweet, so charming to my ravish'd ears,
As to the weary swain, with cares oppress'd,
Beneath the silvan shade, refreshing rest;
As to the feverish traveller, when first
He finds a crystal stream to quench his thirst,

In singing, as in piping, you excel;
And scarce your master could perform so well.
O fortunate young man! at least your lays
Are next to his, and claim the second praise.
Such as they are, my rural songs I join,
To raise our Daphnis to the powers divine;
For Daphnis was so good, to love whate'er was mine.

MOPSUS.

How is my soul with such a promise rais'd!
For both the boy was worthy to be prais'd,
And Stimicon has often made me long
To hear, like him, so soft, so sweet a song.

MENALCAS.

Daphnis, the guest of heaven, with wondering eyes
Views, in the milky way, the starry skies,
And far beneath him, from the shining sphere,
Beholds the moving clouds, and rolling year.
For this, with cheerful cries the woods resound,
The purple spring arrays the various ground,
The nymphs and shepherds dance, and Pan himself is crown'd.
The wolf no longer prowls for nightly spoils,
Nor birds the springes fear, nor stags the toils;
For Daphnis reigns above, and deals from thence
His mother's milder beams, and peaceful influence.
The mountain-tops unshorn, the rocks, rejoice;
The lowly shrubs partake of human voice.
Assenting Nature, with a gracious nod,
Proclaims him, and salutes the new-admitted god.
Be still propitious, ever good to thine!
Behold! four hallow'd altars we design;
And two to thee, and two to Phœbus rise;
On both is offer'd annual sacrifice.

— with I crow
The generous vintage of
These will I pour to thee, a
In winter shall the genial
Before the fire; by summ
Damœtas shall perform th
And Lyctian Ægon in the
Alphesibœus, tripping, sha
And mimic satyrs in his an
When to the nymphs our a
And when our fields with v
While savage boars delight
And finny fish inhabit in the
While bees on thyme, and lo
Thy grateful swains these ho
Such honours as we pay to p
To Bacchus and to Ceres, sh
Such annual honours shall be
Shalt hear, and shalt conden
their vow.

hat sung Neæra's conquering eyes,
he judge been just, had won the prize.

MOPSUS.

m me this sheep-hook in exchange;
brass, the knobs in equal range.
with kisses, often tried
present, in his beauty's pride,
h and love are hard to be denied.
I could refuse to his request,
ask'd; for you deserve it best.

ARGU

Two young shepherds, Chromi
often promised a song by
asleep in this pastoral; where
and then claim his promise.
be put off no longer, begins h
the formation of the universe,
according to the Epicurean
through the most surprising
happened in Nature since her
signed as a compliment to Sy
structed Virgil and Varus in the
phy. Silenus acts as tutor, Ch
two pupils.

al Muse her humble tribute brings;
ot wholly uninspir'd she sings:
o read, and, reading, not disdain
ıl poems, and their lowly strain,
of Varus oft inscrib'd shall see
rove, and every vocal tree;
e silvan reign shall sing of thee:
, to Phœbus and the Muses known,
e front of every page be shown;
ho sings thy praise, secures his own.
my Muse!—Two Satyrs, on the ground,
ıt his ease, their sire Silenus found.
ı his fumes, and heavy with his load,
d him snoring in his dark abode,
with youthful arms the drunken god.
wreath was dropp'd not long before,
the tide of wine, and floating on the floor.
' can, with ears half worn away,
on high, to boast the triumph of the day.
ıus, for want of better bands,
d they unstring, and bind his hands;
e fraudful god deluded long,
resolve to have their promis'd song.
ɜ in, to make their party good—
t Naïs of the neighbouring flood—
ɜ he stares around with stupid eyes,
with berries, and his temples, dyes.
he fraud, and, with a smile, demands
lesign the boys had bound his hands.
ɜ, (he cried) 'twas impudence to find
: god; 'tis sacrilege to bind.
e promis'd poem I will pay;
h shall be rewarded in her way.'

Nor awful Phœbus was
With deeper silence or w
He sung the secret seeds
How seas, and earth, and
Fell through the mighty v
Were blindly gather'd in
The tender soil then, stiff
Shut from the bounded ea
Then earth and ocean vari
And a new sun to the new
And mists, condens'd to cl
And clouds, dissolv'd, the
The rising trees the lofty n
The lofty mountains feed t
Yet few, and strangers, in
From thence the birth of n
And how the world was los
The reign of Saturn, and th
Prometheus' theft, and Jove
The cries of Argonauts for

ght the youthful husband of the herd,
labouring yokes on their own necks they
ear'd, [heads rear'd.
for budding horns on their smooth fore-
tched queen! you range the pathless wood,
n a flowery bank he chews the cud,
s in shades, or through the forest roves,
rs with anguish for his absent loves.
mphs, with toils his forest-walk surround,
ce his wandering footsteps on the ground.
! perhaps my passion he disdains,
irts the milky mothers of the plains.
rch the' ungrateful fugitive abroad,
hey at home sustain his happy load.'
the lover's fraud; the longing maid,
lden fruit, like all the sex, betray'd;
ers mourning for their brother's loss;
odies hid in barks, and furr'd with moss;
ich's rising alder now appears,
the Po distils her gummy tears:
mg, how Gallus, by a Muse's hand,
l and welcom'd to the sacred strand;
nate rising to salute their guest;
nus thus their gratitude express'd:—
ve this present, by the Muses made,
e on which the' Ascræan pastor play'd;
hich of old he charm'd the savage train,
ll'd the mountain-ashes to the plain.
ou, on this, thy Phœbus; and the wood
once his fane of Parian marble stood:
his ancient oracles rehearse,
ith new numbers grace the god of verse.'
ould I sing the double Scylla's fate?
t by love transform'd, the last by hate—

And now in [illegible]
The warbling nightingale in woods c
While Procne makes on chimney-top
And hovers o'er the palace once her
Whatever songs besides the Delphia
Had taught the laurels, and the Spar
Silenus sung: the vales his voice reb
And carry to the skies the sacred se
And now the setting sun had warn'd
To call his counted cattle from the
Yet still the' unwearied sire pursues
strain.
Till, unperceiv'd, the heavens with st
And sudden night surpris'd the yet

PASTORAL VII.

OR,

MELIBŒUS.

ARGUMENT.

Melibœus here gives us the relation of a sharp poetical contest between Thyrsis and Corydon, at which he himself and Daphnis were present; who both declared for Corydon.

BENEATH a holm, repair'd two jolly swains
(Their sheep and goats together graz'd the plains),
Both young Arcadians, both alike inspir'd
To sing, and answer as the song requir'd.
Daphnis, as umpire, took the middle seat;
And Fortune thither led my weary feet.
For, while I fenc'd my myrtles from the cold,
The father of my flock had wander'd from the fold.
Of Daphnis I inquir'd: he, smiling, said,
Dismiss your fear, (and pointed where he fed:)
And, if no greater cares disturb your mind,
Sit here with us, in covert of the wind.
Your lowing heifers, of their own accord,
At watering time will seek the neighbouring ford.
Here wanton Mincius winds along the meads,
And shades his happy banks with bending reeds.
And see, from yon old oak that mates the skies,
How black the clouds of swarming bees arise.

What should I do? nor was Alcippe nigh,
Nor absent Phyllis could my care supply,
To house and feed by hand my weaning lambs,
And drain the strutting udders of their dams.
Great was the strife betwixt the singing swains
And I preferr'd my pleasure to my gains.
Alternate rhyme the ready champions chose:
These Corydon rehears'd, and Thyrsis those.

CORYDON.

Ye Muses, ever fair, and ever young,
Assist my numbers, and inspire my song.
With all my Codrus, O! inspire my breast;
For Codrus, after Phœbus, sings the best.
Or, if my wishes have presum'd too high,
And stretch'd their bounds beyond mortality,
The praise of artful numbers I resign,
And hang my pipe upon the sacred pine.

THYRSIS.

Arcadian swains, your youthful poet crown
With ivy-wreaths; though surly Codrus frown.
Or, if he blast my Muse with envious praise,
Then fence my brows with amulets of bays,
Lest his ill arts, or his malicious tongue,
Should poison or bewitch my growing song.

CORYDON.

These branches of a stag, this tusky boar
(The first essay of arms untried before),
Young Micon offers, Delia, to thy shrine:
But, speed his hunting with thy pow'r divine;
Thy statue then of Parian stone shall stand;
Thy legs in buskins with a purple band.

THYRSIS.

This bowl of milk, these cakes (our country fare
For thee, Priapus, yearly we prepare,
Because a little garden is thy care.

ut, if the falling lambs increase my fold,
ıy marble statue shall be turn'd to gold.

CORYDON.

ıir Galatea, with thy silver feet,
, whiter than the swan, and more than Hybla sweet!
ıll as a poplar, taper as the pole!
ɔme, charm thy shepherd, and restore my soul.
ɔme, when my lated sheep at night return,
ıd crown the silent hours, and stop the rosy morn.

THYRSIS.

ay I become as abject in thy sight,
ı sea-weed on the shore, and black as night;
ɔugh as a burr, deform'd like him who chaws
rdinian herbage to contract his jaws;
ıch and so monstrous let thy swain appear,
one day's absence looks not like a year.
ence from the field, for shame! the flock deserves
o better feeding, while the shepherd starves.

CORYDON.

e mossy springs, inviting easy sleep, [keep,
c trees, whose leafy shades those mossy fountains
efend my flock! The summer heats are near,
ıd blossoms on the swelling vines appear.

THYRSIS.

'ith heapy fires our cheerful hearth is crown'd;
nd firs for torches in the woods abound:
'e fear not more the winds, and wintry cold,
han streams the banks, or wolves the bleating fold.

CORYDON.

ur woods, with juniper and chesnuts crown'd,
'ith falling fruits and berries paint the ground;
nd lavish Nature laughs, and strows her stores around.
ıt if Alexis from our mountains fly,
ı running rivers leave their channels dry.

THYRSIS.

Parch'd are the plains, and frying is the field,
Nor withering vines their juicy vintage yield.
But, if returning Phyllis bless the plain,
The grass revives; the woods are green again,
And Jove descends in showers of kindly rain.

CORYDON.

The poplar is by great Alcides worn;
The brows of Phœbus his own bays adorn;
The branching vine the jolly Bacchus loves;
The Cyprian queen delights in myrtle groves;
With hazle Phyllis crowns her flowing hair;
And, while she loves that common wreath to wear,
Nor bays, nor myrtle boughs, with hazle shall compare.

THYRSIS.

The towering ash is fairest in the woods;
In gardens, pines; and poplars by the floods:
But, if my Lycidas will ease my pains,
And often visit our forsaken plains,
To him the towering ash shall yield in woods,
In gardens, pines; and poplars by the floods.

MELIBŒUS.

These rhymes I did to memory commend,
When vanquish'd Thyrsis did in vain contend;
Since when 'tis Corydon among the swains;
Young Corydon without a rival reigns.

PASTORAL VIII.

OR,

PHARMACEUTRIA.

ARGUMENT.

is pastoral contains the songs of Damon and Alphesiboeus. The first of them bewails the loss of his mistress, and repines at the success of his rival Mopsus. The other repeats the charms of some enchantress, who endeavoured by her spells and magic to make Daphnis in love with her.

'HE mournful muse of two despairing swains,
'he love rejected, and the lovers' pains;
'o which the savage lynxes listening stood;
'he rivers stood on heaps, and stopp'd the running flood;
'he hungry herd their needful food refuse—
)f two despairing swains, I sing the mournful muse.
Great Pollio! thou, for whom thy Rome prepares
'he ready triumph of thy finish'd wars,
Vhether Timavus or the' Illyrian coast,
Vhatever land or sea, thy presence boast;
s there an hour in fate reserv'd for me,
'o sing thy deeds in numbers worthy thee?
In numbers like to thine, could I rehearse
'hy lofty tragic scenes, thy labour'd verse;

The world another Sophocles in thee,
Another Homer should behold in me.
Amidst thy laurels let this ivy twine:
Thine was my earliest muse; my latest shall be thine.
Scarce from the world the shades of night withdrew,
Scarce were the flocks refresh'd with morning dew,
When Damon, stretch'd beneath an olive shade,
And wildly staring upwards, thus inveigh'd
Against the conscious gods, and curs'd the cruel maid:
'Star of the morning, why dost thou delay?
Come, Lucifer, drive on the lagging day,
While I my Nisa's perjur'd faith deplore—
Witness, ye powers, by whom she falsely swore!
The gods, alas! are witnesses in vain;
Yet shall my dying breath to heaven complain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.
'The pines of Mænalus, the vocal grove,
Are ever full of verse, and full of love:
They hear the hinds, they hear their god complain,
Who suffer'd not the reeds to rise in vain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.
'Mopsus triumphs; he weds the willing fair.
When such is Nisa's choice, what lover can despair?
Now griffons join with mares; another age
Shall see the hound and hind their thirst assuage,
Promiscuous at the spring. Prepare the lights,
O Mopsus! and perform the bridal rites.
Scatter thy nuts among the scrambling boys:
Thine is the night, and thine the nuptial joys.
For thee the sun declines: O happy swain!
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.

O Nisa! justly to thy choice condemn'd!
ɔm hast thou taken, whom hast thou contemn'd?
him, thou hast refus'd my browzing herd,
m'd my thick eye-brows and my shaggy beard.
appy Damon sighs and sings in vain,
le Nisa thinks no god regards a lover's pain.
in with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.
[view'd thee first (how fatal was the view!),
led thee where the ruddy wildings grew,
ı on the planted hedge, and wet with morning dew.
n scarce the bending branches I could win;
callow down began to clothe my chin.
v; I perish'd; yet indulg'd my pain.
in with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.
: know thee, Love! in deserts thou wert bred,
at the dugs of savage tigers fed;
n of birth, usurper of the plains!
in with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strains.
Relentless Love the cruel mother led
blood of her unhappy babes to shed:
e lent the sword; the mother struck the blow;
ıman she; but more inhuman thou:
n of birth, usurper of the plains!
in with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strains.
Old doting Nature, change thy course anew;
let the trembling lamb the wolf pursue:
oaks now glitter with Hesperian fruit,
purple daffodils from alder shoot;
amber let the tamarisk distil,
hooting owls contend with swans in skill;
rse Tityrus strive with Orpheus in the woods,
challenge fam'd Arion on the floods.

Maidens of my youth, and con
From yon high cliff I plunge i
Take the last present of thy d
And cease, my silent flute, the
strain.

Now take your turns, ye M
His friend's complaints, and m
'Bring running water; bind t
With fillets, and with vervain
Make fat with frankincense th
To re-inflame my Daphnis wit
'Tis done: we want but verse.—
My lingering Daphnis to my l
'Pale Phœbe, drawn by
descends:
And Circe chang'd with charm
Verse breaks the ground, and
And in the winding cavern spl
Verse fires the frozen veins.—
My lingering Daphnis to my l

Haste, Amaryllis, haste!—Restore, my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.
'As fire this figure hardens, made of clay,
And this of wax with fire consumes away:
Such let the soul of cruel Daphnis be—
Hard to the rest of women, soft to me.
Crumble the sacred mole of salt and corn:
Next in the fire the bays with brimstone burn;
And, while it crackles in the sulphur, say,
'This I for Daphnis burn; thus Daphnis burn away!
This laurel is his fate.'—Restore, my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.
'As when the raging heifer, through the grove,
Stung with desire, pursues her wandering love;
Faint at the last, she seeks the weedy pools,
To quench her thirst, and on the rushes rolls,
Careless of night, unmindful to return;
Such fruitless fires perfidious Daphnis burn,
While I so scorn his love;—Restore, my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.
'These garments once were his, and left to me,
The pledges of his promis'd loyalty,
Which underneath my threshold I bestow.
These pawns, O sacred earth! to me my Daphnis owe.
As these were his, so mine is he.—My charms,
Restore their lingering lord to my deluded arms.
'These poisonous plants, for magic use design'd
(The noblest and the best of all the baneful kind),
Old Mœris brought me from the Pontic strand,
And cull'd the mischief of a bounteous land.
Smear'd with these powerful juices, on the plain,
He howls a wolf among the hungry train;
And oft the mighty necromancer boasts,
With these to call from tombs the stalking ghosts,

' Bear our [illegible]
ist backwards o'er your head; nor turn you [illegible]
nce neither gods nor godlike verse can move,
reak out, ye smother'd fires, and kindle smother'd
love.
xert your utmost power, my lingering charms;
nd force my Daphnis to my longing arms.
' See, while my last endeavours I delay,
The waking ashes rise, and round our altars play!
Run to the threshold, Amaryllis—hark!
Our Hylax opens, and begins to bark.
Good heaven! may lovers what they wish believe?
Or dream their wishes, and those dreams deceive?
No more! my Daphnis comes! no more, my charms!
He comes, he runs, he leaps, to my desiring arms.'

OR,

'CIDAS AND MŒRIS.

ARGUMENT.

the favour of Augustus, had recovered his pa-
Mantua, and went in hope to take possession,
er to be slain by Arius the centurion, to whom
ere assigned by the emperor, in reward of his
Brutus and Cassius. This pastoral therefore
omplaints of his hard usage; and the persons
e, the bailiff of Virgil, Mœris, and his friend

LYCIDAS.

whither on thy way so fast?
town.

MŒRIS.

O Lycidas! at last
omc, I never thought to see,
lution for my farm and me!)
m captain in a surly tone
'ack up, ye rascals, and be gone.'
re set the best face on't we could:
o kids, to' appease his angry mood,
which the Furies give him good!

LYCIDAS.

r friends were told another tale—
e *sloping* mountain to the vale,

And dodder'd oak, and all the banks along,
Menalcas sav'd his fortune with a song.

MŒRIS.

Such was the news, indeed; but songs and rhymes
Prevail as much in these hard iron times,
As would a plump of trembling fowl, that rise
Against an eagle sousing from the skies.
And, had not Phœbus warn'd me, by the croak
Of an old raven from a hollow oak,
To shun debate, Menalcas had been slain,
And Mœris not surviv'd him, to complain.

LYCIDAS.

Now heaven defend! could barbarous rage induce
The brutal son of Mars to' insult the sacred Muse?
Who then should sing the nymphs? or who rehearse
The waters gliding in a smoother verse?
Or Amaryllis praise that heavenly lay,
That shorten'd, as we went, our tedious way—
'O Tityrus, tend my herd, and see them fed;
To morning pastures, ev'ning waters, led;
And 'ware the Libyan ridgil's butting head.'

MŒRIS.

Or what unfinish'd he to Varus read—
'Thy name, O Varus (if the kinder pow'rs
Preserve our plains, and shield the Mantuan towers,
Obnoxious by Cremona's neighbouring crime),
The wings of swans, and stronger-pinion'd rhyme,
Shall raise aloft, and soaring bear above—
Th' immortal gift of gratitude to Jove.'

LYCIDAS.

Sing on, sing on: for I can ne'er be cloy'd.
So may thy swarms the baleful yew avoid:
So may thy cows their burden'd bags distend,
And trees to goats their willing branches bend.

n as I am, yet have the Muses made
'ree, a member of the tuneful trade:
:ast the shepherds seem to like my lays:
I discern their flattery from their praise:
r to Cinna's ears, nor Varus', dare aspire,
gabble, like a goose, amidst the swan-like choir.

MŒRIS.

what I have been comming in my mind:
are they verses of a vulgar kind.
ne, Galatea! come! the seas forsake!
t pleasures can the tides with their hoarse murmurs make?
on the shore inhabits purple spring;
re nightingales their lovesick ditty sing:
meads with purling streams, with flowers the ground,
grottos cool, with shady poplars crown'd,
creeping vines on arbours weav'd around.
e then, and leave the waves' tumultuous roar;
the wild surges vainly beat the shore.'

LYCIDAS.

hat sweet song I heard with such delight;
same you sung alone one starry night.
tune I still retain, but not the words.

MŒRIS.

ıy, Daphnis, dost thou search in old records,
:now the seasons when the stars arise?
Cæsar's lamp is lighted in the skies,—
star, whose rays the blushing grapes adorn,
swell the kindly ripening ears of corn.
er this influence graft the tender shoot:
children's children shall enjoy the fruit.'
rest I have forgot; for cares and time
ge all things, and untune my soul to rhyme.

I could have once sung down a summer's sun:
But now the chime of poetry is done:
My voice grows hoarse; I feel the notes decay,
As if the wolves had seen me first to-day.
But these, and more than I to mind can bring,
Menalcas has not yet forgot to sing.

LYCIDAS.

Thy faint excuses but inflame me more:
And now the waves roll silent to the shore;
Hush'd winds the topmost branches scarcely bend,
As if thy tuneful song they did attend:
Already we have half our way o'ercome;
Far off I can discern Bianor's tomb.
Here where the labourer's hands have form'd a bower
Of wreathing trees, in singing waste an hour.
Rest here thy weary limbs; thy kids lay down:
We've day before us yet, to reach the town;
Or if, ere night, the gathering clouds we fear,
A song will help the beating storm to bear.
And, that thou may'st not be too late abroad,
Sing, and I'll ease thy shoulders of thy load.

MŒRIS.

Cease to request me; let us mind our way:
Another song requires another day.
When good Menalcas comes, if he rejoice,
And find a friend at court, I'll find a voice.

PASTORAL X.

OR,

GALLUS.

ARGUMENT.

great patron of Virgil, and an excellent poet, was
eply in love with one Cytheris, whom he calls Lyco-
who had forsaken him for the company of a soldier.
et therefore supposes his friend Gallus retired, in his
f melancholy, into the solitudes of Arcadia (the cele-
icene of pastorals), where he represents him in a very
ing condition, with all the rural deities about him,
his hard usage, and condoling his misfortune.

cred succour, Arethusa, bring,
vn my labour ('tis the last I sing),
›rond Lycoris may with pity view ;—
ise is mournful, though the numbers few,
me not a verse, to grief and Gallus due.
thy silver streams beneath the tide,
l with briny seas, securely glide.
›n my Gallus, and his hopeless vows ;
hile my cattle crop the tender browze.
›al grove shall answer to the sound,
ho, from the vales, the tuneful voice rebound.
ıwns or woods withheld you from his aid,
ıphs, when Gallus was to love betray'd,
, unpitied by the cruel maid?
›epy *Pindus could* retard your course,
ft Parnassus, nor the' Aonian source:

stone.

The sheep surround their shepherd, a
Blush not, sweet poet, nor the name
Along the streams, his flock Adonis f
And yet the queen of beauty bless'd h
The swains and tardy neatherds came
Menalcas, wet with beating winter m
Wondering, they ask'd from whence ar
Yet more amaz'd, thy own Apollo can
Flush'd were his cheeks, and glowing w
' Is she thy care? is she thy care? (he
Thy false Lycoris flies thy love and th
And, for thy rival, tempts the raging s
The forms of horrid war, and heaven's m
Silvanus came: his brows a country
Of fennel, and of nodding lilies, drow
Great Pan arriv'd; and we beheld hin

How light would lie the turf upon my breast,
If you my sufferings in your songs express'd!
Ah! that your birth and business had been mine—
To pen the sheep, and press the swelling vine!
Had Phillis or Amyntas ease'd my pain,
Or any nymph or shepherd on the plain,
(Though Phillis brown, though black Amyntas were,
Are violets not sweet, because not fair?)
Beneath the sallows and the shady vine,
My loves had mix'd their pliant limbs with mine:
Phyllis with myrtle wreaths had crown'd my hair,
And soft Amyntas sung away my care.
Come, see what pleasures in our plains abound;
The woods, the fountains, and the flowery ground.
As you are beauteous, were you half so true,
Here could I live, and love, and die with only you.
Now I to fighting fields am sent afar,
And strive in winter camps with toils of war;
While you (alas, that I should find it so!)
To shun my sight, your native soil forego,
And climb the frozen Alps, and tread the' eternal snow.
Ye frosts and snows, her tender body spare!
Those are not limbs for icicles to tear.
For me, the wilds and deserts are my choice;
The Muses, once my care; my once harmonious voice.
There will I sing, forsaken and alone:
The rocks and hollow caves shall echo to my moan.
The rind of every plant her name shall know:
And, as the rind extends, the love shall grow.
Then on Arcadian mountains will I chase
(Mix'd with the woodland *nymphs*) the savage race;
Nor cold shall hinder me, with horns and hounds
To thrid the thickets, or to leap the mounds.

On mountain tops to chase the ass.
No game but hopeless love my tho
Once more, ye nymphs, and songs
woods, adieu!
Love alters not for us his hard decr
Not though beneath the Thracian
Or Italy's indulgent heaven forego
And in mid-winter tread Sithonian
Or, when the barks of elms are sc
On Meroë's burning plains the Lib
In hell, and earth, and seas, and h
Love conquers all; and we must y
My Muses, here your sacred raptu
The verse was what I ow'd my su
This while I sung, my sorrows I d
And bending osiers into baskets w
The song, because inspir'd by you
And Gallus will approve, because

THE GEORGICS.

DEDICATION

OF THE

GEORGICS.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

PHILIP, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD [1], &c.

MY LORD,

:ANNOT begin my address to your lordship, bet- : than in the words of Virgil,

——Quod optanti divûm promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro.

ven years together I have concealed the longing ıich I had to appear before you: a time as tedious Æneas passed in his wandering voyage, before reached the promised Italy. But I considered, at nothing which my meanness could produce, ıs worthy of your patronage. At last this happy

[1] Born in 1684, and died in 1713. He was accessary in warding the Restoration, and had held several courtly employ- ·nts; *but resigned them in 1685,* and lived the remainder of *days in respectable retirement.*

occasion offered, of presenting to you the best poem of the best poet. If I balked this opportunity, I was in despair of finding such another; and, if I took it, I was still uncertain whether you would vouchsafe to accept it from my hands. It was a bold venture which I made, in desiring your permission to lay my unworthy labours at your feet. But my rashness has succeeded beyond my hopes; and you have been pleased not to suffer an old man to go discontented out of the world, for want of that protection, of which he had been so long ambitious. I have known a gentleman in disgrace, and not daring to appear before king Charles the Second, though he much desired it: at length he took the confidence to attend a fair lady to the court, and told his majesty, that, under her protection, he had presumed to wait on him. With the same humble confidence, I present myself before your lordship: and, attending on Virgil, hope a gracious reception. The gentleman succeeded, because the powerful lady was his friend; but I have too much injured my great author, to expect he should intercede for me. I would have translated him; but, according to the literal French and Italian phrases, I fear I have *traduced* him. It is the fault of many a well-meaning man, to be officious in a wrong place, and do a prejudice where he had endeavoured to do a service. Virgil wrote his Georgics in the full strength and vigour of his age, when his judgment was at the height, before his fancy was declining. He had (according to our homely saying) his full swing at this poem, beginning it about the age of thirty-five, *scarce concluding* it before he arrived at

is observed, both of him and Horace (and I be-
ve it will hold in all great poets), that, though
ey wrote before with a certain heat of genius
hich inspired them, yet that heat was not per-
ctly digested. There is required a continuance
warmth to ripen the best and noblest fruits.
ius Horace, in his first and second book of Odes,
as still rising, but came not to his meridian till
e third; after which, his judgment was an over-
pise to his imagination: he grew too cautious to
e bold enough; for he descended in his fourth by
ow degrees, and, in his Satires and Epistles, was
ore a philosopher and a critic, than a poet. In
he beginning of summer, the days are almost at a
and, with little variation of length or shortness,
ecause at that time the diurnal motion of the sun
artakes more of a right line than of a spiral; the
ime is the method of nature in the frame of man.
He seems at forty to be fully in his summer tropic;
omewhat before, and somewhat after, he finds in
is soul but small increases or decays. From fifty
o threescore, the balance generally holds even, in
ur colder climates: for he loses not much in fancy;
nd judgment, which is the effect of observation,
till increases. His succeeding years afford him
ttle more than the stubble of his own harvest:
et, if his constitution be healthful, his mind may
till retain a decent vigour; and the gleanings of
hat Ephraim, in comparison with others, will sur-
ass the vintage of Abiezer. I have called this
omewhere, by a bold metaphor, 'a green old age;'
ut Virgil has given me his authority for the figure—

Jam senior; sed cruda Deo, viridisque senectus.

Among those few who enjoy the advantage of a latter spring, your lordship is a rare example; who being now arrived at your great climacteric, yet give no proof of the least decay of your excellent judgment and comprehension of all things which are within the compass of human understanding. Your conversation is as easy as it is instructive; and I could never observe the least vanity or the least assuming in any thing you said, but a natural unaffected modesty, full of good sense, and well digested: a clearness of notion, expressed in ready and unstudied words. No man has complained, or ever can, that you have discoursed too long on any subject; for you leave us in an eagerness of learning more; pleased with what we hear, but not satisfied; because you will not speak so much as we could wish. I dare not excuse your lordship from this fault; for, though it is none in you, it is one to all who have the happiness of being known to you. I must confess, the critics make it one of Virgil's beauties, that, having said what he thought convenient, he always left somewhat for the imagination of his readers to supply; that they might gratify their fancies, by finding more in what he had written than at first they could; and think they had added to his thought, when it was all there beforehand, and he only saved himself the expense of words. However it was, I never went from your lordship, but with a longing to return, or without a hearty curse to him who invented ceremonies in the world, and put me on the necessity of withdrawing when it was my interest, as well as my desire, to have given you a much longer trouble. I *cannot imagine (if your lordship will give me leave to speak my thoughts)* but you have had a more than

who stand about you, are not only sensible
rful warmth, but are kept at an awful dis-
its force. In my small observations of
I have ever found that such as are not
o full of spirit when they are young, de-
to dullness in their age. Sobriety in our
rs is the effect of a well-concocted warmth:
re the principles are only phlegm, what
xpected from the waterish matter, but an
anhood, and a stupid old infancy—discre-
eading-strings, and a confirmed ignorance
ies? Virgil, in his third Georgic, when he
a colt who promises a courser for the
or the field of battle, shows him the first
he bridge, which trembles under him, and
he torrent of the flood. His beginnings
in rashness—a noble fault: but time and
ce will correct that error, and tame it into
rate and well-weighed courage, which
oth to be cautious and to dare, as occasion
Your lordship is a man of honour, not only
ned, but so unquestioned, that you are the
ndard of that heroic virtue; so truly such
would flatter you, I could not. It takes
you, that you were born with principles
osity and probity: but it adds to you, that
cultivated nature, and made those princi-
rule and measure of all your actions. The

Cicero might have been thei
wanted courage. To have bot
to have improved them both
manners and a sweetness of cc
our nobility can fill that chara
and so conspicuous by his own
not

Digito monstrari, et dicic

To be nobly born, and of an
the extremes of fortune, eithe
virtue and descent are no inl
series of ancestors shows the n
vantage at the first; but if he
from his line, the least spot is
But, to preserve this whiteness i
you, my lord, have, like that e

greatness, they said, was nauseous, and was troublesome: a quiet privacy was ition. Some few of them, I believe, said arnest, and were making a provision ture want, that they might enjoy their ease. They saw the happiness of a pri- and promised to themselves a blessing, ry day it was in their power to possess. deferred it, and lingered still at court, hey thought they had not yet enough to m happy: they would have more, and make their solitude luxurious:—a wretch- phy, which Epicurus never taught them rden. They loved the prospect of this eversion, but were not willing to have it sion: they would first be old, and make health and life, as if both of them were ispose. But put them to the necessity of choice, and they preferred continuance ; like the wretch who called Death to nce, but refused him when he came. The io was not of their opinion, who indeed nours in his youth, and endured the fa- h which he purchased them. He served y when it was in need of his courage and till he thought it was time to serve him- dismounted from the saddle, when he *beast which* bore him began to grow

fortune to rise in either,
with being capable, as mu
defending your country w
ing it with your counsel
For the rest, the respect
you, not only in the provi
generally by all who hac
you, was a wise exchang
court—a place of forget
well-deservers. It is ne
of manners, to have brea
infectious even to the best
it. It is a dangerous con
man is sure at the first o
recovers not his losses, b
others. The undermining
habitual; and the drift c
tion is only to flatter one

rards.

lordship therefore may properly be said chosen a retreat, and not to have chosen u had maturely weighed the advantages of gher, with the hazards of the fall.

Res, non parta labore, sed relicta,

ight by a poet to be one of the requisites ppy life. Why should a reasonable man nto the power of Fortune to make him e, when his ancestors have taken care to him from her? Let him venture, says Ho- *i zonam perdidit.* He who has nothing, curely; for he may win, and cannot be f he loses. But he who is born to a plen- ate, and is ambitious of offices at court, ake to Fortune, which she can seldom an- If he gains nothing, he loses all, or part was once his own; and, if he gets, he be certain but he may refund. In short, he succeeds, it is covetousness that in- im first to play; and covetousness is the ed sign of ill sense at the bottom. The against him, that he loses; and one loss of more consequence to him than all his winnings. It is like the present war of stians against the Turk: every year they *ictory, and* by that a town; but, if they

are once defeated, they lose a province at a
and endanger the safety of the whole e
You, my lord, enjoy your quiet in a garden,
you have not only the leisure of thinking, b
pleasure to think of nothing which can di
pose your mind. A good conscience is a
which is land-locked on every side, and wh
winds can possibly invade, no tempests can
There a man may stand upon the shore, an
only see his own image, but that of his
clearly reflected from the undisturbed and
waters. Reason was intended for a blessing
such it is to men of honour and integrity, w
sire no more than what they are able to give
selves; like the happy old Corycian who
author describes in his fourth Georgic, whose
and salads, on which he lived contented, w
of his own growth and his own plantation.

Virgil seems to think that the blessing
country life are not complete without an im
ment of knowledge by contemplation and re

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona nôrint,
Agricolas!

It is but half-possession not to understan
happiness which we possess. A foundation o
sense, and a cultivation of learning, are re
to give a seasoning to retirement, and ma
taste the blessing. God has bestowed on
lordship the first of these; and you have bes
on yourself the second. Eden was not ma
beasts, though they were suffered to live in
for their master, who studied God in the w
his creation. Neither could the Devil ha

there with all his knowledge; for he wanted
nce to make him so. He brought envy,
, and ambition, into Paradise, which soured
the sweetness of the place. Wherever in-
te affections are, 'tis hell. Such only can
the country, who are capable of thinking
they are there, and have left their passions
l them in the town. Then they are pre-
for solitude; and, in that solitude, is pre-
for them

Et secura quies, et nescia fallere vita.

I began this dedication with a verse of Vir-
I conclude it with another.
e continuance of your health, to enjoy that
ness which you so well deserve, and which
ave provided for yourself, is the sincere and
st wish of

Your lordship's most devoted

And most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

AN

ESSAY ON THE GEORGICS,

BY MR. ADDISON[1].

VIRGIL may be reckoned the first who introdu three new kinds of poetry among the Roma which he copied after three the greatest mast of Greece. Theocritus and Homer have still puted for the advantage over him in pastoral a heroics; but I think all are unanimous in giv him the precedence to Hesiod in his Georgi The truth of it is, the sweetness and rusticity o pastoral cannot be so well expressed in any oth tongue as in the Greek, when rightly mixed a qualified with the Doric dialect; nor can the m jesty of an heroic poem any where appear so w as in this language, which has a natural greatn in it, and can be often rendered more deep a sonorous by the pronunciation of the Ionia But, in the middle style, where the writers in bo tongues are on a level, we see how far Virgil l excelled all who have written in the same w with him.

[1] *And sent to Dryden for his use; but without permissi to prefix the writer's name.*

been abundance of criticism spent on
torals and Æneïds: but the Georgics
t which none of the critics have suffi-
en into their consideration; most of
g it over in silence, or casting it under
cad with pastoral; a division by no
er, unless we suppose the style of a
n ought to be imitated in a georgic,
shepherd is in a pastoral. But, though
of both these poems lies in the same
peakers in them are of a quite different
since the precepts of husbandry are
elivered with the simplicity of a plough-
with the address of a poet. No rules,
that relate to pastoral, can any way
georgics, which fall under that class of
ch consists in giving plain and direct
s to the reader; whether they be moral
those of Theognis and Pythagoras, or
al speculations, as those of Aratus and
or rules of practice, as those of Hesiod

Among these different kinds of sub-
which the Georgic goes upon, is, I
meanest and least improving, but the
ing and delightful. Precepts of mora-
s the natural corruption of our tempers,
es us averse to them, are so abstracted
of sense, that they seldom give an op-
for those beautiful descriptions and
hich are the spirit and life of poetry.
hilosophy has indeed sensible objects to
n; but then it often puzzles the reader
intricacy of its notions, and perplexes
he multitude of its disputes. But this

of poetry I am now speaking of, addresses wholly to the imagination: it is altogether ersant among the fields and woods, and has most delightful part of nature for its province. ises in our minds a pleasing variety of scenes landscapes, whilst it teaches us; and makes driest of its precepts look like a description. Georgic *therefore is some part of the science of shandry put into a pleasing dress, and set off with l the beauties and embellishments of poetry.* Now, nce this science of husbandry is of a very large xtent, the poet shows his skill in singling out such precepts to proceed on, as are useful, and at the same time most capable of ornament. Virgil was so well acquainted with this secret, that, to set off his first Georgic, he has run into a set of precepts, which are almost foreign to his subject, in that beautiful account he gives us of the signs in na-ture, which precede the changes of the weather.

And, if there be so much art in the choice of fit precepts, there is much more required in the treat ing of them; that they may fall in after each othe by a natural unforced method, and show the selves in the best and most advantageous lig They should all be so finely wrought together the same piece, that no coarse seam may disco where they join; as, in a curious brede of nee work, one colour falls away by such just degr and another rises so insensibly, that we see variety, without being able to distinguish the vanishing of the one from the first appearan the other. Nor is it sufficient to range and d this body of precepts into a clear and easy m *unless they* are delivered to us in the mos

ing and agreeable manner: for there are several ways of conveying the same truth to the mind of man; and to choose the pleasantest of these ways, is that which chiefly distinguishes poetry from prose, and makes Virgil's rules of husbandry pleasanter to read than Varro's. Where the prose-writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the poet often conceals the precept in a description, and represents his countryman performing the action in which he would instruct his reader. Where the one sets out, as fully and distinctly as he can, all the parts of the truth which he would communicate to us, the other singles out the most pleasing circumstance of this truth, and so conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the understanding. I shall give one instance, out of a multitude of this nature that might be found in the Georgics, where the reader may see the different ways Virgil has taken to express the same thing, and how much pleasanter every manner of expression is, than the plain and direct mention of it would have been. It is in the second Georgic, where he tells us what trees will bear grafting on each other.

Et sæpe alterius ramos impune videmus
Vertere in alterius, mutatamque insita mala
Ferre pyrum, et prunis lapidosa rubescere corna.
—Steriles platani malos gessere valentes:
Castaneæ fagus, ornusque incanuit albo
Flore pyri: glandemque sues fregere sub ulmis.
——————— *Nec longum tempus; et ingens*
Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbos;
Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.

much in use among
practised by Virgil, who loves to suggest
indirectly, and, without giving us a full a
view of it, to let us see just so much as w
rally lead the imagination into all the p
lie concealed. This is wonderfully div
the understanding, thus to receive a prec
enters as it were through a by-way, and
hend an idea that draws a whole train
For here the mind, which is always delig
its own discoveries, only takes the hint
poet, and seems to work out the rest by th
of her own faculties.

But, since the inculcating precept up
will at length prove tiresome to the re
meets with no entertainment,—the poe
care not to encumber his poem with
business, but sometimes to relieve the a
let it rest a wh

are sometimes entertained with a distant prospect of it. Of this nature are Virgil's descriptions of the original of agriculture, of the fruitfulness of Italy, of a country life, and the like; which are not brought in by force, but naturally rise out of the principal argument and design of the poem. I know no one digression in the Georgics that may seem to contradict this observation, besides that in the latter end of the first book, where the poet launches out into a discourse of the battle of Pharsalia, and the actions of Augustus: but it is worth while to consider how admirably he has turned the course of his narration into its proper channel, and made his husbandman concerned even in what relates to the battle, in those inimitable lines—

Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exesa inveniet scabrâ rubigine pila:
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.

And afterwards speaking of Augustus's actions, he still remembers that agriculture ought to be some way hinted at throughout the whole poem.

——————*Non ullus aratro*
Dignus honos: squalent abductis arva colonis;
Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in ensem.

We now come to the style which is proper to a Georgic; and indeed this is the part on which the poet must lay out all his strength, that his words may be *warm and glowing*, and that every thing

e describes may immediately present itself, and rise up to the reader's view. He ought in particular to be careful of not letting his subject debase his style, and betray him into a meanness of expression, but every where to keep up his verse in all the pomp of numbers, and dignity of words.

I think nothing, which is a phrase or saying in common talk, should be admitted into a serious poem; because it takes off from the solemnity of the expression, and gives it too great a turn of familiarity. Much less ought the low phrases and terms of art, that are adapted to husbandry, have any place in such a work as the Georgic; which is not to appear in the natural simplicity and nakedness of its subject, but in the pleasantest dress that poetry can bestow on it. Thus Virgil, to deviate from the common form of words, would not make use of *tempore* but *sidere* in his first verse, and every where else abounds with metaphors, Grecisms, and circumlocutions, to give his verse the greater pomp, and preserve it from sinking into a plebeian style. And herein consists Virgil's masterpiece, who has not only excelled all other poets, but even himself, in the language of his Georgics, where we receive more strong and lively ideas of things from his words, than could have done from the objects themselves; and find our imaginations more affected by his descriptions, than they would have been by the very of what he describes.

I shall now, after this short scheme of consider the different success that Hesiod Virgil have met with in this kind of poetry,

may give us some further notion of the excellence of the Georgics. To begin with Hesiod—If we may guess at his character from his writings, he had much more of the husbandman than the poet in his temper: he was wonderfully grave, discreet, and frugal: he lived altogether in the country, and was probably, for his great prudence, the oracle of the neighbourhood. These principles of good husbandry ran through his works, and directed him to the choice of tillage and merchandise, for the subject of that which is the most celebrated of them. He is every where bent on instruction, avoids all manner of digressions, and does not stir out of the field once in the whole Georgic. His method, in describing month after month, with its proper seasons and employments, is too grave and simple; it takes off from the surprise and variety of the poem, and makes the whole look but like a modern almanack in verse. The reader is carried through a course of weather, and may beforehand guess whether he is to meet with snow or rain, clouds or sunshine, in the next description. His descriptions indeed have abundance of nature in them; but then it is nature in her simplicity and undress. Thus, when he speaks of January,—'The wild beasts,' says he, 'run shivering through the woods, with their heads stooping to the ground, and their tails clapt between their legs; the goats and oxen are almost flead with cold: but it is not so bad with the sheep, because they have a thick coat of wool about them. The old men too are bitterly pinched with the weather: but the young girls feel nothing of it, *who sit* at home with their *mothers by a warm fire-side.*' Thus does the old

ntleman give himself up to a loose kind of
ttle, rather than endeavour after a just poetical
escription. Nor has he shown more of art or
udgment in the precepts he has given us; which
are sown so very thick, that they clog the poem
too much, and are often so minute and full of cir-
cumstances, that they weaken and unnerve his
verse. But, after all, we are beholden to him for
the first rough sketch of a Georgic; where we
may still discover something venerable in the an-
tiqueness of the work: but, if we would see the
design enlarged, the figures reformed, the colour-
ing laid on, and the whole piece finished, we must
expect it from a greater master's hand.

Virgil has drawn out the rules of tillage and
planting into two books, which Hesiod has dispatch-
ed in half a one; but has so raised the natural
rudeness and simplicity of his subject with such
a significancy of expression, such a pomp of
verse, such variety of transitions, and such a so
lemn air in his reflections, that, if we look o
both poets together, we see in one the plainness
a downright countryman, and, in the other, son
thing of a rustic majesty, like that of a Ron
dictator at the plough-tail. He delivers the m
est of his precepts with a kind of grandeur
breaks the clods, and tosses the dung about,
an air of gracefulness. His prognostications o
weather are taken out of Aratus, where we
see how judiciously he has picked out those
are most proper for his husbandman's observ
how he has enforced the expression, and he
ed the images, which he found in the origin
The second book has more wit in it.

boldness in its metaphors, than any of the
The poet, with a great beauty, applies ob-
ignorance, wonder, desire, and the like, to
s. The last Georgic has indeed as many
ors, but not so daring as this; for human
s and passions may be more naturally
d to a bee, than to an inanimate plant. He
ds over the pleasures of a country life, as
e described by Virgil in the latter end of
ok, can scarce be of Virgil's mind in pre-
even the life of a philosopher to it.
nay, I think, read the poet's clime in his de-
n; for he seems to have been in a sweat at
ting of it—

— O! qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
at, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ!—

every where mentioning, among his chief
es, the coolness of his shades and rivers,
nd grottos, which a more northern poet
have omitted for the description of a sunny
l fire-side.
third Georgic seems to be the most la-
of them all: there is a wonderful vigour
rit in the description of the horse and cha-
re. The force of love is represented in
nstances, and very sublime expressions.
ythian winter-piece appears so very cold
ak to the eye, that a man can scarce look
ithout shivering. The murrain at the end
the expressiveness that words can give. It
e that the poet strained hard to outdo Lu-
in the description of his plague: and, if the

reader would see what success he had,
it at large in Scaliger.

But Virgil seems no where so well
when he is got among his bees in
Georgic; and ennobles the actions o
creature, with metaphors drawn from
portant concerns of mankind. His ve
in a greater noise and hurry in the batt
and Turnus, than in the engagemen
swarms. And as, in his Æneïs, he co
labours of his Trojans to those of be
mires, here he compares the labours
to those of the Cyclops. In short, the
was a good prelude to the Æneïs, an
showed what the poet could do in the
of what was really great, by his de
mock-grandeur of an insect with so g
There is more pleasantness in the little
a garden, which he gives us about th
this book, than in all the spacious
water-works of Rapin [2]. The speech
at the end, can never be enough admi
indeed very fit to conclude so divine a

After this particular account of the
the Georgics, I should in the next plac
to point out its imperfections, if it ha
though I think there are some few pa
are not so beautiful as the rest, I shall
to name them, as rather suspecting m
ment, than I can believe a fault to be i

[2] In his "Hortorum libri quatuor;" an E
of which was published in 1673 and 1706.

:h lay so long under Virgil's correction, and his last hand put to it. The first Georgic was ably burlesqued in the author's lifetime; for till find in the scholiasts a verse that ridicules of a line translated from Hesiod—*Nudus ara, nudus*—And we may easily guess at the judg- t of this extraordinary critic, whoever he was, his censuring this particular precept. We may ıre Virgil would not have translated it from ıod, had he not discovered some beauty in it; indeed the beauty of it is, what I have before rved to be frequently met with in Virgil, the vering the precept so indirectly, and singling the particular circumstance of sowing and ghing naked, to suggest to us that these em- nents are proper only in the hot season of the .

shall not here compare the style of the Georgics ı that of Lucretius (which the reader may see ady done [3] in the preface to the second volume fiscellany Poems), but shall conclude this poem ɔe the most complete, elaborate, and finished e of all antiquity. The Æneïs indeed is of a ler kind; but the Georgic is more perfect in ind. The Æneïs has a greater variety of beau- in it; but those of the Georgic are more ex- ite. In short, the Georgic has all the perfec- that can be expected in a poem written by greatest poet in the flower of his age, when his ntion was ready, his imagination warm, his gment settled, and all his faculties in their full ur and maturity.

[3] By Dryden.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

The poet, in the beginning of this book, propounds the design of each Georgic: and, after a solemn invocati the gods who are any way related to his subject, he a himself in particular to Augustus, whom he conse with divinity; and after strikes into his business. H the different kinds of tillage proper to different soils out the original of agriculture, gives a catalogue of bandman's tools, specifies the employments peculiar season, describes the changes of the weather, with t in heaven and earth that forebode them; instances n the prodigies that happened near the time of Julius death; and shuts up all with a supplication to the g the safety of Augustus, and the preservation of Rom

fostering Ceres, powers divine,
corn for mast, for water, wine—
ropitious to the rural swains,
that haunt the mountains and the plains,
ork, and to my numbers bring
l succour; for your gifts I sing.
hose trident struck the teeming earth,
passage for the courser's birth;
r whom the Cean shore sustains
erds that graze the flowery plains;
e shepherd's tutelary god,
while, O Pan! thy lov'd abode;
dian fleeces be thy care,
nd mountains to my song repair.
llas, of the fattening oil,
r of the plough, and ploughman's toil;
hose hands the shroud-like cypress
;
gods and goddesses, that wear
ours, and increase the year;
pply the ground with seeds of grain;
swell those seeds with kindly rain;
hou, whose undetermin'd state
siness of the gods' debate,
fter-times to be declar'd
the world, and Rome's peculiar guard,
uits and seasons to preside,
d circuit of the year to guide—
blessings, which thou strew'st around,
goddess mother's myrtle crown'd.
Cæsar, choose the watery reign,
e surges, and correct the main?
s, in storms, to thee shall pray;
hule shall thy power obey;
hall resign the fasces of the sea.

... the Scorpion a
The Scorpion, ready to
Yields half his region, a
Whatever part of heave
(For let not hell presum
Nor let so dire a thirst o
Thy mind to leave thy ki
Though Greece admires l
Though Proserpine affect
And, importun'd by Ceres
Prefers the fields below to
Be thou propitious, Cæsar
And to my bold endeavour
Pity the poet's and the plo
Interest thy greatness in ou
And use thyself betimes t
prayers.
Whileyet the spring is you
Her frozen bosom to the we
While mountain snows dissol
And streams ...

lat, ere we stir the yet-unbroken ground,
he various course of seasons must be found;
he weather, and the setting of the winds,
he culture suiting to the several kinds
f seeds and plants, and what will thrive and rise,
nd what the genius of the soil denies.
his ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres, suits:
hat other loads the trees with happy fruits:
fourth, with grass unbidden decks the ground.
hus Tmolus is with yellow saffron crown'd:
ndia black ebon and white ivory bears;
nd soft Idume weeps her odorous tears.
hus Pontus sends her beaver-stones from far;
nd naked Spaniards temper steel for war;
pirus, for the' Elean chariot, breeds
In hopes of palms) a race of running steeds.
This is the' original contract; these the laws
mpos'd by Nature, and by Nature's cause,
On sundry places, when Deucalion hurl'd
His mother's entrails on the desert world;
Whence men, a hard laborious kind, were born.
Then borrow part of winter for thy corn;
And early, with thy team, the glebe in furrows turn;
That while the turf lies open and unbound,
Succeeding suns may bake the mellow ground.
But if the soil be barren, only scar
The surface, and but lightly print the share,
When cold Arcturus rises with the sun;
Lest wicked weeds the corn should overrun
In watery soils; or lest the barren sand
Should suck the moisture from the thirsty land.
Both these unhappy soils the swain forbears,
And keeps a sabbath of alternate years,
That the spent earth may gather heart again,
And, better'd by cessation, bear the grain.

... and oats will bu
And sleepy poppies harm
But sweet vicissitudes of
Make easy labour, and re
Yet sprinkle sordid ashes
And load with fattening d
Thus change of seeds for n
And earth manur'd, not idl

Long practice has a sure
With kindled fires to burn
When the light stubble, to t
Is driven along, and crackle
Whether from hence the hol
Is warm'd with secret streng
Or, when the latent vice is c
Redundant humours through
Or that the warmth distends
New breathings, whence new
Or that the heat the gaping
New knits the surface, and
Lest soaking sh...

For he, with frequent exercise, commands
The' unwilling soil, and tames the stubborn lands.
  Ye swains, invoke the powers who rule the sky,
For a moist summer, and a winter dry;
For winter drought rewards the peasant's pain,
And broods indulgent on the buried grain.
Hence Mysia boasts her harvests, and the tops
Of Gargarus admire their happy crops.
When first the soil receives the fruitful seed,
Make no delay, but cover it with speed:
So fenc'd from cold the pliant furrows break,
Before the surly clod resists the rake;
And call the floods from high, to rush amain
With pregnant streams, to swell the teeming grain.
Then, when the fiery suns too fiercely play,
And shrivel'd herbs on withering stems decay,
The wary ploughman, on the mountain's brow,
Undams his watery stores—huge torrents flow,
And, rattling down the rocks, large moisture yield,
Tempering the thirsty fever of the field—
And, lest the stem, too feeble for the freight,
Should scarce sustain the head's unwieldy weight,
Sends in his feeding flocks betimes, to' invade
The rising bulk of the luxuriant blade,
Ere yet the' aspiring offspring of the grain
O'ertops the ridges of the furrow'd plain;
And drains the standing waters, when they yield
Too large a beverage to the drunken field:
But most in autumn, and the showery spring,
When dubious months uncertain weather bring;
When fountains open, when impetuous rain
Swells hasty brooks, and pours upon the plain;
When earth with slime and mud is cover'd o'er,
Or hollow places spew their watery store.

...and towering weeds m
And spreading succory
The sire of gods and m
Forbids our plenty to b
And wills that mortal m
Should exercise, with p
Himself invented first t
And whetted human ind
Himself did handicrafts
Nor suffer'd sloth to rust
Ere this, no peasant vex'd
Which only turfs and gre
No fences parted fields, n
Distinguish'd acres of liti
But all was common, and
Was free to give her unex
Jove added venom to the
And swell'd, with raging sto
Commission'd hungry wolve
And shook from oaken lea

Then toils for beasts, and lime for birds, were found,
And deep-mouth'd dogs did forest-walks surround;
And casting-nets were spread in shallow brooks,
Drags in the deep, and baits were hung on hooks.
Then saws were tooth'd, and sounding axes made,
(For wedges first did yielding wood invade):
And various arts in order did succeed,
(What cannot endless labour, urg'd by need?)
First Ceres taught, the ground with grain to sow,
And arm'd with iron shares the crooked plough;
When now Dodonian oaks no more supplied
Their mast, and trees their forest-fruits denied.
Soon was his labour doubled to the swain,
And blasting mildews blacken'd all his grain:
Tough thistles chok'd the fields, and kill'd the corn,
And an unthrifty crop of weeds was born:
Then burrs and brambles, an unbidden crew
Of graceless guests, the' unhappy field subdue;
And oats unbless'd, and darnel domineers,
And shoots its head above the shining ears;
So that, unless the land with daily care
Is exercis'd, and, with an iron war
Of rakes and harrows the proud foes expell'd,
And birds with clamours frighted from the field—
Unless the boughs are lopp'd that shade the plain,
And heaven invok'd with vows for fruitful rain—
On other's crops you may with envy look,
And shake for food the long-abandon'd oak.
Nor must we pass untold what arms they wield,
Who labour tillage and the furrow'd field:
Without whose aid the ground her corn denies,
And nothing can be sown, and nothing rise—
The *crooked plough, the* share, the towering height
Of waggons, and the cart's unwieldy weight,

The sled, the tumbril, hurdles, and the flail,
The fan of Bacchus, with the flying sail—
These all must be prepar'd, if ploughmen hope
The promis'd blessing of a bounteous crop.
Young elms, with early force, in copses bow,
Fit for the figure of the crooked plough.
Of eight foot long a fasten'd beam prepare:
On either side the head, produce an ear;
And sink a socket for the shining share.
Of beech the plough-tail, and the bending yoke,
Or softer linden harden'd in the smoke.
I could be long in precepts: but I fear
So mean a subject might offend your ear.
Delve of convenient depth your thrashing floor:
With temper'd clay then fill and face it o'er;
And let the weighty roller run the round,
To smooth the surface of the' unequal ground;
Lest, crack'd with summer heats, the flooring flies,
Or sinks, and through the crannies weeds arise:
For sundry foes the rural realm surround:
The field-mouse builds her garner under ground
For gather'd grain: the blind laborious mole
In winding mazes works her hidden hole:
In hollow caverns vermin make abode—
The hissing serpent, and the swelling toad:
The corn-devouring weasel here abides,
And the wise ant her wintry store provides.
Mark well the flowering almonds in the wood:
If odorous blooms the bearing branches load,
The glebe will answer to the silvan reign;
Great heats will follow, and large crops of grain.
But, if a wood of leaves o'ershade the tree,
Such and so barren will thy harvest be:
In vain the hind shall vex the thrashing-floor:
For empty chaff and straw will be thy store.

Some steep their seed, and some in cauldrons boil,
With vigorous nitre and with lees of oil,
O'er gentle fires, the' exuberant juice to drain,
And swell the flattering husks with fruitful grain.
Yet is not the success for years assur'd,
Though chosen is the seed, and fully cur'd,
Unless the peasant, with his annual pain,
Renews his choice, and culls the largest grain.
Thus all below, whether by Nature's curse,
Or Fate's decree, degenerate still to worse.
So the boat's brawny crew the current stem,
And, slow advancing, struggle with the stream:
But, if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,
Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive.
Nor must the ploughman less observe the skies,
When the Kids, Dragon, and Arcturus, rise,
Than sailors homeward bent, who cut their way
Through Helle's stormy straits, and oyster-breeding [sea.
But, when Astræa's balance, hung on high,
Betwixt the nights and days divides the sky,
Then yoke your oxen, sow your winter grain,
Till cold December comes with driving rain.
Linseed and fruitful poppy bury warm,
In a dry season, and prevent the storm.
Sow beans and clover in a rotten soil,
And millet rising from your annual toil,
When with his golden horns, in full career,
The Bull beats down the barriers of the year,
And Argo and the Dog forsake the northern sphere.
But, if your care to wheat alone extend,
Let Maia with her sisters first descend,
And the bright Gnossian diadem downward bend,
Before *you trust in earth* your future hope;
Or else expect a listless lazy crop.

Some swains have sown before: but most hav
A husky harvest from the grudging ground.
Vile vetches would you sow, or lentils lean,
The growth of Egypt, or the kidney-bean?
Begin when the slow Waggoner descends;
Nor cease your sowing till mid-winter ends
For this, through twelve bright signs Apolle
The year, and earth in several climes divid
Five girdles bind the skies: the torrid zone
Glows with the passing and repassing sun:
Far on the right and left, the' extremes of l
To frosts and snows and bitter blasts are gi
Betwixt the midst and these, the gods assig

erve what stars arise or disappear;
l the four quarters of the rolling year.
, when cold weather, and continued rain,
labouring husband in his house restrain,
him forecast his work with timely care,
ich else is huddled, when the skies are fair:
n let him mark the sheep, or whet the shining share,
hollow trees for boats, or number o'er
sacks, or measure his increasing store,
sharpen stakes, or head the forks, or twine
: sallow twigs to tie the straggling vine;
wicker baskets weave, or air the corn,
grinded grain betwixt two marbles turn.
laws, divine or human, can restrain
m necessary works the labouring swain.
n holy-days and feasts permission yield
float the meadows, or to fence the field,
fire the brambles, snare the birds, and steep
wholesome water-falls the woolly sheep.
l oft the drudging ass is driven, with toil,
neighbouring towns with apples and with oil;
turning, late and loaden, home with gain
barter'd pitch, and hand-mills for the grain.
'he lucky days, in each revolving moon,
labour choose: the fifth be sure to shun;
t gave the Furies and pale Pluto birth,
l arm'd, against the skies, the sons of earth.
h mountains pil'd on mountains, thrice they strove
scale the steepy battlements of Jove;
thrice his lightning and red thunder play'd,
their demolish'd works in ruin laid.
seventh is, next the tenth, the best to join
ng oxen *to the yoke*, and plant the vine.

Then, weavers, stretch your stays upon the weft,
The ninth is good for travel, bad for theft.
Some works in dead of night are better done,
Or when the morning dew prevents the sun.
Parch'd meads and stubble mow by Phœbe's light,
Which both require the coolness of the night;
For moisture then abounds, and pearly rains
Descend in silence to refresh the plains.
The wife and husband equally conspire
To work by night, and rake the winter fire:
He sharpens torches in the glimmering room;
She shoots the flying shuttle through the loom,
Or boils in kettles must of wine, and skims,
With leaves, the dregs that overflow the brims:
And, till the watchful cock awakes the day,
She sings, to drive the tedious hours away.

But, in warm weather, when the skies are clear,
By daylight reap the product of the year;
And in the sun your golden grain display,
And thrash it out, and winnow it by day.
Plough naked, swain, and naked sow the land;
For lazy winter numbs the labouring hand.
In genial winter, swains enjoy their store,
Forget their hardships, and recruit for more.
The farmer to full bowls invites his friends,
And, what he got with pains, with pleasure spends.
So sailors, when escap'd from stormy seas,
First crown their vessels, then indulge their ease.
Yet that's the proper time to thrash the wood
For mast of oak, your father's homely food;
To gather laurel-berries, and the spoil
Of bloody myrtles, and to press your oil;
For stalking cranes to set the guileful snare;
To' inclose the stags in toils, and hunt the hare;

With Balearic slings, or Gnossian bow,
To persecute from far the flying doe;
Then, when the fleecy skies new clothe the wood,
And cakes of rustling ice come rolling down the flood.
Now sing we stormy stars, when autumn weighs
The year, and adds to nights, and shortens days,
And suns declining shine with feeble rays:
What cares must then attend the toiling swain;
Or when the louring spring, with lavish rain,
Beats down the slender stem and bearded grain,
While yet the head is green, or, lightly swell'd
With milky moisture, overlooks the field.
E'en when the farmer, now secure of fear,
Sends in the swains to spoil the finish'd year,
E'en while the reaper fills his greedy hands,
And binds the golden sheaves in brittle bands,
Oft have I seen a sudden storm arise,
From all the warring winds that sweep the skies:
The heavy harvest from the root is torn,
And whirl'd aloft the lighter stubble borne:
With such a force the flying rack is driven,
And such a winter wears the face of heaven:
And oft whole sheets descend of sluicy rain,
Suck'd by the spongy clouds from off the main:
The lofty skies at once come pouring down,
The promis'd crop and golden labours drown.
The dikes are fill'd; and, with a roaring sound,
The rising rivers float the nether ground;
And rocks the bellowing voice of boiling seas rebound.
The father of the gods his glory shrouds,
Involv'd in tempests, and a night of clouds;
And, *from the middle darkness flashing out,*
By fits he deals his fiery bolts about.

Earth feels the motions of her angry god;
Her entrails tremble, and her mountains nod;
And flying beasts in forests seek abode:
Deep horror seizes every human breast;
Their pride is humbled, and their fear confess'd
While he from high his rolling thunder throws,
And fires the mountains with repeated blows:
The rocks are from their old foundations rent;
The winds redouble, and the rains augment:
The waves on heaps are dash'd against the shor
And now the woods, and now the billows, roar

In fear of this, observe the starry signs,
Where Saturn houses, and where Hermes joins
But first to heaven thy due devotions pay,
And annual gifts on Ceres' altars lay.
When winter's rage abates, when cheerful hour
Awake the spring, the spring awakes the flowr
On the green turf thy careless limbs display,
And celebrate the mighty Mother's day:
For then the hills with pleasing shades are crow
And sleeps are sweeter on the silken ground:
With milder beams the sun securely[2] shines:
Fat are the lambs, and luscious are the wines.
Let every swain adore her power divine,
And milk and honey mix with sparkling wine:
Let all the choir of clowns attend the show,
In long procession, shouting as they go;
Invoking her to bless their yearly stores,
Inviting plenty to their crowded floors.
Thus in the spring, and thus in summer's heat,
Before the sickles touch the ripening wheat,
On Ceres call; and let the labouring hind
With oaken wreaths his hollow temples bind:

[2] Dr. Carey reads serenely.

ı Ceres let him call, and Ceres praise,
ith uncouth dances, and with country lays.
And that by certain signs we may presage
' heats and rains, and wind's impetuous rage,
ıe sovereign of the heavens has set on high
ıe moon, to mark the changes of the sky;
hen southern blasts should cease, and when the swain
ıould near their folds his feeding flocks restrain.
or, ere the rising winds begin to roar,
he working seas advance to wash the shore:
oft whispers run along the leafy woods;
nd mountains whistle to the murmuring floods.
'en then the doubtful billows scarce abstain
rom the toss'd vessel on the troubled main;
/hen crying cormorants forsake the sea,
nd, stretching to the covert, wing their way;
/hen sportful coots run skimming o'er the strand;
/hen watchful herons leave their watery stand,
nd, mounting upward with erected flight,
ain on the skies, and soar above the sight.
nd oft, before tempestuous winds arise,
he seeming stars fall headlong from the skies,
nd, shooting through the darkness, gild the night
'ith sweeping glories, and long trails of light;
ıd chaff with eddy-winds is whirl'd around,
nd dancing leaves are lifted from the ground;
nd floating feathers on the waters play.
ut, when the winged thunder takes his way
rom the cold north, and east and west engage,
nd at their frontiers meet with equal rage,
he clouds are crush'd: a glut of gather'd rain
he hollow ditches fills, and floats the plain;
nd sailors furl their dropping sheets amain.

Wet weather seldom hurts the most unwise;
So plain the signs, such prophets are the skies.
The wary crane foresees it first, and sails
Above the storm, and leaves the lowly vales:
The cow looks up, and from afar can find
The change of heaven, and snuffs it in the wind
The swallow skims the river's watery face:
The frogs renew the croaks of their loquacious ra
The careful ant her secret cell forsakes,
And drags her eggs along the narrow tracks:
At either horn the rainbow drinks the flood:
Huge flocks of rising rooks forsake their food,
And, crying, seek the shelter of the wood.
Besides, the several sorts of watery fowls,
That swim the seas or haunt the standing pools,
The swans that sail along the silver flood,
And dive with stretching necks to search their fo
Then lave their backs with sprinkling dews in v
And stem the stream to meet the promis'd rain.
The crow with clamorous cries the shower dema
And single stalks along the desert sands.
The nightly virgin, while her wheel she plies,
Foresees the storm impending in the skies,
When sparkling lamps their sputtering light
vance,
And in the sockets oily bubbles dance.
Then, after showers, 'tis easy to descry
Returning suns, and a serener sky:
The stars shine smarter; and the moon adorns,
As with unborrow'd beams, her sharpen'd horns
The filmy gossamer now flits no more,
Nor halcyons bask on the short sunny shore:
Their litter is not toss'd by sows unclean;
But a blue droughty mist descends upon the pl

that mark the setting sun, declare
t evening, and a morning fair.
aloft, avenging Nisus flies,
'd, below the guilty Scylla lies.
frighted Scylla flies away,
s follows, and pursues his prey:
ır'd Nisus takes his airy course,
embling Scylla flies, and shuns his force.
hment pursues the' unhappy maid,
he purple hair is dearly paid:
e the ravens rend the liquid air,
ing notes proclaim the settled fair.
d their airy palaces they fly,
he sun; and, seiz'd with secret joy,
ms are overblown, with food repair
rsaken nests, and callow care.
think their breasts with heavenly souls
man, who destiny controls.
the changeful temper of the skies,
ndense, and sunshine rarefies,
species in their alter'd minds,
by calms, and discompos'd by winds.
e proceeds the birds' harmonious voice;
e the cows exult, and frisking lambs
e daily circle of the sun, [rejoice.
ort year of each revolving moon:
ou shalt foresee the following day;
starry night thy hopes betray.
the moon appears, if then she shrouds
crescent tipp'd with sable clouds,
he bodes a tempest on the main,
for fields impetuous floods of rain.
face with fiery flushing glow,
rattling winds aloft to blow.

But, four nights old (for that's the sures
With sharpen'd horns if glorious then sh
Next day, not only that, but all the mo
Till her revolving race be wholly run,
Are void of tempests, both by land an
And sailors in the port their promis'd vo
Above the rest, the sun, who never lies
Foretels the change of weather in the s
For, if he rise unwilling to his race,
Clouds on his brow, and spots upon his
Or if through mists he shoots his sullen
Frugal of light, in loose and straggling
Suspect a drizzling day, with southern
Fatal to fruits, and flocks, and promis'd
Or if Aurora, with half-open'd eyes,
And a pale sickly cheek, salute the ski
How shall the vine, with tender leaves,
Her teeming clusters, when the storms
When ridgy roofs and tiles can scarce
To bar the ruin of the rattling hail?
But, more than all, the setting sun surv
When down the steep of heaven he dri
For oft we find him finishing his race,
With various colours erring on his face.
If fiery red his glowing globe descends
High winds and furious tempests he p
But, if his cheeks are swoln with livid
He bodes wet weather by his watery h
If dusky spots are varied on his brow,
And, streak'd with red, a troubled col
That sullen mixture shall at once deck
Winds, rain, and storms, and elementa
What desperate madman then would
The frith, or haul his cables from the

But, if with purple rays he brings the light,
And a pure heaven resigns to quiet night,
No rising winds, or falling storms, are nigh;
But northern breezes through the forest fly,
And drive the rack, and purge the ruffled sky.
The' unerring sun by certain signs declares
What the late even or early morn prepares,
And when the south projects a stormy day,
And when the clearing north will puff the clouds away.
The sun reveals the secrets of the sky;
And who dares give the source of light the lie?
The change of empires often he declares,
Fierce tumults, hidden treasons, open wars.
He first the fate of Cæsar did foretell,
And pitied Rome, when Rome in Cæsar fell;
In iron clouds conceal'd the public light;
And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.
Nor was the fact foretold by him alone:
Nature herself stood forth, and seconded the sun
Earth, air, and seas, with prodigies were sign'd;
And birds obscene, and howling dogs, divin'd.
What rocks did Etna's bellowing mouth expire
From her torn entrails! and what floods of fire!
What clanks were heard, in German skies afar,
Of arms, and armies rushing to the war!
Dire earthquakes rent the solid Alps below,
And from their summits shook the' eternal snow:
Pale spectres in the close of night were seen;
And voices heard of more than mortal men,
In silent groves: dumb sheep and oxen spoke;
And streams ran backward, and their beds forsook:
The yawning earth disclos'd the' abyss of hell:
The weeping statues did the wars foretell;
And holy sweat from brazen idols fell.

Then, rising in his might, the king
Rush'd through the forests, tore th
And, rolling onward, with a sweep
Bore houses, herds, and labouring
Blood sprang from wells; wolves
by night;
And boding victims did the priests
Such peals of thunder never pour'd
Nor forky lightnings flash'd from s
Red meteors ran across the' æther
Stars disappear'd, and comets took
For this, the' Emathian plains onc
strow'd
With Roman bodies, and just be

The peaceful peasant to the wars is press'd;
The fields lie fallow in inglorious rest;
The plain no pasture to the flock affords;
The crooked scythes are straighten'd into swords:
And there Euphrates her soft offspring arms,
And here the Rhine rebellows with alarms;
The neighbouring cities range on several sides;
Perfidious Mars long-plighted leagues divides,
And o'er the wasted world in triumph rides.
So four fierce coursers, starting to the race,
Scour through the plain, and lengthen every pace;
Nor reins, nor curbs, nor threatening cries, they fear,
But fierce along the trembling charioteer.

GEORGICS.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

The subject of the following book is planting: in handling of which argument, the poet shows all the different methods of raising trees, describes their variety, and gives rules for the management of each in particular. He then points out the soils in which the several plants thrive best, and thence takes occasion to run out into the praises of Italy: after which he gives some directions for discovering the nature of every soil, prescribes rules for dressing of vines, olives, &c. and concludes the Georgic with a panegyric on a country life.

THUS far of tillage, and of heavenly signs:
Now sing, my Muse, the growth of generous vines,
The shady groves, the woodland progeny,
And the slow product of Minerva's tree.
  Great father Bacchus! to my song repair;
For clustering grapes are thy peculiar care:
For thee, large bunches load the bending vine;
And the last blessings of the year are thine.
To thee his joys the jolly Autumn owes,
When the fermenting juice the vat o'erflows.

ɪrip with me, my god! come drench all o'er
ıbs in must of wine, and drink at every pore.
ɜ trees their birth to bounteous Nature owe;
me, without the pains of planting, grow.
ɔsiers thus the banks of brooks abound,
g from the watery genius of the ground.
, the same principles grey willows come,
ulean poplar and the tender broom.
some, from seeds inclos'd in earth, arise;
thus the mastful chesnut mates the skies.
ıce rise the branching beech and vocal oak,
ıere Jove of old oraculously spoke.
me from the root a rising wood disclose:
ıus elms, and thus the savage cherry grows:
hus the green bay, that binds the poet's brows,
ıoots, and is shelter'd by the mother's boughs.
These ways of planting Nature did ordain,
or trees and shrubs, and all the silvan reign.
thers there are, by late experience found:
ɔme cut the shoots, and plant in furrow'd ground;
ɔme cover rooted stalks in deeper mould;
ɔme, cloven-stakes; and (wondrous to behold!)
heir sharpen'd ends in earth their footing place;
nd the dry poles produce a living race.
ɔme bow their vines, which buried in the plain,
heir tops in distant arches rise again.
thers no root require; the labourer cuts
oung slips, and in the soil securely puts.
'en stumps of olives, bar'd of leaves, and dead,
evive, and oft redeem their wither'd head.
is usual now an inmate graff to see
'ith insolence invade a foreign tree:
hus pears and *quinces from* the crabtree come:
ıd thus the ruddy cornel bears the plum.

For open Ismarus will Bacchus p
Taburnus loves the shade of oliv
The virtues of the several soils
Mæcenas, now thy needful succo
O thou! the better part of my r
Inspire thy poet, and thy poem c
Embark with me, while I new tr
With flying sails and breezes fro
Not that my song, in such a scar
So large a subject fully can emb
Not though I were supplied witl
A hundred mouths, fill'd with as
But steer my vessel with a steac
And coast along the shore in sig
Nor will I tire thy patience witl
Of preface, or what ancient poe
The trees, which of themselves
Are barren kinds, but strongly l

arves and destroys the fruit, is only made
or brawny bulk, and for a barren shade.
he plant that shoots from seed, a sullen tree,
t leisure grows, for late posterity;
he generous flavour lost, the fruits decay,
nd savage grapes are made the bird's ignoble prey.
Such labour is requir'd in trees, to tame
heir wild disorder, and in ranks reclaim.
Well must the ground be digg'd, and better dress'd,
Few soil to make, and meliorate the rest.
Old stakes of olive-trees in plants revive;
By the same method Paphian myrtles live:
But nobler vines by propagation thrive.
From roots hard hazels, and from cions rise;
Tall ash, and taller oak that mates the skies;
Palm, poplar, fir, descending from the steep
Of hills, to try the dangers of the deep,
The thin-leav'd arbute hazel-graffs receives;
And planes huge apples bear, that bore but leaves.
Thus mastful beech the bristly chesnut bears,
And the wild ash is white with blooming pears,
And greedy swine from grafted elms are fed
With falling acorns, that on oaks are bred.
But various are the ways to change the state
Of plants, to bud, to graff, to inoculate.
For, where the tender rinds of trees disclose
Their shooting gems, a swelling knot there grows:
Just in that space a narrow slit we make;
Then other buds from bearing trees we take;
Inserted thus, the wounded rind we close,
In whose moist womb the' admitted infant grows.
But, when the smoother bole from knots is free,
We make a deep incision in the tree,

And in the solid wood the slip inclose;
The battening bastard shoots again and grows;
And in short space the laden boughs arise,
With happy fruit advancing to the skies.
The mother plant admires the leaves unknown
Of alien trees, and apples not her own.
Of vegetable woods are various kinds:
And the same species are of several minds.
Lotes, willows, elms, have different forms allow'd
So funeral cypress, rising like a shroud.
Fat olive-trees of sundry sorts appear,
Of sundry shapes their unctuous berries bear.
Radii long olives, Orchites round produce,
And bitter Pausia, pounded for the juice.
Alcinoüs' orchard various apples bears:
Unlike are bergamots and pounder pears.
Nor our Italian vines produce the shape,
Or taste, or flavour, of the Lesbian grape.
The Thasian vines in richer soils abound;
The Mareotic grow in barren ground.
The Psythian grape we dry: Lagean juice
Will stammering tongues and staggering fe
produce.
Rath ripe are some, and some of later kind,
Of golden some, and some of purple rind.
How shall I praise the Rhætian grape divine,
Which yet contends not with Falernian wine?
The' Aminean many a consulship survives,
And longer than the Lydian vintage lives,
Or high Phanæus, king of Chian growth:
But, for large quantities and lasting, both,
The less Argitis bears the prize away.
The Rhodian, sacred to the solemn day,

In second services is pour'd to Jove;
And best accepted by the gods above.
Nor must Bumastus his old honours lose,
In length and largeness like the dugs of cows.
I pass the rest, whose every race, and name,
And kinds, are less material to my theme;
Which who would learn, as soon may tell the sands,
Driven by the western wind on Lybian lands,
Or, number, when the blustering Eurus roars,
The billows beating on Ionian shores.
  Nor every plant on every soil will grow:
The sallow loves the watery ground, and low;
The marshes, alders: Nature seems to ordain
The rocky cliff for the wild ash's reign;
The baleful yew to northern blasts assigns,
To shores the myrtles, and to mounts the vines.
  Regard the' extremest cultivated coast,
From hot Arabia to the Scythian frost:
All sorts of trees their several countries know;
Black ebon only will in India grow,
And odorous frankincense on the Sabæan bough.
Balm slowly trickles through the bleeding veins
Of happy shrubs in Idumæan plains.
The green Egyptian thorn, for medicine good,
With Æthiops' hoary trees and woolly wood,
Let others tell: and how the Seres spin
Their fleecy forests in a slender twine:
With mighty trunks of trees on Indian shores,
Whose height above the feather'd arrow soars,
Shot from the toughest bow, and, by the brawn
Of expert archers, with vast vigour drawn.
Sharp-tasted citrons Median climes produce
(Bitter *the rind, but generous* is the juice),

A cordial fruit, a present antidote
Against the direful stepdame's deadly draught,
Who, mixing wicked weeds with words impure,
The fate of envied orphans would procure.
Large is the plant, and like a laurel grows,
And, did it not a different scent disclose,
A laurel were: the fragrant flowers contemn
The stormy winds, tenacious of their stem.
With this, the Medes to labouring age bequeath
New lungs, and cure the sourness of the breath.
But neither Median woods (a plenteous land),
Fair Ganges, Hermus rolling golden sand,
Nor Bactria, nor the richer Indian fields,
Nor all the gummy stores Arabia yields,
Nor any foreign earth of greater name,
Can with sweet Italy contend in fame.
No bulls, whose nostrils breathe a living flame,
Have turn'd our turf; no teeth of serpents here
Were sown, an armed host and iron crop to bear.
But fruitful vines, and the fat olive's freight,
And harvests heavy with their fruitful weight,
Adorn our fields; and on the cheerful green
The grazing flocks and lowing herds are seen.
The warrior horse, here bred, is taught to train:
There flows Clitumnus through the flowery plain,
Whose waves, for triumphs after prosperous war,
The victim ox and snowy sheep prepare.
Perpetual spring our happy climate sees:
Twice breed the cattle, and twice bear the trees:
And summer suns recede by slow degrees.
Our land is from the rage of tigers freed,
Nor nourishes the lion's angry seed;
Nor poisonous aconite is here produc'd,
Or grows unknown, or is, when known, refus'd;

Nor in so vast a length our serpents glide,
Or rais'd on such a spiry volume ride.
  Next add our cities of illustrious name,
Their costly labour and stupendous frame:
Our forts on steepy hills, that far below
See wanton streams in winding valleys flow;
Our twofold seas, that, washing either side,
A rich recruit of foreign stores provide;
Our spacious lakes; thee, Larius, first; and next
Benacus, with tempestuous billows vex'd.
Or shall I praise thy ports, or mention make
Of the vast mound that binds the Lucrine lake?
Or the disdainful sea, that shut from thence,
Roars round the structure, and invades the fence,
There, where secure the Julian waters glide,
Or where Avernus' jaws admit the Tyrrhene tide?
Our quarries, deep in earth, were fam'd of old
For veins of silver, and for ore of gold.
The' inhabitants themselves their country grace:
Hence rose the Marsian and Sabellian race,
Strong-limb'd and stout, and to the wars inclin'd,
And hard Ligurians, a laborious kind,
And Volscians arm'd with iron-headed darts.
Besides—an offspring of undaunted-hearts—
The Decii, Marii, great Camillus came
From hence, and greater Scipio's double name,
And mighty Cæsar, whose victorious arms
To farthest Asia carry fierce alarms,
Avert unwarlike Indians from his Rome,
Triumph abroad, secure our peace at home.
  Hail, sweet Saturnian soil! of fruitful grain
Great parent, greater of illustrious men!
For thee, my tuneful accents will I raise,
And treat of arts disclos'd in ancient days,

Once more unlock for thee the sacred spring,
And old Ascræan verse in Roman cities sing.
  The nature of the several soil's now see,
Their strength, their colour, their fertility:
And first for heath, and barren hilly ground,
Where meagre clay and flinty stones abound,
Where the poor soil all succour seems to want—
Yet this suffices the Palladian plant.
Undoubted signs of such a soil are found;
For here wild olive-shoots o'erspread the ground,
And heaps of berries strew the fields around.
But, where the soil, with fattening moisture fill'd,
Is cloth'd with grass, and fruitful to be till'd,
Such as in cheerful vales we view from high,
Which dripping rocks with rolling streams supply,
And feed with ooze; where rising hillocks run
In length, and open to the southern sun;
Where fern succeeds, ungrateful to the plough—
That gentle ground to generous grapes allow.
Strong stocks of vines it will in time produce,
And overflow the vats with friendly juice,
Such as our priests in golden goblets pour
To gods, the givers of the cheerful hour,
Then when the bloated Tuscan blows his horn,
And reeking entrails are in chargers borne.
  If herds or fleecy flocks be more thy care,
Or goats that graze the field, and burn it bare,
Then seek Tarentum's lawns, and furthest coast,
Or such a field as hapless Mantua lost,
Where silver swans sail down the watery road,
And graze the floating herbage of the flood.
There crystal streams perpetual tenor keep,
Nor food nor springs are wanting to thy sheep:

For, what the day devours, the nightly dew
Shall to the moon in pearly drops renew.
Fat crumbling earth is fitter for the plough,
Putrid and loose above, and black below;
For ploughing is an imitative toil,
Resembling nature in an easy soil.
No land for seed like this; no fields afford
So large an income to the village lord:
No toiling teams from harvest-labour come
So late at night, so heavy-laden home.
The like of forest land is understood,
From whence the surly ploughman grubs the wood,
Which had for length of ages idle stood.
Then birds forsake the ruins of their seat,
And, flying from their nests, their callow young forget.
The coarse lean gravel, on the mountain-sides,
Scarce dewy beverage for the bees provides;
Nor chalk nor crumbling stones, the food of snakes,
That work in hollow earth their winding tracks.
The soil exhaling clouds of subtile dews,
Imbibing moisture which with ease she spews,
Which rusts not iron, and whose mould is clean,
Well clothed with cheerful grass, and ever green,
Is good for olives, and aspiring vines,
Embracing husband-elms in amorous twines;
Is fit for feeding cattle, fit to sow,
And equal to the pasture and the plough.
Such is the soil of fat Campanian fields; [yields;
Such large increase the land that joins Vesuvius
And such a country could Acerræ boast,
Till Clanius overflow'd the unhappy coast.
I teach thee next the differing soils to know,
The light *for vines, the* heavier for the plough.

ace for such a purpose fit:
olid earth, and sink a pit;
ole with its own earth again,
with thy feet, and tread it in:
se not to the former height
e, conclude that soil is light,
round for pasturage and vines.
sullen earth, so press'd, repines
s native mansion to retire,
s without, a heap of heavy mire,
d for arable, a glebe that asks
teams of oxen and laborious tasks.
t earth and bitter are not fit to sow,
will be tam'd and mended by the plou
et grapes degenerate there: and fruits,
om their first flavorous taste, renounce t
his truth by sure experiment is tried;
or first an osier colander provide
Of twigs thick wrought (such toiling pea
When through strait passages they strain
In this close vessel place that earth ac
But fill'd brimful with wholesome wa
Then run it through: the drops will
And, by the bitter taste, disclose th
The fatter earth by handling we m
With ease distinguish'd from the n
Poor soil will crumble into dust;
Will to the fingers cleave like cl
Moist earth produces corn and
Too rank and too luxuriant in
Let not my land so large a pro
Lest the rank ears in length
The heavier earth is by her
The lighter in the poising l

distinguish by the sight
of the soil, and black from white.
d ground is difficult to know;
plants, that prosper there, will show—
pitch-trees, and the baleful yew.
i consider'd well, with early care
rd destin'd for thy vines prepare:
efore the planting, dig the ground,
ws deep that cast a rising mound.
expos'd to winter winds, will bake;
earth will best the vineyards take;
frosts, after the painful toil
hinds, will rot the mellow soil.
asants, not to omit the nicest care,
ie soil their nursery prepare,
of their plantation; lest the tree,
, should not with the soil agree.
plant it as it was, they mark
r's four quarters on the tender bark,
north or south restore the side,
heir birth did heat or cold abide:
s custom; such effects can use
ouls of pliant plants produce.
iext a province for thy vineyard's reign,
ove, or in the lowly plain.
elds or valleys be thy choice,
; for bounteous Bacchus will rejoice
intations there: but if the vine
round be plac'd, or hills supine,
loose battalions largely wide,
y ranks and files on either side,
il'd all in order as they stand;
soldier straggle from his band.

Leaves all to fortune, and th
So let thy vines in intervals
But not their rural disciplin
Indulge their width, and ad
That their extremest lines r
Nor this alone to indulge a
And make a pleasing prosp
But, for the ground itself, t
Can equal vigour to the pla
Which, crowded, want the
(display.

How deep they must b
In shallow furrows vines se
Not so the rest of plants;
That holds the woods in av
Requires a depth of lodgin
And, next the lower skies,

hurtful hazel in thy vineyard shun;
plant it to receive the setting sun;
break the topmost branches from the tree,
or prune, with blunted knife, the progeny.
Root up wild olives from thy labour'd lands;
For sparkling fire, from hinds' unwary hands,
Is often scatter'd o'er their unctuous rinds,
And after spread abroad by raging winds;
For first the smouldering flame the trunk receives;
Ascending thence, it crackles in the leaves:
At length victorious to the top aspires,
Involving all the wood in smoky fires;
But most, when driven by winds, the flaming storm
Of the long files destroys the beauteous form.
In ashes then the' unhappy vineyard lies;
Nor will the blasted plants from ruin rise;
Nor will the wither'd stock be green again;
But the wild olive shoots, and shades the' ungrateful plain.
Be not seduc'd with wisdom's empty shows,
To stir the peaceful ground when Boreas blows.
When winter frosts constrain the field with cold,
The fainty root can take no steady hold.
But, when the golden spring reveals the year,
And the white bird returns, whom serpents fear,
That season deem the best to plant thy vines:
Next that, is when autumnal warmth declines,
Ere heat is quite decay'd, or cold begun,
Or Capricorn admits the winter sun.
The spring adorns the woods, renews the leaves;
The womb of earth the genial seed receives:
For then almighty Jove descends, and pours
Into his buxom bride his fruitful showers;

And, while [illegible]
Earth to the breath her bos
With kindly moisture then
The grass securely springs
The tender twig shoots up
And on the faith of the ne
The swerving vines on the
Unhurt by southern showe
They spread their gems, th
And boldly trust their bud
In this soft season (let me
The world was hatch'd by h
In prime of all the year, a
Then did the new creatio
Nor other was the tenor
When laughing heaven di
And eastern winds their
Then sheep first saw the

'or what remains, in depth of earth secure
/ cover'd plants, and dung with hot manure;
l shells and gravel in the ground inclose;
· through their hollow chinks the water flows,
ich, thus imbib'd, returns in misty dews,
d, steaming up, the rising plant renews.
ne husbandmen, of late, have found the way,
illy heap of stones above to lay,
d press the plants with shards of potter's clay.
is fence against immoderate rain they found,
when the Dog-star cleaves the thirsty ground.
Be mindful, when thou hast intomb'd the shoot,
ith store of earth around to feed the root;
ith iron teeth of rakes and prongs, to move
e crusted earth, and loosen it above.
en exercise thy sturdy steers to plough
twixt thy vines, and teach the feeble row
mount on reeds, and wands, and upward led,
ashen poles to raise their forky head.
these new crutches let them learn to walk,
ll, swerving upwards with a stronger stalk,
ey brave the winds, and clinging to their guide,
tops of elms at length triumphant ride.
t in their tender nonage, while they spread
eir springing leaves, and lift their infant head,
d upward while they shoot in open air,
dulge their childhood, and the nurselings spare;
or exercise thy rage on new-born life:
t let thy hand supply the pruning-knife,
d crop luxuriant stragglers, nor be loth
strip the branches of their leafy growth.
t, when the rooted vines, with steady hold,
n clasp their elms, then, husbandman, be bold

To lop the disobedient boughs, that stray'd
Beyond their ranks: let crooked steel invade
The lawless troops, which discipline disclaim,
And their superfluous growth with rigour tame.
Next, fenc'd with hedges and deep ditches roun
Exclude the incroaching cattle from thy ground.
While yet the tender gems but just appear,
Unable to sustain the uncertain year;
Whose leaves are not alone foul winter's prey,
But oft by summer suns are scorch'd away,
And, worse than both, become the' unworthy
browze
Of buffaloes, salt goats, and hungry cows.
For not December's frost that burns the boughs
Nor dog-days' parching heat that splits the rocks
Are half so harmful as the greedy flocks, [stocks
Their venom'd bite, and scars indented on th
For this, the malefactor goat was laid
On Bacchus' altar, and his forfeit paid.
At Athens thus old comedy began,
When round the streets the reeling actors ran,
In country villages, and crossing ways,
Contending for the prizes of their plays;
And glad with Bacchus, on the grassy soil,
Leap'd o'er the skins of goats besmear'd with oi
Thus Roman youth, deriv'd from ruin'd Troy,
In rude Saturnian rhymes express their joy;
With taunts, and laughter loud, their audience ple
Deform'd with vizards, cut from barks of trees
In jolly hymns they praise the god of wine,
Whose earthen images adorn the pine,
And there are hung on high, in honour of the vi
A madness so devout the vineyard fills:
In hollow valleys, and on rising hills,

On whate'er side he turns his honest face,
And dances in the wind, those fields are in his grace.
To Baccius therefore let us tune our lays,
And in our mother tongue resound his praise.
Thin cakes in chargers, and a guilty goat,
Dragg'd by the horns, be to his altars brought;
Whose offer'd entrails shall his crime reproach,
And drip their fatness from the hazel broach.
To dress thy vines, new labour is requir'd;
Nor must the painful husbandman be tir'd;
For thrice at least, in compass of the year,
Thy vineyard must employ the sturdy steer
To turn the glebe, besides thy daily pain
To break the clods, and make the surface plain,
To unload the branches, or the leaves to thin,
That suck the vital moisture of the vine.
Thus in a circle runs the peasant's pain,
And the year rolls within itself again.
Ev'n in the lowest months, when storms have shed
From vines the hairy honours of their head,
Not then the grudging hind his labour ends,
But to the coming year his care extends.
Ev'n then the naked vine he persecutes:
His pruning knife at once reforms and cuts.
Be first to dig the ground: be first to burn
The branches lopt; and first the props return
Into thy house, that bore the burden'd vines;
But last to reap the vintage of thy wines.
Twice in the year luxuriant leaves o'ershade
The' encumber'd vine; rough brambles twice invade:
Hard labour both!—Commend the large excess
Of spacious vineyards; cultivate the less.
Besides, *in woods the shrubs* of prickly thorn,
Sallows and reeds on banks of rivers born,

Remain to cut—for vineyards, useful found
To stay thy vines, and fence thy fruitful ground.
Nay[1] when thy tender trees at length are bound;
When peaceful vines from pruning-hooks are free,
When husbands have survey'd the last degree,
And utmost files of plants, and order'd every tree;
Ev'n when they sing at ease in full content,
Insulting o'er the toils they underwent;
Yet still they find a future task remain;
To turn the soil, and break the clods again:
And, after all, their joys are unsincere,
While falling rains on ripening grapes they fear.
Quite opposite to these are olives found:
No dressing they require, and dread no wound,
Nor rakes nor harrows need; but, fix'd below,
Rejoice in open air, and unconcern'dly grow.
The soil itself due nourishment supplies:
Plough but the furrows, and the fruits arise,
Content with small endeavours, till they spring.
Soft peace they figure, and sweet plenty bring:
Then olives plant, and hymns to Pallas sing.

Thus apple-trees, whose trunks are strong to bear
Their spreading boughs, exert themselves in air,
Want no supply, but stand secure alone,
Not trusting foreign forces, but their own,
Till with the ruddy freight the bending branches groan.

Thus trees of nature, and each common bush,
Uncultivated thrive, and with red berries blush.
Wild shrubs are shorn for browze: the towering height
Of unctuous trees are torches for the night.

[1] Dr. Carey reads *nor*.

l shall we doubt (indulging easy sloth)
sow, to set, and to reform their growth?
leave the lofty plants—the lowly kind
for the shepherd or the sheep design'd,
n humble broom and osiers have their use,
l shade for sheep, and food for flocks, produce;
dges for corn, and honey for the bees,
sides the pleasing prospect of the trees.
w goodly looks Cytorus, ever green
th boxen groves! with what delight are seen
rycian woods of pitch, whose gloomy shade
ms for retreat of heavenly Muses made!
t much more pleasing are those fields to see,
at need not ploughs, nor human industry.
n cold Caucasean rocks with trees are spread,
d wear green forests on their hilly head.
ough bending from the blast of eastern storms,
ough shent their leaves, and shatter'd are their arms,
t heaven their various plants for use designs—
r houses, cedars—and, for shipping, pines—
press provides for spokes and wheels of wains,
d all for keels of ships, that scour the watery plains.
llows in twigs are fruitful, elms in leaves;
e war, from stubborn myrtle, shafts receives—
om cornels, javelins: and the tougher yew
ceives the bending figure of a bow.
or box, nor limes, without their use are made,
ooth-grain'd, and proper for the turner's trade;
hich curious hands may carve, and steel with ease invade.
ght alder stems the Po's impetuous tide,
nd bees in hollow oaks their honey hide.
ow balance, with these gifts, the fumy joys
f *wine, attended* with eternal noise.

Wine urg'd to lawless lust the Centaurs' train:
Through wine they quarrel'd, and through wi
were slain.
O happy, if he knew his happy state,
The swain, who, free from business and debate,
Receives his easy food from Nature's hand,
And just returns of cultivated land!
No palace, with a lofty gate, he wants,
To admit the tides of early visitants,
With eager eyes devouring, as they pass,
The breathing figures of Corinthian brass.
No statues threaten, from high pedestals;
No Persian arras hides his homely walls,
With antic vests, which, through their shady fold
Betray the streaks of ill-dissembled gold:
He boasts no wool, whose native white is dy'd
With purple poison of Assyrian pride:
No costly drugs of Araby defile,
With foreign scents, the sweetness of his oil;
But easy quiet, a secure retreat,
A harmless life that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty, the rich owner bless;
And rural pleasures crown his happiness.
Unvex'd with quarrels, undisturb'd with noise,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys—
Cool grots, and living lakes, the flowery pride
Of meads, and streams that through the valley glid
And shady groves that easy sleep invite,
And, after toilsome days, a soft repose at night.
Wild beasts of nature in his woods abound;
And youth, of labour patient, plough the ground,
Inur'd to hardship, and to homely fare.
Nor venerable age is wanting there,
In great examples to the youthful train;
Nor are the gods ador'd with rites profane.

From hence Astræa took her flight, and here
The prints of her departing steps appear.
Ye sacred Muses! with whose beauty fir'd,
My soul is ravish'd, and my brain inspir'd—
Whose priest I am, whose holy fillets wear—
Would you your poet's first petition hear;
Give me the ways of wandering stars to know,
The depths of heaven above, and earth below:
Teach me the various labours of the moon,
And whence proceed the' eclipses of the sun;
Why flowing tides prevail upon the main,
And in what dark recess they shrink again;
What shakes the solid earth; what cause delays
The summer nights, and shortens winter days.
But, if my heavy blood restrain the flight
Of my free soul, aspiring to the height
Of nature, and unclouded fields of light—
My next desire is, void of care and strife,
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life—
A country cottage near a crystal flood,
A winding valley, and a lofty wood.
Some god conduct me to the sacred shades,
Where Bacchanals are sung by Spartan maids,
Or lift me high to Hæmus' hilly crown,
Or in the plains of Tempè lay me down,
Or lead me to some solitary place,
And cover my retreat from human race.
Happy the man, who, studying Nature's laws,
Through known effects can trace the secret cause—
His mind possessing in a quiet state,
Fearless of Fortune, and resign'd to Fate!
And happy too is he, who decks the bowers
Of Silvans, and *adores the rural* powers—

Nor with a superstitious fear is a
For what befalls at home, or what
Nor envies he the rich their heap
Nor his own peace disturbs with
He feeds on fruits, which, of thei
The willing ground and laden tree
From his lov'd home no lucre him
The senate's mad decrees he neve
Nor heard, at bawling bars, corru
Some to the seas, and some to ca
And some with impudence invad
In foreign countries, others seek
With wars and taxes, others wast
And houses burn, and household
To drink in bowls which glitterir
To loll on couches, rich with citr
And lay their guilty limbs in Tyr

ınt innocent of all these ills,
ɜd ploughs the fertile fallows tills,
nd year with daily labour fills :
lie country markets are supplied :
ains for household charge beside,
l tender children to sustain,
lly to feed his dumb deserving train.
is labours, till the yellow field
ı of bearded harvest yield—
lenteous, as the land to load,
ıe crowded barns, and lodge on ricks
several season is employ'd, [abroad,
in toil, and some in ease enjoy'd.
;ewes prevent the springing year:
oughs their fruits in autumn bear:
ɜ vine her liquid harvest yields,
: sun-shine of ascending fields,
comes; and then the falling mast
swine provides a full repast:
ground in mills, their fatness boast,
fruits are mellow'd by the frost.
e eas'd with intervals of bliss;
ildren, climbing for a kiss,
ɜir father's late return at night:
bed is crown'd with chaste delight,
th swelling udders ready stand,
; for the pail, invite the milker's hand.
kids, with budding horns prepar'd,
ess battles in his homely yard:
rustic pomp, on holy-days,
wers a just oblation pays,
green his careless limbs displays.
is in the midst: the herdsmen, round
ıl fire, provoke his health in goblets
own'd.

[illegible] brother got
From whom the' austere Etru
And this rude life our homely
Old Rome from such a race de
(The seat of empire, and the c
Which now on seven high hills
And in that compass all the wo
Ere Saturn's rebel son usurp'd t
When beasts were only slain fo
While peaceful Crete enjoy'd h
Ere sounding hammers forg'd th
Ere hollow drums were beat, b
Of brazen trumpets rung the p
The good old god his hunger dic
With roots and herbs, and gave
But, over-labour'd with so long a
'Tis time to set at ease the smok

GEORGICS.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

This book begins with the invocation of some rural deities, and a compliment to Augustus: after which Virgil directs himself to Mæcenas, and enters on his subject. He lays down rules for the breeding and management of horses, oxen, sheep, goats, and dogs; and interweaves several pleasant descriptions of a chariot-race, of the battle of the bulls, of the force of love, and of the Scythian winter. In the latter part of the book, he relates the diseases incident to cattle; and ends with the description of a fatal murrain that formerly raged among the Alps.

THY fields, propitious Pales, I rehearse;
And sing thy pastures in no vulgar verse,
Amphrysian shepherd! the Lycæan woods,
Arcadia's flowery plains, and pleasing floods.
All other themes, that careless minds invite,
Are worn with use, unworthy me to write.
Busiris' altars, and the dire decrees
Of hard Eurystheus, every reader sees:
Hylas the boy, Latona's erring isle,
And Pelops' ivory shoulder, and his toil

And with Idume's palms my
Of Parian stone a temple will
Where the slow Mincius throu
Where cooling streams invite
And reeds defend the winding
Full in the midst shall mighty
Hold the chief honours, and th
Then I, conspicuous in my Ty
(Submitting to his godhead my
A hundred coursers from the g
The rival chariots in the race s
All Greece shall flock from far,
The whorlbat, and the rapid ra
Reserv'd for Cæsar, and ordain'
Myself, with olive crown'd, the
E'en now methinks the public s
The passing pageants and the p
I to the temple will conduct the
The sacrifice and sacrificers view
From thence return

ıim Niphates, with inverted urn,
ropping [1] sedge, shall his Armenia mourn;
sian cities in our triumph borne.
ıackward bows the Parthians shall be there,
purring from the fight, confess their fear.
ble wreath shall crown our Cæsar's brows—
ifferent trophies, from two different foes.
e with Afric in his fame shall join;
ither shore his conquests shall confine.
arian marble there shall seem to move
athing statues, not unworthy Jove,
bling heroes, whose ætherial root
e himself, and Cæsar is the fruit.
nd his race the sculptor shall employ;
—the god who built the walls of Troy.
ıerself at last, grown pale and dumb,
esar combated and overcome)
ive her hands, and fear the curling snakes
ning Furies, and the burning lakes;
ins of famish'd Tantalus shall feel,
syphus, that labours up the hill
lling rock in vain; and curst Ixion's wheel.
ntime, we must pursue the silvan lands
ıbode of nymphs), untouch'd by former hands:
ch Mæcenas are thy hard commands.
ıt thee, nothing lofty can I sing.
hen, and with thyself, thy genius bring,
hich inspir'd, I brook no dull delay:
on loudly calls me to my way;
ounds, Taÿg'tus, open, and pursue their prey.

[1] Dr. Carey reads *drooping*.

Than have from [illegible]

The generous youth, who, studiou
The race of running coursers multipl
Or to the plough the sturdy bullock
May know that from the dam the
proceeds.
The mother-cow must wear a lourin
Sour-headed, strongly neck'd, to bea
Her double dewlap from her chin d
And at her thighs the ponderous bu
Long are her sides, and large; her li
Rough are her ears, and broad her l
Her colour shining black, but fleck'
She tosses from the yoke; provoke
She rises in her gait, is free from fe
And in her face a bull's resemblanc
Her ample forehead with a star is
And with her length of tail she swe
The bull's insult at four she may su
But, after ten from nuptial rites re
but then release t

In youth alone, unhappy mortals live;
But, ah! the mighty bliss is fugitive:
Discolour'd sickness, anxious labour, come,
And age, and death's inexorable doom.
Yearly thy herds in vigour will impair,
Recruit and mend them with thy yearly care:
Still propagate; for still they fall away:
'Tis prudence to prevent the' entire decay.
Like diligence requires the courser's race,
In early choice, and for a longer space.
The colt, that for a stallion is design'd,
By sure presages shows his generous kind:
Of able body, sound of limb and wind,
Upright he walks, on pasterns firm and straight;
His motions easy; prancing in his gait;
The first to lead the way, to tempt the flood,
To pass the bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling wood:
Dauntless at empty noises; lofty neck'd:
Sharp-headed, barrel-bellied, broadly back'd;
Brawny his chest, and deep; his colour grey;
For beauty, dappled; or the brightest bay:
Faint white and dun will scarce the rearing pay.
The fiery courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpets, and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears; and trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the promis'd fight.
On his right shoulder his thick mane reclin'd,
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind.
His horny hoofs are jetty black, and round;
His chine is double; starting with a bound
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground.
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow;
He bears his rider headlong on the foe.

When, [illegible]
The lecher gallop'd from his jealous q
Run up the ridges of the rocks amain
And with shrill neighings fill'd the neigh

But, worn with years, when dire di
Then hide his not ignoble age at hom
In peace to enjoy his former palms a
And gratefully be kind to his remains
For, when his blood no youthful spiri
He languishes and labours in his love
And, when the sprightly seed should
Dribbling he drudges, and defrauds
In vain he burns, like hasty stubble
And in himself his former self requi

His age and courage weigh; nor
But note his father's virtues and his
Observe, if he disdains to yield the
Of loss impatient, proud of victori

Hast thou beheld, when from the
The youthful charioteers with heav
[illegible] to the race; and panting sca

The hindmost blows the foam upon the first:
Such is the love of praise, an honourable thirst.
Bold Erichthonius was the first who join'd
Four horses for the rapid race design'd,
And o'er the dusty wheels presiding sate:
The Lapithæ, to chariots, add the state
Of bits and bridles: taught the steed to bound,
To run the ring, and trace the mazy round!
To stop, to fly, the rules of war to know;
To obey the rider, and to dare the foe.
To choose a youthful steed with courage fir'd,
To breed him, break him, back him, are requir'd
Experienc'd masters; and, in sundry ways,
Their labours equal, and alike their praise.
But, once again, the batter'd horse beware:
The weak old stallion will deceive thy care,
Though famous in his youth for force and speed,
Or was of Argos or Epirian breed,
Or did from Neptune's race, or from himself, proceed.
These things premis'd, when now the nuptial time
Approaches for the stately steed to climb,
With food enable him to make his court;
Distend his chine, and pamper him for sport:
Feed him with herbs, whatever thou canst find,
Of generous warmth, and of salacious kind:
Then water him, and (drinking what he can)
Encourage him to thirst again, with bran.
Instructed thus, produce him to the fair,
And join in wedlock to the longing mare.
For, if the sire be faint, or out of case,
He will be copied in his famish'd race,
And sink beneath the pleasing task assign'd:
(For all's too little for the craving kind.)

Their bodies harass; sink
And fry their melting mar
Starve them, when barns be
And winnow'd chaff by w
For fear the rankness of t
Should scant the passage,
Lest the fat furrows shoul
Of genial lust, and dull tl
But let them suck the see
And close involve the vig
The male has done: th
To teeming females, and
First let them run at larg
The taming yoke, or dra
Let them not leap the di
Or lumber o'er the mead
But range the forest, by
Of some cool stream wh

eiz'd with unusual pains, they loudly cry:
'anagrus hastens thence, and leaves his channel dry.
'his curse the jealous Juno did invent,
ınd first employ'd for Iö's punishment:
'o shun this ill, the cunning leach ordains,
n summer's sultry heats (for then it reigns),
'o feed the females ere the sun arise,
)r late at night, when stars adorn the skies.
Vhen she has calv'd, then set the dam aside,
ınd for the tender progeny provide.
)istinguish all betimes with branding fire,
'o note the tribe, the lineage, and the sire;
Vhom to reserve for husband of the herd;
)r who shall be to sacrifice prefer'd;
)r whom thou shalt to turn thy glebe allow,
'o smooth the furrows, and sustain the plough:
'he rest, for whom no lot is yet decreed,
Iay run in pastures, and at pleasure feed.
'he calf, by nature and by genius made
'o turn the glebe, breed to the rural trade.
et him betimes to school: and let him be
ostructed there in rules of husbandry,
Vhile yet his youth is flexible and green,
Ior bad examples of the world has seen.
'arly begin the stubborn child to break;
'or his soft neck, a supple collar make
)f bending osiers; and (with time and care
ınur'd that easy servitude to bear)
'hy flattering method on the youth pursue:
oin'd with his school-fellows by two and two.
'ersuade them first to lead an empty wheel,
'hat scarce the dust can raise, or they can feel:
ı length of time produce the labouring yoke,
nd shining shares, that make the furrow smoke.

To follow what our homely sires
Who fill'd the pail with beestings
But all her udder to the calf allo
If to the warlike steed thy stu
Or for the prize in chariots to co
Near Pisa's flood the rapid wheel
Or in Olympian groves aloft to ri
The generous labours of the cour
Must be with sight of arms and s
Inur'd the groaning axle-tree to b
And let him clashing whips in sta
Soothe him with praise, and mak
The loud applauses of his master
This, from his weaning, let him w
And then betimes in a soft snaffl
Before his tender joints with ner
Untried in arms, and trembling a
But, when to four full springs his
Teach him to run the round, with
And (rightly manag'd) equal time

Like Boreas in his race, when rushing forth,
He sweeps the skies, and clears the cloudy north:
The waving harvest bends beneath his blast;
The forest shakes; the groves their honours cast;
He flies aloft, and with impetuous roar
Pursues the foaming surges to the shore.
Thus, o'er the' Elean plains, thy well-breath'd horse
Impels the flying car, and wins the course,
Or, bred to Belgian waggons, leads the way,
Untir'd at night, and cheerful all the day.
When once he's broken, feed him full and high;
Indulge his growth, and his gaunt sides supply.
Before his training, keep him poor and low;
For his stout stomach with his food will grow:
The pamper'd colt will discipline disdain,
Impatient of the lash, and restiff to the rein.
Would'st thou their courage and their strength improve?
Too soon they must not feel the stings of love.
Whether the bull or courser be thy care,
Let him not leap the cow, or mount the mare.
The youthful bull must wander in the wood
Behind the mountain, or beyond the flood,
Or in the stall at home his fodder find,
Far from the charms of that alluring kind.
With two fair eyes his mistress burns his breast:
He looks, and languishes, and leaves his rest,
Forsakes his food, and pining for the lass,
Is joyless of the grove, and spurns the growing grass:
The soft seducer, with enticing looks,
The bellowing rivals to the fight provokes.
A beauteous heifer in the wood is bred:
The stooping warriors, aiming head to head,

And cursing fate, from [illegible]
Driven from his native land to foreign ground
He with a generous rage resents his wounds,
His ignominious flight, the victor's boast,
And more than both, the loves, which unrev
he lost.
Often he turns his eyes, and, with a groan,
Surveys the pleasing kingdoms, once his own
And therefore to repair his strength he tries,
Hardening his limbs with painful exercise;
And rough upon the flinty rock he lies.
On prickly leaves and on sharp herbs he feed
Then to the prelude of a war proceeds.
His horns yet sore, he tries against a tree,
And meditates his absent enemy.
He snuffs the wind: his heels the sand excite
But, when he stands collected in his might,
He roars, and promises a more successful fig
Then, to redeem his honour at a blow,
He moves his camp, to meet his careless foe.
[illegible] willing from afar,

The waters boil, and belching from below
Black sands, as from a forceful engine, throw.
Thus every creature, and of every kind,
The secret joys of sweet coition find.
Not only man's imperial race, but they
That wing the liquid air, or swim the sea,
Or haunt the desert, rush into the flame:
For Love is lord of all, and is in all the same.
'Tis with his rage, the mother-lion stung,
Scours o'er the plain, regardless of her young:
Demanding rites of love, she sternly stalks,
And hunts her lover in his lonely walks.
'Tis then the shapeless bear his den forsakes;
In woods and fields, a wild destruction makes:
Boars whet their tusks, to battle tigers move,
Enrag'd with hunger, more enrag'd with love.
Then woe to him, that, in the desert land
Of Libya, travels o'er the burning sand!
The stallion snuffs the well-known scent afar,
And snorts and trembles for the distant mare:
Nor bits nor bridles can his rage restrain;
And rugged rocks are interpos'd in vain:
He makes his way o'er mountains, and contemns
Unruly torrents, and unforded streams.
The bristled boar, who feels the pleasing wound,
New grinds his arming tusks, and digs the ground.
The sleepy lecher shuts his little eyes;
About his churning chaps the frothy bubbles rise:
He rubs his sides against a tree; prepares
And hardens both his shoulders for the wars.
What did the youth, when Love's unerring dart
Transfix'd his liver, and inflam'd his heart?
Alone, by night, his watery way he took:
About him, and above, the billows broke:

I pass the wars that spotted lynx
With their fierce rivals for the femal
The howling wolves', the mastiffs' a
When e'en the fearful stag dares for l
But, far above the rest, the furious
Barr'd from the male, is frantic witi
For, when her pouting vent declare
She tears the harness, and she rends
For this, (when Venus gave them rag
Their master's mangled members th
Of love defrauded in their longing
For love, they force through thicke
They climb the steepy hills, and ste
When, at the spring's approach, the
(For with the spring their genial w
The mares to cliffs of rugged rocks
And with wide nostrils snuff the w
When (wondrous to relate) the par
Without the stallion, propagates th
Then, fir'd with amorous rage, they

With which impregnate, from their groins they shed
A slimy juice, by false conception bred.
The shepherd knows it well, and calls by name
Hippomanes, to note the mother's flame.
This, gather'd in the planetary hour,
With noxious weeds, and spell'd with words of power,
Dire stepdames in the magic bowl infuse,
And mix, for deadly draughts, the poisonous juice.
But time is lost, which never will renew,
While we too far the pleasing path pursue,
Surveying nature with too nice a view.
Let this suffice for herds: our following care
Shall woolly flocks and shaggy goats declare.
Nor can I doubt what oil I must bestow
To raise my subject from a ground so low;
And the mean matter, which my theme affords,
To embellish with magnificence of words.
But the commanding Muse my chariot guides,
Which o'er the dubious cliff securely rides;
And pleas'd I am, no beaten road to take,
But first the way to new discoveries make.
Now, sacred Pales, in a lofty strain
I sing the rural honours of thy reign.
First, with assiduous care, from winter keep,
Well fodder'd in the stalls, thy tender sheep:
Then spread with straw the bedding of thy fold,
With fern beneath, to 'fend the bitter cold;
That free from gouts thou may'st preserve thy care,
And clear from scabs, produc'd by freezing air.
Next, let thy goats officiously be nurs'd,
And led to living streams, to quench their thirst.
Feed them with winter-browze; and, for their lair,
A cote, that opens to the south, prepare;

For the salacious goat increases m
And twice as largely yields her mi
The still distended udders never f
But, when they seem exhausted, s
Meantime the pastor shears their l
And eases of their hair the loaden
Their cam'lots, warm in tents, the
And shield the shivering mariner f
On shrubs they browze, and, on
Of rugged hills, the thorny bramb
Attended with their bleating kids,
At night, unask'd, and mindful of
And scarce their swelling bags
overcome.
So much the more thy diligence b
In depth of winter, to defend the
By how much less the tender help
For their own ills, can fit provisio
Then minister the browze with bo
And open let thy stacks all winter

g dews, and after break their fast
ward ground—a cool and grateful taste.
the day's fourth hour has drawn the dews,
n's sultry heat their thirst renews;
king grasshoppers on shrubs complain,
them to their watering-troughs again.
's heat, some bending valley find,
the sun, but open to the wind;
me ancient oak, whose arms extend
readth, thy cattle to defend,
grove, or gloomy glade,
hem with its venerable shade.
to watering lead; and feed again
low sun, is sinking to the main,
g Cynthia sheds her silver dews,
ol evening-breeze the meads renews,
ts fill the woods with tuneful sound,
shores the halcyon's voice rebound.
uld my Muse enlarge on Libyan swains,
er'd cottages, and ample plains,
the flocks without a leader stray,
continued deserts take their way,
g, add the length of night to day?
ths they wander, grazing as they go;
or hospitable harbour know:
tent of plains, so vast a space
nknown, and of untasted grass,
ir eyes: the shepherd last appears,
im all his patrimony bears,
nd household gods, his trade of war,
d quiver, and his trusty cur.
r heavy arms, the youth of Rome
laborious marches overcome,

The frozen earth lies buried there
A hilly heap, seven cubits deep in
And all the west allies of stormy

The sun from far peeps with a
Too weak, the clouds and mighty
When up the skies he shoots his r
Or in the ruddy ocean seeks his b
Swift rivers are with sudden ice c
And studded wheels are on its ba
A hostry now for waggons, which
Tall ships of burden on its bosom
The brazen caldrons with the fros
The garment, stiff with ice, at he
With axes first they cleave the wi
By weight, the solid portions they
From locks uncomb'd, and from th
Long icicles depend, and crackling
Meantime, perpetual sleet and dri
Obscure the skies, and hang on he
The starving cattle perish in their

With dogs, or pitches toils to stop their flight,
But close engages in unequal fight;
And, while they strive in vain to make their way
Through hills of snow, and pitifully bray,
Assaults with dint of sword, or pointed spears,
And homeward, on his back, the joyful burden bears.
The men to subterranean caves retire,
Secure from cold, and crowd the cheerful fire:
With trunks of elms and oaks the hearth they load,
Nor tempt the inclemency of heaven abroad.
Their jovial nights in frolics and in play
They pass, to drive the tedious hours away;
And their cold stomachs with crown'd goblets cheer
Of windy cider, and of barmy beer.
Such are the cold Rhipæan race, and such
The savage Scythian, and unwarlike Dutch,
Where skins of beasts the rude barbarians wear,
The spoils of foxes, and the furry bear.
Is wool thy care? Let not thy cattle go
Where bushes are, where burs and thistles grow;
Nor in too rank a pasture let them feed:
Then of the purest white select thy breed,
E'en though a snowy ram thou shalt behold,
Prefer him not in haste, for husband to thy fold:
But search his mouth; and, if a swarthy tongue
Is underneath his humid palate hung,
Reject him, lest he darken all the flock;
And substitute another from thy stock.
'Twas thus, with fleeces milky white, (if we
May trust report) Pan, god of Arcady,
Did bribe thee, Cynthia; nor didst thou disdain,
When call'd in woody shades, to cure a lover's pain.
If milk be thy design, with plenteous hand
Bring clover-grass; and from the marshy land

With gags and muzzles [illegible]
Their morning milk the peas
Their evening meal, before t
To market bear or sparingly
With seasoning salt, and sto
Nor, last, forget thy faith
With fattening whey the ma
And Spartan race; who, fo
Will prosecute with cries th
Repulse the prowling wolf
The mountain-robbers rus
With cries of hounds, tho
Of flying hares, and chase
Rouse from their desert d
Of boars, and beamy sta
With smoke of burnin
And fume with stinking
With that rank odour fr

Or with hard stones demolish from afar
His haughty crest, the seat of all the war;
Invade his hissing throat, and winding spires;
Till, stretch'd in length, the' unfolded foe retires.
He drags his tail, and for his head provides,
And in some secret cranny slowly glides;
But leaves, expos'd to blows, his back and batter'd sides.

In fair Calabria's woods a snake is bred,
With curling crest, and with advancing head;
Waving he rolls, and makes a winding track;
His belly spotted, burnish'd is his back.
While springs are broken, while the southern air
And dropping heavens the moisten'd earth repair,
He lives on standing lakes and trembling bogs,
And fills his maw with fish, or with loquacious frogs;
But when, in muddy pools, the water sinks,
And the chapt earth is furrow'd o'er with chinks,
He leaves the fens, and leaps upon the ground,
And, hissing, rolls his glaring eyes around.
With thirst inflam'd, impatient of the heats,
He rages in the fields, and wide destruction threats.
Oh! let not sleep my closing eyes invade
In open plains, or in the secret shade,
When he, renew'd in all the speckled pride
Of pompous youth, has cast his slough aside,
And in his summer livery rolls along,
Erect, and brandishing his forky tongue,
Leaving his nest, and his imperfect young,
And, thoughtless of his eggs, forgets to rear
The hopes of poison for the following year.

The causes and the signs shall next be told,
Of *every sickness that infects* the fold.

A scabby tetter on their pelts will stick,
When the raw rain has pierc'd them to the quick,
Or searching frosts have eaten through the skin,
Or burning icicles are lodg'd within;
Or, when the fleece is shorn, if sweat remains
Unwash'd, and soaks into their empty veins;
When their defenceless limbs the brambles tear,
Short of their wool, and naked from the shear.
Good shepherds, after shearing, drench their sheep;
And their flock's father (forc'd from high to leap)
Swims down the stream, and plunges in the deep.
They oint their naked limbs with mother'd oil;
Or, from the founts where living sulphurs boil,
They mix a medicine to foment their limbs,
With scum that on the molten silver swims;
Fat pitch, and black bitumen, add to these,
Besides the waxen labour of the bees,
And hellebore, and squills deep rooted in the seas.
Receipts abound: but searching all thy store,
The best is still at hand, to lance the sore,
And cut the head: for till the core be found,
The secret vice is fed, and gathers ground,
While, making fruitless moan, the shepherd stands,
And, when the lancing-knife requires his hands,
Vain help, with idle prayers, from heaven demands.'
Deep in their bones when fevers fix their seat,
And rack their limbs, and lick the vital heat,
The ready cure to cool the raging pain
Is underneath the foot to breathe a vein.
This remedy the Scythian shepherds found:
The' inhabitants of Thracia's hilly ground,

it, when for drink and food
ɔrudled milk with horses' blood.
ɔu seest a single sheep remain
ɔr couch'd upon the plain,
rop the tender grass,
hind with truant pace;
ne, and take the traitor's head,
ess flock the dire contagion spread.
s we fewer storms behold,
es that infect the fold.
on single bodies prey,
g the nation to decay,
present stock and future hope

le of this truth appears,
ı a length of rolling years,
ɔd Alps, and thin remains
ɜ, and yet unpeopled plains,
grazing flocks, the shepherds'
reigns.
ɔ vicious air and sickly skies,
the dumb creation rise:
ımnal heats the' infection grew,
the beasts of nature slew,
anding lakes, and pools impure;
dful grass in fields secure.
'or, when the thirsty fire had drunk
l, and the dry nerves were shrunk,
ıcted limbs were cramp'd, e'en then
ɔur swell'd and ooz'd again,
bane the kindly juice,
ture for a better use.
hat was for altars press'd,
e ribbons, and with garlands dress'd,

Or the black poison stain'd the san
The thriven calves in meads their f
And render their sweet souls befo
rack.
The fawning dog runs mad; the w
With coughs is chok'd, and laboun
The victor horse, forgetful of his f
The palm renounces, and abhors th
He paws the ground; and on his h
A doubtful sweat in clammy drops
Parch'd is his hide, and rugged are
Such are the symptoms of the you
But, in time's process, when his pa
He rolls his mournful eyes; he de
With patient sobbing, and with m
He heaves for breath; which, from h
And fetch'd from far, distends his l

better fate good men dispose,
at impious error on our foes!
, who to the yoke was bred to bow
' tillage, and the crooked plough),
ınd dies; and, dying, spews a flood
adness, mix'd with clotted blood.
who, cursing Providence, repines,
l fellow from the team disjoins;
a groan forsakes his fruitless care,
unfinish'd furrow leaves the share.
steer, no shades of lofty woods,
meads, can ease, nor crystal floods
the rock: his flabby flanks decrease;
settled in a stupid peace;
weighty for his thighs is grown;
ieldy neck hangs drooping down.
vails his well-deserving toil
glebe, or smooth the rugged soil?
never sup'd in solemn state
sted feasts did urge his fate),
night luxuriously did join,
d on rich Campanian wine.
everage, homely was his food,
me herbage and the running flood:
dreams awak'd him with affright:
day secur'd his rest at night.
n that buffaloes, ill pair'd, were seen
car of Jove's imperial queen,
oxen; and the labouring swain
ith a rake, a furrow for his grain;
with his hand the shallow seed again.
mself, and up the hilly height,
shoulders, draws the waggon's weight,

The nightly wolf, that round the enclosure prowl'd
To leap the fence, now plots not on the fold,
Tam'd with a sharper pain. The fearful doe,
And flying stag, amidst the greyhounds go,
And round the dwellings roam of man, their fiercer foe.

The scaly nations of the sea profound,
Like shipwreck'd carcases, are driven aground,
And mighty phocæ, never seen before
In shallow streams, are stranded on the shore.
The viper dead within her hole is found:
Defenceless was the shelter of the ground.
The water-snake, whom fish and paddocks fed,
With staring scales lies poison'd in his bed:
To birds their native heavens contagious prove;
From clouds they fall, and leave their souls above.

Besides, to change their pasture 'tis in vain,
Or trust to physic: physic is their bane.
The learned leeches in despair depart,
And shake their heads, desponding of their art.

Tisiphone, let loose from under ground,
Majestically pale, now treads the round;
Before her drives Diseases and Affright,
And every moment rises to the sight,
Aspiring to the skies, encroaching on the light.
The rivers, and their banks, and hills around,
With lowings and with dying bleats resound.
At length, she strikes an universal blow:
To death at once whole herds of cattle go:
Sheep, oxen, horses, fall; and, heap'd on high,
The differing species in confusion lie,
Till, warn'd by frequent ills, the way they found
To lodge their loathsome carrion under ground:

eless to the currier were their hides;
ould their tainted flesh with ocean-tides
ed from filth; nor could Vulcanian flame
tench abolish, or the savour tame:
afely could they shear their fleecy store,
e drunk with poisonous juice, and stiff with
gore),
uch the web: but, if the vest they wear,
listers rising on their paps appear,
laming carbuncles, and noisome sweat,
lammy dews that loathsome lice beget;
e slow-creeping evil eats his way,
mes the parching limbs, and makes the life
his prey.

GEORGICS.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Virgil has taken care to raise the subject of each Geor
the first, he has only dead matter on which to work.
second, he just steps on the world of life, and descri
degree of it which is to be found in vegetables. In th
he advances to animals; and, in the last, he singles
bee, which may be reckoned the most sagacious of th
his subject.

In this Georgic, he shows us what station is most proper
bees, and when they begin to gather honey: how
them home when they swarm; and how to part the
they are engaged in battle. From hence he takes c
to discover their different kinds; and, after an ex
relates their prudent and politic administration of affa
the general diseases that often rage in their hives, v
proper symptoms and remedies of each disease. In
place he lays down a method of repairing their hi
posing their whole breed lost; and gives at large the
of its invention.

THE gifts of heaven my following song purs
Aërial honey, and ambrosial dews.
Mæcenas read this other part, that sings
Embattled squadrons and adventurous kings-
A mighty pomp, though made of little things

· arms, their arts, their manners, I disclose,
how they war, and whence the people rose.
t is the subject, but the praise not small,
aven assist, and Phœbus hear my call.
st, for thy bees a quiet station find,
lodge them under covert of the wind
winds, when homeward they return, will drive
loaded carriers from their evening hive),
rom the cows' and goats' insulting crew,
trample down the flowers, and brush the dew.
painted lizard, and the birds of prey,
of the frugal kind, be far away—
titmouse, and the pecker's hungry brood,
Procne, with her bosom stain'd in blood:
e rob the trading citizens, and bear
trembling captives through the liquid air,
for their callow young a cruel feast prepare.
near a living stream their mansion place,
l round with moss, and tufts of matted grass:
plant (the winds' impetuous rage to stop)
olive-trees, or palms, before the busy shop;
, when the youthful prince, with proud alarm,
out the venturous colony to swarm—
n first their way through yielding air they wing,
to the pleasures of their native spring—
banks of brooks may make a cool retreat
the raw soldiers from the scalding heat,
neighbouring trees with friendly shade invite
troops, unus'd to long laborious flight.
ı o'er the running stream, or standing lake,
ssage for thy weary people make;
ı osier floats the standing water strow:
nassy stones make bridges, if it flow;

That basking in the sun thy bees may lie,
And, resting there their flaggy pinions dry,
When, late returning home, the laden host
By raging winds is wreck'd upon the coast.
Wild thyme and savory set around their cell,
Sweet to the taste, and fragrant to the smell:
Set rows of rosemary with flowering stem,
And let the purple violets drink the stream.
  Whether thou build the palace of thy bees
With twisted osiers or with barks of trees,
Make but a narrow mouth: for, as the cold
Congeals into a lump the liquid gold,
So 'tis again dissolv'd by summer's heat;
And the sweet labours by extremes defeat.
And therefore, not in vain, the' industrious kind
With dauby wax and flowers the chinks have lin'd,
And, with their stores of gather'd glue, contrive
To stop the vents and crannies of their hive.
Not birdlime, or Idæan pitch, produce
A more tenacious mass of clammy juice.
  Nor bees are lodg'd in hives alone, but found
In chambers of their own beneath the ground:
Their vaulted roofs are hung in pumices,
And in the rotten trunks of hollow trees.
  But plaster thou the chinky hives with clay,
And leafy branches o'er their lodgings lay:
Nor place them where too deep a water flows,
Or where the yew, their poisonous neighbour, grows;
Nor roast red crabs, to' offend the niceness of their nose.
Nor near the steaming stench of muddy ground;
Nor hollow rocks that render back the sound,
And doubled images of voice rebound.

at remains, when golden suns appear,
r earth have driven the winter year,
ed nation wanders through the skies,
the plains and shady forest flies;
oping on the meads and leafy bowers,
n the floods, and sip the purple flowers.
ence, and drunk with secret joy,
ng succession all their cares employ:
ed, they brood, instruct and educate,
e provision for the future state:
k their waxen lodgings in their hives,
ur honey to sustain their lives.
thou seest a swarming cloud arise,
eps aloft, and darkens all the skies,
ons of their hasty flight attend; [bend.
v, to floods or woods, their airy march they
foil beat, and honey-suckles pound;
se alluring savours strew the ground;
with tinkling brass the cymbal's dron-
ing sound.
o their ancient cells, recall'd from air,
ncil'd deserters will repair.
ntestine broils alarm the hive,
pretenders oft for empire strive),
ar in divided factions jar;
muring sounds proclaim the civil war.
with ire, and trembling with disdain,
n their limbs their mighty souls contain,
nts, the coward's courage they excite,
tial clangors call them out to fight:
rse alarms the hollow camp rebounds,
ate the trumpet's angry sounds:
their common standard they repair;
ple horsemen scour the fields of air;

The trusty guards come up, [illegible]
With shouts the daring foe to batt
Thus, in the season of unclouded
To war they follow their undaunte
Crowd through their gates; and, in
The shocking squadrons meet in
Headlong they fall from high, and
And heaps of slaughter'd soldiers
Hard hailstones lie not thicker on
Nor shaken oaks such showers of
With gorgeous wings, the marks o
The two contending princes make
Intrepid through the midst of da
Their friends encourage, and ann
With mighty souls in narrow bodi
They challenge, and encounter h
So fix'd on fame, unknowing how
And obstinately bent to win or d

With ease distinguish'd is the regal race:
One monarch wears an honest open face:
Shap'd to his size, and godlike to behold,
His royal body shines with specks of gold,
And ruddy scales; for empire he design'd,
Is better born, and of a nobler kind.
That other looks like nature in disgrace:
Gaunt are his sides, and sallow is his face; [race,
And like their grisly prince appear his gloomy
Grim, ghastly, rugged, like a thirsty train
That long have travel'd through a desert plain,
And spit from their dry chaps the gather'd dust again.
The better breed, unlike the bastard crew,
Are mark'd with royal streaks of shining hue;
Glittering and ardent, though in body less:
From these, at pointed seasons, hope to press
Huge heavy honeycombs, of golden juice,
Not only sweet, but pure, and fit for use,
To allay the strength and hardness of the wine,
And with old Bacchus new metheglin join.
  But, when the swarms are eager of their play,
And lothe their empty hives, and idly stray,
Restrain the wanton fugitives, and take
A timely care to bring the truants back.
The task is easy—but to clip the wings
Of their high-flying arbitrary kings,
At their command, the people swarm away:
Confine the tyrant, and the slaves will stay.
  Sweet gardens, full of saffron flowers, invite
The wandering gluttons, and retard their flight—
Besides the god obscene, who frights away,
With his *lath sword, the* thieves and birds of prey.

With his own hand, the guardian of the bees,
For slips of pines, may search the mountain trees,
And with wild thyme and savory plant the plain,
Till his hard horny fingers ache with pain;
And deck with fruitful trees the fields around,
And with refreshing waters drench the ground.
Now, did I not so near my labours end,
Strike sail, and hastening to the harbour tend,
My song to flowery gardens might extend—
To teach the vegetable arts, to sing
The Pæstan roses, and their double spring;
How succory drinks the running streams, and how
Green beds of parsley near the river grow;
How cucumbers along the surface creep,
With crooked bodies, and with bellies deep—
The late narcissus, and the winding trail
Of bear's-foot, myrtles green, and ivy pale:
For, where with stately towers Tarentum stands,
And deep Galæsus soaks the yellow sands,
I chanc'd an old Corycian swain to know,
Lord of few acres, and those barren too,
Unfit for sheep or vines, and more unfit to sow:
Yet, labouring well his little spot of ground,
Some scattering pot-herbs here and there he found,
Which cultivated with his daily care,
And bruis'd with vervain, were his frugal fare.
Sometimes white lilies did their leaves afford,
With wholesome poppy-flowers, to mend his homely board:
For, late returning home, he supp'd at ease,
And wisely deem'd the wealth of monarchs less:
The little of his own, because his own, did please.
To quit his care, he gather'd, first of all,
In spring the roses, apples in the fall:

And, when cold winter split the rocks in twain,
And ice the running rivers did restrain,
He stripp'd the bear's-foot of its leafy growth,
And, calling western winds, accus'd the spring of sloth.
He therefore first among the swains was found
To reap the product of his labour'd ground,
And squeeze the combs with golden liquor crown'd.
His limes were first in flowers: his lofty pines,
With friendly shade, secur'd his tender vines.
For every bloom his trees in spring afford,
An autumn apple was by tale restor'd,
He knew to rank his elms in even rows,
For fruit the grafted pear-tree to dispose,
And tame to plums the sourness of the sloes.
With spreading planes he made a cool retreat,
To shade good fellows from the summer's heat.
But straiten'd in my space, I must forsake,
This task, for others afterwards to take.
Describe we next the nature of the bees,
Bestow'd by Jove for secret services,
When, by the tinkling sound of timbrels led,
The king of heaven in Cretan caves they fed.
Of all the race of animals alone
The bees have common cities of their own,
And common sons: beneath one law they live,
And with one common stock their traffic drive.
Each has a certain home, a several stall;
All is the state's; the state provides for all.
Mindful of coming cold, they share the pain;
And hoard, for winter's use, the summer's gain.
Some o'er the public magazines preside;
And *some are sent new forage* to provide.

These drudge in fields abroad; and those at home
Lay deep foundations for the labour'd comb,
With dew, narcissus-leaves, and clammy gum.
To pitch the waxen flooring some contrive;
Some nurse the future nation of the hive;
Sweet honey some condense; some purge the grout;
The rest in cells apart, the liquid nectar shut:
All, with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive:
With envy stung, they view each other's deeds:
With diligence the fragrant work proceeds.
As, when the Cyclops, at the' almighty nod,
New thunder hasten for their angry god,
Subdued in fire the stubborn metal lies;
One brawny smith the puffing bellows plies,
And draws and blows reciprocating air:
Others to quench the hissing mass prepare:
With lifted arms they order every blow,
And chime their sounding hammers in a row;
With labour'd anvils Ætna groans below.
Strongly they strike; huge flakes of flames expire;
With tongs they turn the steel, and vex it in the fire
If little things with great we may compare,
Such are the bees, and such their busy care;
Studious of honey, each in his degree,
The youthful swain, the grave experienc'd bee—
That in the field; this, in affairs of state
Employ'd at home, abides within the gate,
To fortify the combs, to build the wall,
To prop the ruins, lest the fabric fall:
But, late at night, with weary pinions come
The labouring youth, and heavy laden, home.
Plains, meads, and orchards, all the day he plies;
The gleans of yellow thyme distend his thighs:

spoils the saffron flowers; he sips the blues
violets, wilding blooms, and willow dews.
:ir toil is common; common is their sleep;
:y shake their wings when morn begins to peep;
sh through the city-gates without delay;
r ends their work, but with declining day.
en, having spent the last remains of light,
ey give their bodies due repose at night,
ıen hollow murmurs of their evening bells
smiss the sleepy swains, and toll them to their cells.
ıen once in beds their weary limbs they steep,
) buzzing sounds disturb their golden sleep.
s sacred silence all. Nor dare they stray,
hen rain is promis'd, or a stormy day;
ıt near the city-walls their watering take,
ɔr forage far, but short excursions make.
And as, when empty barks on billows float,
ith sandy ballast sailors trim the boat;
bees bear gravel-stones, whose poising weight
eers through the whistling winds their steady flight.
But (what's more strange) their modest appetites,
verse from Venus, fly the nuptial rites.
o lust enervates their heroic mind,
or wastes their strength on wanton woman-kind:
ıt in their mouths reside their genial powers:
ıey gather children from the leaves and flowers.
ıus make they kings to fill the regal seat,
nd thus their little citizens create,
nd waxen cities build, the palaces of state.
ıd oft on rocks their tender wings they tear,
nd sink beneath the burdens which they bear:
ıch rage of honey in their bosom beats;
nd such a zeal they have for flowery sweets.

Thus though[1] the race of life they quickly ru
Which in the space of seven short years is done
The' immortal line in sure succession reigns;
The fortune of the family remains;
And grandsires' grandsires the long list contains
Besides, not Egypt, India, Media, more
With servile awe their idol king adore:
While he survives, in concord and content
The commons live, by no divisions rent:
But the great monarch's death dissolves the go
vernment.
All goes to ruin; they themselves contrive
To rob the honey, and subvert the hive.
The king presides, his subjects' toil surveys,
The servile rout their careful Cæsar praise:
Him they extol; they worship him alone;
They crowd his levees, and support his throne:
They raise him on their shoulders with a shout
And, when their sovereign's quarrel calls them
His foes to mortal combat they defy,
And think it honour at his feet to die.
Induc'd by such examples, some have taught
That bees have portions of ethereal thought—
Endued with particles of heavenly fires;
For God the whole created mass inspires.
Through heaven, and earth, and ocean's depth
throws
His influence round, and kindles as he goes.
Hence flocks, and herds, and men, and beasts,
fowls,
With breath are quicken'd, and attract their so
Hence take the forms his prescience did ordain
And into him at length resolve again,

[1] Dr. Carey reads *through*,

No room is left for death: they mount the sky,
And to their own congenial planets fly.
Now, when thou hast decreed to seize their stores,
And, by prerogative, to break their doors;
With sprinkled water first the city choke,
And then pursue the citizens with smoke.
Two honey-harvests fall in every year:
First when the pleasing Pleiades appear,
And, springing upward, spurn the briny seas:
Again, when their affrighted choir surveys
The watery Scorpion mend his pace behind,
With a black train of storms, and winter wind,
They plunge into the deep, and safe protection find.
Prone to revenge, the bees, a wrathful race,
When once provok'd, assault the' aggressor's face,
And through the purple veins a passage find;
There fix their stings, and leave their souls behind.
But, if a pinching winter thou foresee,
And would'st preserve thy famish'd family;
With fragrant thyme the city fumigate,
And break the waxen walls to save the state.
For lurking lizards often lodge, by stealth,
Within the suburbs, and purloin their wealth;
And worms that shun the light, a dark retreat
Have found in combs, and undermin'd the seat;
Or lazy drones, without their share of pain,
In winter-quarters free, devour the gain;
Or wasps infest the camp with loud alarms,
And mix in battle with unequal arms;
Or secret moths are there in silence fed;
Or spiders in the vault their snary webs have spread.
The more oppress'd by foes, or famine-pin'd,
The more increase thy care to save the sinking kind:

With greens and flowers recruit their empt
And seek fresh forage to sustain their lives.
But, since they share with man one comm
In health and sickness, and in turns of state
Observe the symptoms. When they fall av
And languish with insensible decay,
They change their hue; with haggard ey
Lean are their looks, and shagged is their h
And crowds of dead that never must return
To their lov'd hives, in decent pomp are bo
Their friends attend the hearse; the next
tions mourn.
The sick, for air, before the portal gasp,
Their feeble legs within each other clasp,
Or idle in their empty hives remain,
Benumb'd with cold, and listless of their ga
Soft whispers then, and broken sounds, are
As when the woods by gentle winds are sti
Such stifled noise as the close furnace hides
Or dying murmurs of departing tides.
This when thou seest, galbanean odours use
And honey in the sickly hive infuse.
Through reeden pipes convey the golden fl
To invite the people to their wonted food.
Mix it with thicken'd juice of sodden wine
And raisins from the grapes of Psythian vi
To these add pounded galls, and roses dry,
And, with Cecropian thyme, strong-scent
A flower there is, that grows in meadow-
Amellus call'd, and easy to be found;
For, from one root, the rising stem bestows
A wood of leaves, and violet-purple bough
The flower itself is glorious to behold,
And shines on altars like refulgent gold—

p to the taste—by shepherds near the stream
Mella found; and thence they gave the name.
l this restoring root in generous wine,
l set beside the door, the sickly stock to dine.
, if the labouring kind be wholly lost,
l not to be retriev'd with care or cost;
time to touch the precepts of an art,
Arcadian master did of old impart;
l how he stock'd his empty hives again,
ew'd with putrid gore of oxen slain.
ancient legend I prepare to sing,
l upward follow Fame's immortal spring:
or, where with seven-fold horns mysterious Nile
ounds the skirts of Egypt's fruitful isle,
l where in pomp the sun-burnt people ride,
painted barges, o'er the teeming tide,
ch, pouring down from Ethiopian lands,
es green the soil with slime, and black prolific sands—
t length of region, and large tract of ground,
his one art a sure relief have found.
t, in a place by nature close, they build
arrow flooring, gutter'd, wall'd, and til'd.
his, four windows are contriv'd, that strike,
the four winds oppos'd, their beams oblique.
eer of two years old they take, whose head
v first with burnish'd horns begins to spread:
y stop his nostrils, while he strives in vain
breathe free air, and struggles with his pain.
ck'd down, he dies: his bowels, bruis'd within,
ay no wound on his unbroken skin,
ended thus in this obscene abode
y leave the beast; but first sweet flowers are strow'd

[illegible] and through the b
Then (wondrous to behold) new
A moving mass at first, and short
Till, shooting out with legs, and i
The grubs proceed to bees with p
And, more and more affecting air,
Their tender pinions, and begin to
At length, like summer storms from
That burst at once, and pour impe
Or flights of arrows from the Part
When from afar they gall embattle
With such a tempest through the s
And such a form the winged squadr

What god, O Muse! this useful a
Or by what man's experience was i

Sad Aristæus from fair Tempe fle
His bees with famine or diseases de
On Penëus banks he stood, and r
head;
And, while his falling tears the stre
Thus [illegible]

Why didst thou me, unhappy me, create,
Odious to gods, and born to bitter fate?
Whom scarce my sheep, and scarce my painful plough,
The needful aids of human life allow:
So wretched is thy son, so hard a mother thou!
Proceed, inhuman parent, in thy scorn;
Root up my trees; with blights destroy my corn;
My vineyards ruin, and my sheepfolds burn.
Let loose thy rage; let all thy spite be shown,
Since thus thy hate pursues the praises of thy son.
But, from her mossy bower below the ground,
His careful mother heard the plaintive sound—
Encompass'd with her sea-green sisters round.
One common work they plied; their distaffs full
With carded locks of blue Milesian wool.
Spio, with Drymo brown, and Xantho fair,
And sweet Phyllodoce with long dishevel'd hair;
Cydippe with Lycorias, one a maid,
And one that once had call'd Lucina's aid;
Clio and Beroë, from one father both:
Both girt with gold, and clad in particolour'd cloth;
Opis the meek, and Deiopeia proud;
Nisæa lofty, with Ligea loud;
Thalia joyous, Ephyre the sad,
And Arethusa, once Diana's maid,
But now (her quiver left) to love betray'd.
To these Clymene the sweet theft declares
Of Mars; and Vulcan's unavailing cares;
And all the rapes of gods, and every love,
From ancient Chaos down to youthful Jove.
Thus while she sings, the sisters turn the wheel,
Empty *the woolly rack*, and fill the reel.
A mournful sound again the mother hears;
Again the mournful sound invades the sisters' ears.

'Tis Aristæus, 'tis thy darlin
Who to his careless mother
Near his paternal stream he
With down-cast eyes, wet ch
Upbraiding heaven, from wh
And cruel calls the gods, and

Cyrene, mov'd with love, a
Cries out, 'Conduct my son,
'Tis lawful for the youth, deri
To view the secrets of our de
At once she wav'd her hand on
At once the ranks of swelling
Two rising heaps of liquid cry
And leave a space betwixt, of
Thus safe receiv'd, the downwa
Which to his mother's watery p
With wondering eyes he views t
Of lakes, that, pent in hollow ca
He hears the crackling sounds of
And sees the

Po first issues from his dark abodes,
ıwful in his cradle, rules the floods:
ɔlden horns on his large front he wears,
ı grim face a bull's resemblance bears:
ıpid course he seeks the sacred main,
ttens, as he runs, the fruitful plain.
·, to the court arriv'd, the admiring son
s the vaulted roofs of pory stone,
ɔ his mother-goddess tells his grief,
she with pity hears, and promises relief.
ficious nymphs, attending in a ring,
ıaters drawn from their perpetual spring,
ıarthly dregs his body purify,
b his temples, with fine towels, dry;
ɔad the tables with a liberal feast,
nour with full bowls their friendly guest.
:red altars are involv'd in smoke;
e bright choir their kindred gods invoke:
ɔwls the mother fills with Lydian wine;
hus: 'Let these be pour'd, with rites divine,
great authors of our watery line—
er Ocean, this; and this, (she said)
ıe nymphs his sacred sisters paid,
le the watery plains, and hold the wood-land shade.'
inkled thrice, with wine, the Vestal-fire,
to the vaulted roof the flames aspire.
vith so bless'd an omen, she begun,
ords like these, to cheer her drooping son:
Carpathian bottom, makes abode
pherd of the seas, a prophet and a god.
:r the main in watery pomp he rides,
·e car and finny coursers guides—

His scaly flocks, that graze t
Implore his aid; for Proteu
The secret cause, and cure,
But first the wily wizard mu
For, unconstrain'd, he nothin
Nor is with prayers, or bribe
Surprise him first, and with
Then all his frauds will vani
I will myself conduct thee
When next the southing sun
When the dry herbage thirst
And sheep, in shades, avoid
Then will I lead thee to his
When, weary with his toil, an
The wayward sire frequents
His eyes with heavy slumbe
With force invade his limbs.

, with a wile thy caution to betray,
fleeting streams attempts to slide away.
t thou, the more he varies forms, beware
strain his fetters with a stricter care,
ll, tiring all his arts, he turns again
his true shape, in which he first was seen.'
This said, with nectar she her son anoints;
fusing vigour through his mortal joints:
own from his head the liquid odours ran;
breath'd of heaven, and look'd above a man.
Within a mountain's hollow womb, there lies
large recess, conceal'd from human eyes,
here heaps of billows, driven by wind and tide,
form of war, their watery ranks divide,
d there like sentries set, without the mouth
abide:
station safe for ships when tempests roar,
silent harbour, and a cover'd shore.
cure within resides the various god,
d draws a rock upon his dark abode.
ther with silent steps, secure from sight,
e goddess guides her son, and turns him from
the light:
erself, involv'd in clouds, precipitates her flight.
'Twas noon; the sultry dog-star from the sky
orch'd Indian swains; the rivel'd grass was dry;
e sun with flaming arrows pierc'd the flood,
d, darting to the bottom, bak'd the mud;
hen weary Proteus, from the briny waves,
etir'd for shelter to his wonted caves.
is finny flocks about their shepherd play,
d rolling round him, spirt the bitter sea:
wieldily they wallow first in ooze,
en in the shady covert seek repose.

Himself, their herdsman, on the middle mount,
Takes of his muster'd flocks a just account.
So, seated on a rock, a shepherd's groom
Surveys his evening flocks returning home,
When lowing calves and bleating lambs, from far,
Provoke the prowling wolf to nightly war.
The occasion offers, and the youth complies:
For scarce the weary god had clos'd his eyes,
When, rushing on with shouts, he binds in chains
The drowsy prophet, and his limbs constrains.
He, not unmindful of his usual art,
First in dissembled fire attempts to part:
Then roaring beasts, and running streams, he tries,
And wearies all his miracles of lies:
But, having shifted every form to 'scape,
Convinc'd of conquest, he resum'd his shape,
And thus, at length, in human accent spoke:
'Audacious youth! what madness could provoke
A mortal man to invade a sleeping god!
What business brought thee to my dark abode?'
To this, the' audacious youth: 'Thou know'st full well
My name and business, god: nor need I tell.
No man can Proteus cheat: but, Proteus, leave
Thy fraudful arts, and do not thou deceive.
Following the gods' command, I come to implore
Thy help, my perish'd people to restore.'
The seer, who could not yet his wrath assuage,
Roll'd his green eyes, that sparkled with his rage,
And gnash'd his teeth, and cried, 'No vulgar god
Pursues thy crimes, nor with a common rod.
Thy great misdeeds have met a due reward;
And Orpheus' dying prayers at length are heard.

For crimes, not his, the lover lost his life,
And at thy hands requires his murder'd wife :
Nor (if the Fates assist not) canst thou 'scape
The just revenge of that intended rape.
To shun thy lawless lust, the dying bride,
Unwary, took along the river's side,
Nor at her heels perceiv'd the deadly snake,
That kept the bank, in covert of the brake.
But all her fellow-nymphs the mountains tear
With loud laments, and break the yielding air :
The realms of Mars remurmur all around,
And echoes to the Athenian shores rebound.
The' unhappy husband, husband now no more,
Did on his tuneful harp his loss deplore,
And sought his mournful mind with music to restore.
On thee, dear wife, in deserts all alone,
He call'd, sigh'd, sung : his griefs with day begun,
Nor were they finish'd with the setting sun,
E'en to the dark dominions of the night
He took his way through forests void of light,
And dar'd, amidst the trembling ghosts to sing,
And stood before the inexorable king.
The infernal troops like passing shadows glide,
And, listening, crowd the sweet musician's side—
(Not flocks of birds, when driven by storms or night,
Stretch to the forests with so thick a flight)—
Men, matrons, children, and the unmarried maid,
The mighty hero's more majestic shade [3], [laid.
And youths, on funeral piles before their parents
All these Cocytus bounds with squalid reeds,
With muddy ditches, and with deadly weeds ;

[3] This whole line is taken from the marquis of Normanby's translation. Dryden.

But leans attentive on his [illegible]
All dangers past at length the
In safety goes, with her melod
Longing the common light aga
And draw the vital breath of
He first; and close behind hin
For such was Proserpine's sev
When strong desires the' impa
By little caution and much lo
A fault, which easy pardon m
Were lovers judges, or could
For, near the confines of æth
And longing for the glimmeri
The unwary lover cast his ey
Forgetful of the law, nor ma
Straight all his hopes exhal'd
And his long toils were forfe
Three flashes of blue lightn

l; and from his eyes the fleeting fair;
like subtle smoke dissolv'd in air,
t the hopeless lover in despair.
, with folding arms, the youth essay'd
› her flight, and strain the flying shade:
rs; he raves; all means in vain he tries,
ge inflam'd, astonish'd with surprise:
return'd no more, to bless his longing eyes.
uld the infernal ferryman once more
'd to waft him to the further shore.
ıould he do, who twice had lost his love!
otes invent? what new petitions move?
il already was consign'd to Fate,
vering in the leaky sculler sate.
en continued months, if Fame say true,
etched swain his sorrows did renew:
'mon's freezing streams he sate alone:
'ks were mov'd to pity with his moan;
ent their heads to hear him sing his wrongs;
tigers couch'd around, and loll'd their fawning tongues.
e in poplar shades, her children gone,
ther-nightingale laments alone,
ıest some prying churl had found, and thence,
lth, convey'd the unfeather'd innocence.
supplies the night with mournful strains;
lancholy music fills the plains.
›heus thus his tedious hours employs,
'rom Venus, and from nuptial joys.
e tempts the frozen floods, alone
ıappy climes where spring was never known:
ırn'd his wretched wife, in vain restor'd,
ıto's unavailing boon deplor'd,

Wash'd by the waters, was on r
E'en then his trembling tongue i
With his last voice, 'Eurydice.
'Eurydice,' the rocks and river
This answer Proteus gave; 1
But in the billows plung'd his h
And, where he leap'd, the wave
spread.
The nymph return'd, her dr
And bade him banish his super
'For now (said she) the ca
whence
Thy woe succeeded, and for v
The nymphs, companions of t
This punishment upon thy cri
And sent a plague among thy
With vows and suppliant pra

From the slain victims pour the streaming blood,
And leave their bodies in the shady wood:
Nine mornings thence, Lethæan poppy bring,
To appease the manes of the poet's king[5].
And, to propitiate his offended bride,
A fatted calf and a black ewe provide:
This finish'd, to the former woods repair.'
His mother's precepts he performs with care;
The temple visits, and adores with prayer;
Four altars raises; from his herd he culls,
For slaughter, four the fairest of his bulls;
Four heifers from his female store he took,
All fair, and all unknowing of the yoke,
Nine mornings thence, with sacrifice and prayers,
The powers aton'd, he to the grove repairs.
Behold a prodigy for from within
The broken bowels and the bloated skin,
A buzzing noise of bees his ears alarms:
Straight issue through the sides assembling swarms,
Dark as a cloud, they make a wheeling flight,
Then on a neighbouring tree, descending, light:
Like a large cluster of black grapes they show,
And make a large dependance from the bough.
Thus have I sung of fields, and flocks, and trees,
And of the waxen work of labouring bees;
While mighty Cæsar, thundering from afar,
Seeks on Euphrates' banks the spoils of war;
With conquering arts asserts his country's cause,
With arts of peace the willing people draws;
On the glad earth the golden age renews,
And his great father's path to heaven pursues;

[5] Poet-king in *Dr. Carey's* edition.

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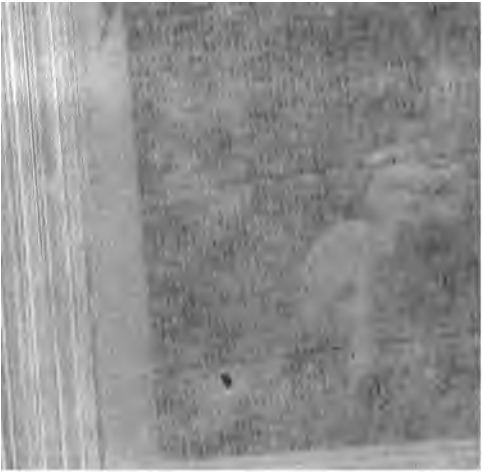

THE

WORKS

OF

VIRGIL:

TRANSLATED

BY JOHN DRYDEN.

SEQUITURQUE PATREM NON PASSIBUS ÆQUIS.

VOL. II.

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1810.

DEDICATION

OF THE

ÆNEIS.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

JOHN, LORD MARQUIS OF NORMANBY [1], EARL OF MULGRAVE, &c.

And Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.

A HEROIC poem, truly such, is undoubtedly the greatest work which the soul of man is capable to perform. The design of it is to form the mind to heroic virtue by example. It is conveyed in verse, that it may delight while it instructs: the action of it is always one, entire, and great. The least and most trivial episodes or under-actions, which are interwoven in it, are parts either necessary or convenient to carry on the main design; either so necessary, that without them the poem

[1] And afterwards Duke of Buckingham: the author of an 'Essay on Poetry' in which he is thought to have been aided by Dryden; *and whose reputation* as a writer, says Dr. Warton, *was owing to his rank.*

of stone, though
ture, and fitted to the cranni
portions of them must be of
things must be grave, majestic
thing of a foreign nature, like
which Ariosto and others ha
poems; by which the reader
ther sort of pleasure opposite
signed in an epic poem. One
hardens it to virtue; the oth
and unbends it into vice. C
poet's aim, the completing of
is driving on, labouring anc
line; the other slackens his p
his way, and locks him up like
enchanted castle, when he sl
first adventure. Statius, as
served, was ambitious of try

ed for want of conduct and judgement—in-
of staying, as he might have done, for the
of Capaneus, Hippomedon, Tydeus, or some
of his seven champions (who are heroes all
or more properly for the tragical end of the
rothers, whose exequies the next successor
isure to perform when the siege was raised,
n the interval betwixt the poet's first action
s second—went out of his way, as it were on
ose malice, to commit a fault. For he took
portunity to kill a royal infant by the means
erpent (that author of all evil), to make way
ose funeral honours which he intended for him.
if this innocent had been of any relation to
iebaïs—if he had either farthered or hindered
king of the town—the poet might have found
sorry excuse, at least, for detaining the reader
the promised siege. On these terms, this
eus of a poet engaged his two immortal pre-
ors; and his success was answerable to his
rise.

this œconomy must be observed in the mi-
: parts of an epic poem, which, to a common
, seem to be detached from the body, and
t independent of it; what soul, though sent
he world with great advantages of nature,
ated with the liberal arts and sciences, con-
it with histories of the dead, and enriched
observations on the living, can be sufficient
orm the whole body of so great a work? I
here but transiently, without any strict me-
on some few of those many rules of imitating
, which Aristotle drew from Homer's Iliads
Odysseys, and which he fitted to the drama;

cess of time, represented g
and bearing. Those episo
were proper for the stage, th
into an action: out of his lin
bodies: what he had contr
out of one Hercules, were
mies, yet all endued with h
him, their great creator, th
the *divinæ particulam auræ*.
him at first, and are at la
Nor were they only animat
measure and symmetry was o
entire, and great action, was
cording to the proportions c
finished his orb within the yea
them, that, their action bein
less diversified with incidents,
quence, must be circumscrib-

necessity that the time of a stage-action should so strictly be confined to twenty-four hours, as never to exceed them; for which Aristotle contends, and the Grecian stage has practised. Some longer space, on some occasions, I think, may be allowed; especially for the English theatre, which requires more variety of incidents, than the French. Corneille himself, after long practice, was inclined to think that the time allotted by the ancients was too short to raise and finish a great action: and better a mechanic rule were stretched or broken, than a great beauty were omitted. To raise, and afterwards to calm, the passions—to purge the soul from pride, by the examples of human miseries which befall the greatest—in few words, to expel arrogance, and introduce compassion, are the great effects of tragedy; great I must confess, if they were altogether as true as they are pompous. But are habits to be introduced at three hours' warning? are radical diseases so suddenly removed? A mountebank may promise such a cure; but a skilful physician will not undertake it. An epic poem is not so much in haste: it works leisurely; the changes which it makes are slow; but the cure is likely to be more perfect. The effects of tragedy, as I said, are too violent to be lasting. If it be answered, that for this reason, tragedies are often to be seen, and the dose to be repeated; this is tacitly to confess that there is more virtue in one heroic poem, than in many tragedies. A man is humbled one day; and his pride returns the next.

Chemical medicines are observed to relieve oftener than to cure; for it is the nature of spirits to make *swift impressions*, but not deep. Galeni-

the space of four-and-twenty h
prove as well that a mushroom i
before a peach, because it shoots
of a night. A chariot may be dri
in less space than a large mac
bulk is not so great. Is the M
planet than Saturn, because she
lution in less than thirty days,
less than thirty years? Both thei
portion to their several magnitu
quently, the quickness or slownes
and the time of their circumvolu
ment of the greater or less perf
sides, what virtue is there in a tra
contained in an epic poem, where
virtue rewarded, and vice puni
more amply treated, than the m
drama can admit? The shining q
hero, his magnanimity, his co
tience, his piety, or whatever char

les is proposed to imitation, not his pride and
edience to his general, nor his brutal cruelty
, dead enemy, nor the selling his body to his
'. We abhor these actions while we read
; and what we abhor, we never imitate. The
only shows them, like rocks or quicksands, to
nmed.

this example, the critics have concluded, that
not necessary the manners of the hero should
tuous. They are poetically good, if they are
dece: though, where a character of perfect
, is set before us, it is more lovely; for there
hole hero is to be imitated. This is the
of our Author: this is that idea of perfec-
n an epic poem, which painters and statuaries
nly in their minds, and which no hands are
o express. These are the beauties of a God
nman body. When the picture of Achilles is
in tragedy, he is taken with those warts, and
and hard features, by those who represent
n the stage, or he is no more Achilles; for his
r Homer has so described him. Yet even thus
ears a perfect hero, though an imperfect cha-
of virtue. Horace paints him after Homer,
livers him to be copied on the stage with all
imperfections. Therefore they are either
lts in a heroic poem, or faults common to
ama. After all, on the whole merits of the
t must be acknowledged that the epic poem
for the manners, and tragedy for the pas-
The passions, as I have said, are violent:
nte distempers require medicines of a strong
edy operation. Ill habits of the mind are, like
al diseases, to be corrected by degrees, and

greater [illegible]
quires: for dialogue is imitated by t
the more active parts of it. On
like the *quinquina*, and relieves us
the other roots out the distempe
healthful habit. The sun enlighten
dispels fogs, and warms the groun
beams; but the corn is sowed, incre
and is reaped for use in process
its proper season. I proceed, fro
of the action, to the dignity of the
the persons employed in both
likewise, tragedy will be seen to
epopee; and that which borrows
dignity, because it has not of its
it is true, may lend to his sover
of borrowing makes the king inf
wants and the subject supplies.
persons of the drama wholly fab
invention, yet heroic poetry
[illegible] of that invention, becau

herein the actors share the poet's
ır lordship knows some modern trage-
·e beautiful on the stage, and yet I am
ı would not read them. 'Tryphon the
omplains, they are seldom asked for
The poet who flourished in the scene,
the *ruelle;* nay more, he is not es-
ɔd poet by those who see and hear his
es with delight. They are a sort of
an, and lofty childishness. Nothing
can give a sincere pleasure: where
nitated, it is grotesque painting; 'the
ends in a fish's tail [3].'

so add that many things, which not
but are real beauties, in the reading,
ır absurd upon the stage; and those
speciosa miracula, as Horace calls
nsformations, of Scylla, Antiphates,
trigons, which cannot be represented
ras; but the prowess of Achilles or
l appear ridiculous in our dwarf-heroes
. We can believe they routed armies,
in Virgil; but *ne Hercules contra duos*
. I forbear to instance in many things,
ıge cannot or ought not to represent;
aid already more than I intended on
and should fear it might be turned
that I plead for the pre-eminence of
because I have taken some pains in
Virgil, if this were the first time that I
l my opinion in this dispute. But I
ıan once already maintained the rights

to Martial, but apparently pointed at Tonson.
ordium to Horace's Art of Poetry.

needed not that I should
of Poetry [4],' which was pub
and of which I was not ho
dence, I read over and ov
and as much instruction, a
you, or making myself more
without some envy. I was l
an epic poem should be wr
should be contrived and ma
and with more judgment, th
A native of Parnassus, and
of its fundamental laws, r
from his contemporaries: l
of praise which he gives l
more obliged than he is w
there is a tincture of malice
for where I own I am tau
of knowledge. A judge u

pleased to have seen our own names at the bottom of the title-page? Perhaps we commended it the more, that we might seem to be above the censure. We are naturally displeased with an unknown critic, as the ladies are with a lampooner, because we are bitten in the dark, and know not where to fasten our revenge. But great excellencies will work their way through all sorts of opposition. I applauded rather out of decency, than affection; and was ambitious, as some yet can witness, to be acquainted with a man, with whom I had the honour to converse, and that almost daily, for so many years together. Heaven knows, if I have heartily forgiven you this deceit. You extorted a praise, which I should willingly have given, had I known you. Nothing had been more easy, than to commend a patron of a long standing. The world would join with me, if the encomiums were just; and, if unjust, would excuse a grateful flatterer. But to come anonymous upon me, and force me to commend you against my interest, was not altogether so fair, give me leave to say, as it was politic: for, by concealing your quality, you might clearly understand how your work succeeded, and that the general approbation was given to your merit, not your titles. Thus, like Apelles, you stood unseen behind your own Venus, and received the praises of the passing multitude: the work was commended, not the author: and I doubt not, this was one of the most pleasing adventures of your life.

I have detained your lordship longer than I intended in this *dispute of* preference betwixt the *epic poem and the* drama, and yet have not formally answered any of the arguments which are

to that [illegible]
his first epistle of the second [illegible]
Cæsar, and in that to the Pisos, w
'Art of Poetry;' in both of which
method that I can trace, whate
father or Heinsius may have seen,
they had seen. I have taken up,
resumed as often as I pleased, the
and this loose proceeding I shall
this prefatory dedication. Yet all
been sailing with some side-wind
the point I proposed in the begin
ness and excellency of an heroic
of the difficulties which attend
comparison, therefore, which I n
epopee and the tragedy, was not
gression; for it is concluded on a
are both the master-pieces of hum

In the mean time, I may be
corollary from what has been
[illegible] of heroic poets is very

I mean not so much in distance of time, as in excellency. After these three are entered, some lord-chamberlain should be appointed, some critic of authority, should be set before the door to keep out a crowd of little poets, who press for admission, and are not of quality. Mævius would be deafening your lordship's ears with his

Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bellum—

mere fustian, (as Horace would tell you from behind, without pressing forward,) and more smoke than fire. Pulci, Boiardo, and Ariosto, would cry out, 'make room for the Italian poets, the descendants of Virgil in a right line:' father Le Moine, with his Saint Louis; and Scudery with his Alaric, for a godly king and Gothic conqueror; and Chapelain would take it ill that his '*Maid*[5]' should be refused a place with Helen and Lavinia. Spenser has a better plea for his Fairy-Queen, had his action been finished, or had been one; and Milton, if the devil had not been his hero, instead of Adam; if the giant had not foiled the knight, and driven him out of his strong hold, to wander through the world with his lady errant; and if there had not been more machining persons than human in his poem. After these, the rest of our English poets shall not be mentioned. I have that honour for them which I ought to have; but, if they are worthies, they are not to be ranked amongst the three whom I have named, and who are established in their reputation.

Before I quitted the comparison betwixt epic poetry and tragedy, I should have acquainted my

[5] '*La Pucelle d' Orleans*, ou La France delivree.'

forty than ...
tainly in the right, for t
the work of tragedy is
dialogue: both of them
in which the epopee
speak too plainly on the
bile verbum; the sense
flying. But what we r
to digest: there an aut
by the boldness of his
derstand not fully at th
it till we find the se
That which cures the n
as I said before, must
grees; but that which
do its business all at
effect; at least, in the
out repeated doses.

many enemies: he has a whole confederacy against him; and I must endeavour to defend him as well as I am able. But their principal objections being against his moral, the duration or length of time taken up in the action of the poem, and what they have to urge against the manners of his hero; I shall omit the rest as mere cavils of grammarians; at the worst, but casual slips of a great man's pen, or inconsiderable faults of an admirable poem, which the author had not leisure to review before his death. Macrobius has answered what the ancients could urge against him; and some things I have lately read in Tanneguy, le Fèvre, Valois, and another whom I name not, which are scarce worth answering. They begin with the moral of his poem, which I have elsewhere confessed, and still must own, not to be so noble as that of Homer. But let both be fairly stated; and without contradicting my first opinion, I can show that Virgil's was as useful to the Romans of his age, as Homer's was to the Grecians of his, in what time soever he may be supposed to have lived and flourished. Homer's moral was, to urge the necessity of union, and of a good understanding, betwixt confederate states and princes engaged in a war with a mighty monarch; as also of discipline in an army, and obedience in the several chiefs to the supreme commander of the joint forces. To inculcate this, he sets forth the ruinous effects of discord in the camp of those allies, occasioned by the quarrel betwixt the general and one of the next in office under him. Agamemnon gives the provocation, and Achilles resents the injury. Both parties are *faulty in the quarrel*; and accordingly they are

other's growth,
themselves, and divide
them, which none of th
These were the publi
that is, patriots for th
monwealth looked wit
management spread i
wasting in the vitals.
with the repetition
death of Crassus, P
by Cæsar, broke wi
senate, and caused
against him. Cæs
resist the faction o
permost (for he v
arms; and his cau
not against his c
to have been sacr
violated on the
But he prevailed
he became a pr

century, and under the same pretence of reformation. At last the two battles of Philippi gave the decisive stroke against liberty; and, not long after, the commonwealth was turned into a monarchy, by the conduct and good fortune of Augustus. It is true, that the despotic power could not have fallen into better hands than those of the first and second Cæsar. Your lordship well knows what obligations Virgil had to the latter of them: he saw, beside, that the commonwealth was lost without resource; the heads of it destroyed; the senate new moulded, grown degenerate, and either bought off, or thrusting their own necks into the yoke, out of fear of being forced. Yet I may safely affirm for our great author (as men of good sense are generally honest), that he was still of republican principles in his heart.

Secretosque pios, his dantem jura Catonem.

I think I need use no other argument to justify my opinion, than that of this one line, taken from the eighth book of the Æneis. If he had not well studied his patron's temper, it might have ruined him with another prince. But Augustus was not discontented, (at least that we can find,) that Cato was placed, by his own poet, in Elysium, and there giving laws to the holy souls who deserved to be separated from the vulgar sort of good spirits: for his conscience could not but whisper to the arbitrary monarch, that the kings of Rome were at first elective, and governed not without a senate;—that Romulus was no hereditary prince; and though, after his death, he received divine honours for the good he did on earth, yet he was but a god of their

an honest man ought to
form of government, and
constitutions of it, which
cestors, and under which
at the same time he con
could have chosen his plac
been at Venice ;—which
like, and am better please
Englishman.

But, to return from my
that Virgil having maturely
of the times in which he li
berty was not to be retrie
settlement had the prospect
in the same family, or those a
held his paternal estate from
queror, by whom he was like
ed, and cherished ; that this
a bad kind, was the very bes
of peace flourished under him

ight he took in greatness:—these things, I say, being considered by the poet, he concluded it to be the interest of his country to be so governed; to infuse an awful respect into the people towards such a prince; by that respect to confirm their obedience to him, and by that obedience to make them happy. This was the moral of his divine poem—honest in the poet; honourable to the emperor, whom he derives from a divine extraction; and reflecting part of that honour on the Roman people, whom he derives also from the Trojans; and not only profitable, but necessary, to the present age, and likely to be such to their posterity. That it was the received opinion that the Romans were descended from the Trojans, and Julius Cæsar from Iülus the son of Æneas, was enough for Virgil; though perhaps he thought not so himself, or that Æneas ever was in Italy; which Bochartus manifestly proves. And Homer, where he says that Jupiter hated the house of Priam, and was resolved to transfer the kingdom to the family of Æneas, yet mentions nothing of his leading a colony into a foreign country, and settling there. But that the Romans valued themselves on their Trojan ancestry, is so undoubted a truth, that I need not prove it. Even the seals which we have remaining of Julius Cæsar, which we know to be antique, have the star of Venus over them (though they were all graven after his death), as a note that he was deified. I doubt not but one reason, why Augustus should be so passionately concerned for the preservation of the Æneïs, (which its author had condemned *to be burnt*, as an imperfect poem, *by his last will and testament*,) was, because it did

he makes mention of them, a
leaders in the war; and ever
traction are not forgotten.
stars which are sprinkled thr
there are whole constellation
book. And I could not but
translated it, of some favourit
gives the victory, and awards
son of his hero, at the funers
celebrated in honour of Anch
their names: but am pleased
amongst them, derived from
Lucretius dedicates to one of
of which destroyed Corinth
found or formed an image to r
kind; that those who lost the
disobliged the poet, or were

gil, in deriving them from Troy; an ancestry which they affected. We and the French are of the same humour: they would be thought to descend from a son, I think, of Hector; and we would have our Britain both named and planted by a descendant of Æneas. Spenser favours this opinion what he can. His Prince Arthur, or whoever he intends by him, is a Trojan. Thus the hero of Homer was a Grecian; of Virgil, a Roman; of Tasso, an Italian.

I have transgressed my bounds, and gone further than the moral led me: but if your lordship is not tired, I am safe enough.

Thus far, I think, my author is defended. But, as Augustus is still shadowed in the person of Æneas (of which I shall say more, when I come to the manners which the poet gives his hero), I must prepare that subject, by showing how dexterously he managed both the prince and people, so as to displease neither, and to do good to both; which is the part of a wise and an honest man, and proves that it is possible for a courtier not to be a knave. I shall continue still to speak my thoughts like a free-born subject, as I am: though such things, perhaps, as no Dutch commentator could, and I am sure no Frenchman durst. I have already told your lordship my opinion of Virgil; that he was no arbitrary man. Obliged he was to his master for his bounty; and he repays him with good counsel, how to behave himself in his new monarchy, so as to gain the affections of his subjects, and deserve to be called the father of his country. From this consideration it is, that he chose for the groundwork of his poem, one empire destroyed, and ano-

son of Polites, youngest so
slain by Pyrrhus, in the seco
only married Creüsa, Priam'
could have no title, while
were remaining. In this ca
the next title, which is tha
The remaining Trojans cho
forth, and settle them in
Ilioneus, in his speech to Di
by the name of king. Our p
had Augustus in his eye, ha
seem to succeed by any righ
ed from Julius Cæsar, (such
degree removed from conqu
troduced by force, by force
was better for the people
than he should take; since t
more, at bottom, than a tru
example of this in the perso
verned arbitrarily; he was

promote the common good. We find him at the head of them, when he enters into the council-hall, speaking first, but still demanding their advice, and steering by it, as far as the iniquity of the times would suffer him. And this is the proper character of a king by inheritance, who is born a father of his country. Æneas, though he married the heiress of the crown, yet claimed no title to it during the life of his father-in-law. *Pater arma Latinus habeto*, &c. are Virgil's words. As for himself, he was contented to take care of his country gods, who were not those of Latium: wherein our divine author seems to relate to the after-practice of the Romans, which was to adopt the gods of those they conquered, or received as members of their commonwealth. Yet, withal, he plainly touches at the office of the high-priesthood, with which Augustus was invested, and which made his person more sacred and inviolable, than even the tribunitial power. It was not therefore for nothing, that the most judicious of all poets made that office vacant by the death of Pantheus in the second book of the Æneïs, for his hero to succeed in it, and consequently for Augustus to enjoy. I know not that any of the commentators have taken notice of that passage. If they have not, I am sure they ought: and if they have, I am not indebted to them for the observation. The words of Virgil are very plain—

Sacra suosque tibi commendat Troja penates.

As for Augustus, or his uncle Julius, claiming by descent from Æneas, that title is already out of

Augustus, it is true, had
that city, and there to m
but Horace writes an ode
from that thought; deck
cursed, and that the gods
as it should be raised. H
aside a project so ungrat
But by this, my lord, we
still his pedigree in his
being thought a divine
given him better counse

I will pass by many l
want of room to answe
is of great importance,
their charge; for it is le
our poet gives his her
which were eminently s
manners were, piety to
tion to his father, love
people, courage and co

instances of this, the deities of Troy, and his own Penates, are made the companions of his flight; they appear to him in his voyage, and advise him: and at last he replaces them in Italy, their native country. For his father, he takes him on his back: he leads his little son: his wife follows him; but, losing his footsteps through fear or ignorance, he goes back into the midst of his enemies to find her, and leaves not his pursuit until her ghost appears, to forbid his further search. I will say nothing of his duty to his father while he lived, his sorrow for his death, of the games instituted in honour of his memory, or seeking him, by his command, even after his death, in the Elysian fields. I will not mention his tenderness for his son, which everywhere is visible—of his raising a tomb for Polydorus, the obsequies for Misenus, his pious remembrance of Deïphobus, the funerals of his nurse, his grief for Pallas, and his revenge taken on his murderer, whom otherwise, by his natural compassion, he had forgiven; and then the poem had been left imperfect; for we could have had no certain prospect of his happiness, while the last obstacle to it was unremoved. Of the other parts which compose his character, as a king, or as a general, I need say nothing; the whole Æneïs is one continued instance of some one or other of them; and where I find any thing of them taxed, it shall suffice me, as briefly as I can, to vindicate my divine master to your lordship, and by you to the reader. But herein, Ségrais, in his admirable preface to his translation of the Æneïs, (as the author of the Dauphin's Virgil justly calls it,) has prevented me. Him I follow: and what I borrow from him, am ready to acknowledge to him. For, impartially speaking, the French

if they make it one. I shall p
other nations, and their p
Tasso; and hope to make my
is but doing justice to my co
honour will reflect on your lo
are always just, your numb
words chosen, your expressi
your verse flowing, and your
are easy. If you would set
example would make all prec
mean time, that little you ha
and that particularly by the p
not over-lavish of praise to t
as a principal ornament of c
sweetest essences are alw
smallest glasses.

When I speak of your lor

what of my own. His notes and observations on every book are of the same excellency; and, for the same reason, I omit the greater part.

He takes notice that Virgil is arraigned for placing piety before valour, and making that piety the chief character of his hero. I have already said, from Bossu, that a poet is not obliged to make his hero a virtuous man; therefore, neither Homer nor Tasso are to be blamed, for giving what predominant quality they pleased to their first character. But Virgil, who designed to form a perfect prince, and would insinuate that Augustus, whom he calls Æneas in his poem, was truly such, found himself obliged to make him without blemish, thoroughly virtuous; and a thorough virtue both begins and ends in piety. Tasso, without question, observed this before me, and therefore split his hero in two: he gave Godfrey piety, and Rinaldo fortitude, for their chief qualities or manners. Homer, who had chosen another moral, makes both Agamemnon and Achilles vicious; for his design was to instruct in virtue, by showing the deformity of vice. I avoid repetition of what I have said above. What follows, is translated literally from Ségrais.

'Virgil had considered, that the greatest virtues of Augustus consisted in the perfect art of governing his people: which caused him to reign above forty years in great felicity. He considered that his emperor was valiant, civil, popular, eloquent, politic, and religious; he has given all these qualities to Æneas. But—knowing that piety alone comprehends the whole duty of man towards the gods, towards his country, and towards his relations—he *judged that this ought* to be his first character, whom

that valour, destitu
a man worthy of any true
which signifies no more th
may be separated from m
and accompanied with m
may be very valiant, and
But the same cannot b
cludes all ill qualities, an
itself, with all other qu
we, for example, give t
who should see his god
the courage to defend
abandon his father, o
necessity?'

Thus far Ségrais,
piety before valour.
he considers this va
in itself; and thi

strength and courage. His testimony is this, in the eleventh book.

——Stetimus tela aspera contra,
Contulimusque manus: experto credite, quantus
In clypeum assurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam.
Si duo præterea tales Idæa tulisset
Terra viros, ultro Inachias venisset ad urbes
Dardanus, et versis lugeret Græcia fatis.
Quicquid apud duræ cessatum est mania Trojæ:
Hectoris Æneaque manu victoria Graiûm
Hæsit, et in decimum vestigia retulit annum.
Ambo animis, ambo insignes præstantibus armis:
His pietate prior.——

I give not here my translation of these verses (though I think I have not ill succeeded in them), because your lordship is so great a master of the original, that I have no reason to desire you should see Virgil and me so near together: but you may please, my lord, to take notice, that the Latin author refines upon the Greek, and insinuates that Homer had done his hero wrong, in giving the advantage of the duel to his own countryman: though Diomede was manifestly the second champion of the Grecians; and Ulysses preferred him before Ajax, when he chose him for the companion of his nightly expedition; for he had a head-piece of his own, and wanted only the fortitude of another, to bring him off with safety, and that he might compass his design with honour.

The French translator thus proceeds: 'they who accuse Æneas for want of courage, either understand not Virgil, or have read him slightly; *otherwise they would* not raise an objection so easily

could not be expo
Lancelot, or the whole I
forms. *Proxima quæque*
account of a knight-er
(continues Ségrais) that
to undertake and achie
because he wore enchar
in the first place, mus
reach Virgil.' Achilles
them as Æneas, though
out them. And Arios
do and Torquato), ev
word, all modern poe
well as Virgil: he is n
in the midst of them;
are so. 'Who know
fated armour was onl
signified no more than

s; though he had the same god smith to forge
nis, as had Achilles. It seems he was no war-
', as the Scots commonly call such men, who,
say, are iron-free, or lead-free. Yet, after
xperiment, that his arms were not impenetra-
when he was cured indeed by his mother's
because he was that day to conclude the war
e death of Turnus—the poet durst not carry
iracle too far, and restore him wholly to his
r vigour: he was still too weak to overtake
emy: yet we see with what courage he at-
d Turnus, when he faces, and renews the
at. I need say no more; for Virgil defends
lf without needing my assistance, and proves
ro truly to deserve that name. He was not
. second-rate champion, as they would have
vho think fortitude the first virtue in a hero.
eing beaten from this hold, they will not yet
him to be valiant, because he wept more
as they think, than well becomes a man of
;e.

he first place, if tears are arguments of cow-
, what shall I say of Homer's hero? Shall
es pass for timorous, because he wept; and
n less occasions than Æneas? Herein Virgil
e granted to have excelled his master. For
oth heroes are described lamenting their lost
Briseïs was taken away by force from the
n: Creüsa was lost for ever to her husband.
chilles went roaring along the salt-sea shore,
ie a booby, was complaining to his mother,
e should have revenged his injury by arms.
took a nobler course; for having secured
er and son, he repeated all his former dan-

arlock, a sorcerer. See Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd.

prove as kind to her. [illegible]
beauties, though I have not less
them.

Ségrais, on this subject of a hero
observes, that historians commend
weeping when he read the mighty a
les: and Julius Cæsar is likewise
out of the same noble envy, he we
ries of Alexander. But, if we obse
ly, we shall find that the tears of
ways on a laudable occasion. Th
of compassion, and tenderness of
the temple of Carthage, he behold
his friends, who sacrificed their li
their country; he deplores the h
his pilot Palinurus, the untimely
Pallas his confederate, and the r
Yet, even for these tears, his wre
condemn him. They make Æne
a kind of St. Swithin-hero, alway

But to this I have answered formerly, that his fear was not for himself, but for his people. And what can give a sovereign a better commendation, or recommend a hero more to the affection of the reader? They were threatened with a tempest; and he wept: he was promised Italy; and therefore he prayed for the accomplishment of that promise — all this in the beginning of a storm; therefore he showed the more early piety, and the quicker sense of compassion. Thus much I have urged elsewhere in the defence of Virgil: and, since, I have been informed by Mr. Moyle, (a young gentleman [10] whom I can never sufficiently commend,) that the ancients accounted drowning an accursed death: so that, if we grant him to have been afraid, he had just occasion for that fear, both in relation to himself and to his subjects. I think our adversaries can carry this argument no further, unless they tell us that he ought to have more confidence in the promise of the gods: but how was he assured that he had understood their oracles aright? Helenus might be mistaken; Phœbus might speak doubtfully; even his mother might flatter him, that he might prosecute his voyage; which if it succeeded happily, he should be the founder of an empire: for, that she herself was doubtful of his fortune, is apparent by the address she made to Jupiter on his behalf; to which the god makes answer in these words:

Parce metû, Cytherea: manent immota tuorum
Fata tibi, &c.

notwithstanding which, the goddess, though comforted, was not assured: for even after this, through

[10] *The son* of Sir Walter Moyle.

he could not alter it;
tenth book, he introdu
of Turnus, and flatter
power of changing de
reflectas. To which he

Si mora præsentis le
Oratur juveni, mequ
Tolle fugâ Turnum, a
Hactenus indulsisse
Sub precibus venia ul
Mutarive putas bellu

But, that he could no
king of gods himself con
cited; when he comforts
Pallas, who had invoked
his lance at Turnus—

———*Trojæ sub m*

my man that I know, in the doctrine of the Stoïcs; and he set me right, from the concurrent testimony of philosophers and poets, that Jupiter could not retard the effects of fate, even for a moment. For, when I cited Virgil, as favouring the contrary opinion in that verse,

Tolle fugâ Turnum, atque instantibus eripe fatis—

he replied, (and, I think, with exact judgment) that when Jupiter gave Juno leave to withdraw Turnus from the present danger, it was because he certainly foreknew that his fatal hour was not come; that it was in destiny for Juno at that time to save him; and that himself obeyed destiny, in giving her that leave.

I need say no more in justification of our hero's courage, and am much deceived, if he ever be attacked on this side of his character again. But he is arraigned with more show of reason by the ladies; who will make a numerous party against him, for being false to love, in forsaking Dido. And I cannot much blame them; for to say the truth, it is an ill precedent for their gallants to follow. Yet, if I can bring him off with flying colours, they may learn experience at her cost, and, for her sake, avoid a cave, as the worst shelter they can choose from a shower of rain; especially, when they have a lover in their company.

In the first place, Ségrais observes with much acuteness, that they who blame Æneas for his insensibility of love when he left Carthage, contradict their former accusation of him, for being always crying, compassionate, and effeminately sensible of those misfortunes which befel others. They give

but, at the bottom, fickle and sen
Dido had not only received his
troops before she saw him, and give
tection, but had also offered them
in her dominion—

Vultis et his mecum pariter con
Urbem quam statuo, vestra est

This was an obligement never
and the more to be considered, be
to her love. That passion, it is tr
usual effects of generosity, gallan
please; and thither we refer them
had made all these advances, it was
to have refused them: after th
cave (call it marriage, or enjoym
no longer free to take or leave;
the favour, and was obliged to
would be grateful.

My lord, I have set this argu

than an absolute command from Jupiter could excuse this insensibility of the hero, and this abrupt departure, which looks so like extreme ingratitude. But, at the same time, he does wisely to remember you, that Virgil had made piety the first character of Æneas; and, this being allowed (as I am afraid it must), he was obliged, antecedent to all other considerations, to search an asylum for his gods in Italy—for those very gods, I say, who had promised to his race the universal empire. Could a pious man dispense with the commands of Jupiter, to satisfy his passion, or (take it in the strongest sense) to comply with the obligations of his gratitude? Religion, it is true, must have moral honesty for its ground-work, or we shall be apt to suspect its truth: but an immediate revelation dispenses with all duties of morality. All casuists agree, that theft is a breach of the moral law: yet, if I might presume to mingle things sacred with profane, the Israelites only spoiled the Egyptians, not robbed them? because the propriety was transferred by a revelation to their law-giver. I confess, Dido was a very infidel in this point; for she would not believe, (as Virgil makes her say,) that ever Jupiter would send Mercury on such an immoral errand. But this needs no answer, at least no more than Virgil gives it—

Fata obstant; placidasque viri Deus obstruit aures.

This notwithstanding, as Ségrais confesses, he might have shown a little more sensibility when he left her; for that had been according to his character.

Upon the whole ma
I doubt there was a fa
is better able to bear
or Æneas. The poet
and therefore brings th
saken lady to meet to
where he excuses hims
accordingly she will
much as hear him. No
don his defence, and ex
'that the Æneis is an
death prevented the div
and for that reason he
fire: though, at the sam
must acknowledge that
correct of the whole Æ
is a machine sometimes
Mercury is plainly one;
to use it here, or the hor
ill-defended

he meantime, pass to another article of his defence, n the present subject; where, if I cannot clear he hero, I hope at least to bring off the poet; for ere I must divide their causes. Let Æneas trust o his machine, which will only help to break his all: but the address is incomparable. Plato, who borrowed so much from Homer, and yet concluded for the banishment of all poets, would at least have rewarded Virgil, before he sent him into exile. But I go further, and say that he ought to be acquitted; and deserved, beside, the bounty of Augustus, and the gratitude of the Roman people. If, after this, the ladies will stand out, let them remember that the jury is not all agreed; for Octavia was of his party, and was of the first quality in Rome; she was also present at the reading of the sixth Æneïd; and we know not that she condemned Æneas: but we are sure she presented the poet with a large sum, for his admirable elegy on her son Marcellus.

But let us consider the secret reasons which Virgil had for thus framing this noble episode, wherein the whole passion of love is more exactly described, than in any other poet. Love was the theme of his fourth book: and though it is the shortest of the whole Æneis, yet there he has given its beginning, its progress, its traverses, and its conclusion; and had exhausted so entirely this subject, that he could resume it but very slightly in the eight ensuing books.

She was warmed with the graceful appearance of the hero: she smothered those sparkles out of decency; but conversation blew them up into a flame. Then she was forced to make a confidant

his love, as it increased her
the change, or at least grew s
this suspicion soon turned to
to rage; then she disdains an
is humble, and entreats; and
spairs, curses, and at last bec
tioner. See here the whole p
to which nothing can be adde
ther, lest I should lose the c
course.

To love our native country,
nefit and its glory, to be inter
is natural to all men, and is
duty. A poet makes a furth
vouring to do honour to it, it
even to be partial in its cause
truth, or fettered by the laws
and Tasso are justly praised for
out of Greece and Italy: Vi
a Trojan; but it was to derive

·ch; but we know not that he was so much as
ent at the siege. To apply this to Virgil; he
ight himself engaged in honour to espouse the
e and quarrel of his country against Carthage.
knew he could not please the Romans better,
oblige them more to patronise his poem, than
disgracing the foundress of that city. He shows
ungrateful to the memory of her first husband,
ing on a stranger; enjoyed, and afterwards for-
en, by him. This was the original, says he, of
immortal hatred betwixt the two rival nations.
s true, he colours the falsehood of Æneas, by an
press command from Jupiter, to forsake the
en, who had obliged him: but he knew the
mans were to be his readers; and them he
bed, perhaps at the expense of his hero's honesty;
: he gained his cause, however, as pleading be-
e corrupt judges. They were content to see
ir founder false to love: for still he had the ad-
ntage of the amour: it was their enemy whom he
sook; and she might have forsaken him, if he had
: got the start of her: she had already forgotten
· vows to her Sichæus: and *varium et mutabile*
per femina, is the sharpest satire, in the fewest
rds, that ever was made on womankind; for
th the adjectives are neuter, and *animal* must be
derstood, to make them grammar. Virgil does
ll to put those words into the mouth of Mercury.
a god had not spoken them, neither durst he
ve written them, nor I translated them. Yet
deity was forced to come twice on the same
and: and the second time, as much a hero as
neas was, he frighted him. It seems he feared
t Jupiter so much as Dido: for your lordship

was powerful ...
ed that the people were natu
he gives their character in the
proverb of *Punica fides*, man
invented.

Thus I hope, my lord, tha
my promise, and justified th
comes of the false knight.
much privileged to lie, as a
honour and interest of his c
Henry Wotton has defined "

This naturally leads me to
mous anachronism, in makin
temporaries; for it is certa
almost two hundred years
Carthage. One, who imitat
Virgil was accused before
The god soon found that he

example, or pleaded by his puny successors in justification of their ignorance, he decreed for the future, no poet should presume to make a lady die for love two hundred years before her birth. To moralise this story, Virgil is the Apollo who has this dispensing power. His great judgment made the laws of poetry; but he never made himself a slave to them: chronology, at best, is but a cobweb-law; and he broke through it with his weight. They who will imitate him wisely, must choose, as he did, an obscure and a remote era, where they may invent at pleasure, and not be easily contradicted. Neither he, nor the Romans, had ever read the Bible, by which only his false computation of times can be made out against him. This Ségrais says, in his defence, and proves it from his learned friend Bochartus, whose letter on this subject he has printed at the end of the fourth Æneïd; to which I refer your lordship and the reader. Yet the credit of Virgil was so great, that he made this fable of his own invention pass for an authentic history, or at least as credible as any thing in Homer. Ovid takes it up after him, even in the same age, and makes an ancient heroine of Virgil's new-created Dido; dictates a letter for her, just before her death, to the ungrateful fugitive: and, very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a sword with a man so much superior in force to him, on the same subject. I think I may be judge of this, because I have translated both. The famous author of the 'Art of Love' has nothing of his own: he borrows all from a greater master in his own profession; and, which is worse, improves nothing which he finds. Nature fails him; and, being forced to his old shift, he has

The mo
fable, I have showed already
to show, that he might mak
superseding the mechanic
same reason that a monarc
suspend his own laws, when
to do, especially if those
fundamental. 'Nothing i
poetry, (says Aristotle) bu
therefore, a man may be
out being an exact chro
continues Ségrais, to co
made a fiction against the
commend Ovid and other
their fictions against the
are the splendid miracl
Yet these are beautifu
have also deep learning
them: h

recesses of antiquity, a great poet may and ought to feign such things as he finds not there, if they can be brought to embellish that subject which he treats. On the other side, the pains and diligence of ill poets is but thrown away, when they want the genius to invent and feign agreeably. But, if the fictions be delightful (which they always are, if they be natural); if they be of a piece; if the beginning, the middle, and the end, be in their due places, and artfully united to each other; such works can never fail of their deserved success. And such is Virgil's episode of Dido and Æneas; where the sourest critic must acknowledge, that, if he had deprived his Æneïs of so great an ornament, because he found no traces of it in antiquity, he had avoided their unjust censure, but had wanted one of the greatest beauties of his poem. I shall say more of this in the next article of their charge against him; which is, want of invention. In the meantime, I may affirm, in honour of this episode, that it is not only now esteemed the most pleasing entertainment of the Æneïs, but was so accounted in his own age, and before it was mellowed into that reputation which time has given it; for which I need produce no other testimony than that of Ovid, his contemporary—

Nec legitur pars ulla magis de corpore toto,
Quam non legitimo fœdere junctus amor—

where, by the way, you may observe, my lord, that Ovid, in those words, *Non legitimo fœdere junctus amor*, will by no means allow it to be a lawful marriage betwixt Dido and Æneas. He was in banishment when he wrote those verses, which I cite

art of unlawful love, than to s
But was Ovid, the court poet
to find no other plea to excu
plain accusation of his maste
was a lawful marriage betw
Juno the goddess of matrimo
her presence (for it was he
matters to that issue). That
short, we may believe; for
amorous, but a widow. Mer
employed on a quite contrary
a marriage by an inuendo—
urbem exstruis—he calls Æneas
but upbraids him for being
the word *uxorius* implies.
if your lordship pleases, why Vi
cerned to make this marriage (
the father of the bride himself,
the bridegroom). It was to
divorce which he intended after

emperor, by giving him the resemblance of his ancestor, and gave him such a resemblance as was not scandalous in that age. For, to leave one wife, and take another, was but matter of gallantry at that time of day among the Romans. *Neque hæc in fœdera veni*, is the very excuse which Æneas makes, when he leaves his lady: 'I made no such bargain with you at our marriage, to live always drudging on at Carthage: my business was Italy, and I never made a secret of it. If I took my pleasure, had not you your share of it? I leave you free, at my departure, to comfort yourself with the next stranger who happens to be shipwrecked on your coast. Be as kind a hostess as you have been to me; and you can never fail of another husband. In the meantime I call the gods to witness, that I leave you ashore unwillingly; for, though Juno made the marriage, yet Jupiter commands me to forsake you.' This is the effect of what he saith, when it is dishonoured out of Latin verse, into English prose. If the poet argued not aright, we must pardon him for a poor blind heathen, who knew no better morals.

I have detained your lordship longer than I intended on this objection, which would indeed weigh something in a spiritual court; but I am not to defend our poet there. The next, I think, is but a cavil, though the cry is great against him, and hath continued from the time of Macrobius, to this present age. I hinted it before. They lay no less than want of invention to his charge—a capital crime, I must acknowledge; for a poet is a maker, as the word signifies: and he who cannot make, (*that is, invent,*) *hath his* name for nothing. That

precedi...
tion is to be taken ...
matter of a poem must b
all its parts; then Scalig
Ségrais, that the history o
invention of Homer, than
an old woman, or almost
mouths, before the Gree
gested it into this admir
read it. At this rate, a
there is nothing new ber
can pass for an invent
Virgil, must be depriv
sailles the less a new h
tect of that palace hat
built before it? Walls
ments, offices, rooms
cence, are in all gr

the Æneïs, which resemble some parts both of the Ilias and of the Odysses: as, for example, Æneas descended into hell, and Ulysses had been there before him: Æneas loved Dido, and Ulysses loved Calypso. In few words, Virgil hath imitated Homer's Odysses in his first six books; and, in his six last, the Ilias. But from hence can we infer that the two poets write the same history? Is there no invention in some other parts of Virgil's Æneïs? The disposition of so many various matters, is not that his own? From what book of Homer had Virgil his episode of Nisus and Euryalus, of Mezentius and Lausus? From whence did he borrow his design of bringing Æneas into Italy? of establishing the Roman empire on the foundations of a Trojan colony? to say nothing of the honour he did his patron, not only in his descent from Venus, but in making him so like her in his best features, that the goddess might have mistaken Augustus for her son. He had indeed the story from common fame, as Homer had his from the Egyptian priestess. *Eneadûm genetrix* was no more unknown to Lucretius, than to him. But Lucretius taught him not to form his hero, to give him piety or valour for his manners, and both in so eminent a degree, that having done what was possible for man to save his king and country, his mother was forced to appear to him, and restrain his fury, which hurried him to death in their revenge. But the poet made his piety more successful; he brought off his father and his son; and his gods witnessed to his devotion, by putting themselves under his protection, to be replaced by him in their promised Italy. *Neither the invention* nor the conduct of this great

one of Raphael's pieces,
work is their original. T
Virgil; and fall as short
There is a kind of inve
Raphael; for though the
the idea of it was his ow
did Æneas: but neither
travellers; for Cain wen
fore they were born: an
heard of such a man. If
Troy, yet Æneas must
could never have arrived
of the two poets were as
their heroes: one went h
a home. To return to
pose Apelles and Raphae
a burning Troy; might
have succeeded as wel

because he was a Grecian, and he would do honour to his country. Raphael, who was an Italian, and descended from the Trojans, would have made Æneas the hero of his piece; and perhaps not with his father on his back, his son in one hand, his bundle of gods in the other, and his wife following, (for an act of piety is not half so graceful in a picture, as an act of courage.) He would have rather drawn him killing Androgeos, or some other, hand to hand; and the blaze of the fires should have darted full upon his face, to make him conspicuous amongst his Trojans. This, I think, is a just comparison betwixt the two poets, in the conduct of their several designs. Virgil cannot be said to copy Homer: the Grecian had only the advantage of writing first. If it be urged, that I have granted a resemblance in some parts; yet therein Virgil has excelled him. For, what are the tears of Calypso for being left, to the fury and death of Dido? Where is there the whole process of her passion, and all its violent effects, to be found, in the languishing episode of the Odysses? If this be a copy, let the critics show us the same dispositions, features, or colouring, in their original. The like may be said of the descent to hell, which was not of Homer's invention neither: he had it from the story of Orpheus and Eurydice. But to what end did Ulysses make that journey? Æneas undertook it by the express commandment of his father's ghost: there he was to show him all the succeeding heroes of his race, and, next to Romulus (mark, if you please, the address of Virgil), his own patron, Augustus Cæsar. Anchises was likewise to instruct *him how to manage* the Italian war, and how to

In the last place, I may safely gr
reading Homer, Virgil was taught to
vention—that is, to imitate like him
more than if a painter studied Rap
might learn to design after his manne
I might imitate Virgil, if I were capa
a heroic poem, and yet the invention
but I should endeavour to avoid a se
I would not give the same story under
with the same characters, in the sa
with the same sequel, for every comn
find me out at the first sight for a plag
'This I read before in Virgil, in a be
and in better verse.' This is like
drew on the low rope, copying lubbe
tricks which his master is so dextrous
on the high.

I will trouble your lordship but wi
tion more, which I know not whethe
Fèvre, or Valais; but I am sure I ha

the highest pitch—turns short on the sudden into some similitude, which diverts, say they, your attention from the main subject, and mispends it on some trivial image. He pours cold water into the caldron, when his business is to make it boil.

This accusation is general, against all who would be thought heroic poets; but I think it touches Virgil less than any. He is too great a master of his art, to make a blot which may so easily be hit. Similitudes, as I have said, are not for tragedy, which is all violent, and where the passions are in a perpetual ferment; for there they deaden where they should animate; they are not of the nature of dialogue, unless in comedy: a metaphor is almost all the stage can suffer, which is a kind of similitude comprehended in a word. But this figure has a contrary effect in heroic poetry; there it is employed to raise the admiration, which is its proper business: and admiration is not of so violent a nature as fear or hope, compassion or horror, or any concernment we can have for such or such a person on the stage. Not but I confess that similitudes and descriptions, when drawn into an unreasonable length, must needs nauseate the reader. Once, I remember, and but once, Virgil makes a similitude of fourteen lines; and his description of Fame is about the same number. He is blamed for both; and I doubt not but he would have contracted them, had he lived to have reviewed his work; but faults are no precedents. This I have observed of his similitudes in general, that they are not placed (as our unobserving critics tell us) in the heat of any action, but commonly in its declining. *When he has* warmed us in his description as

Marks in the original, unbracketed
translation. It is in the first book
poet describes Neptune composing tl
which Æolus had raised a tempest
permission. He had already chidden t
winds for obeying the commands of tl
master; he had warned them from t
had beaten down the billows with h
pelled the clouds, restored the sun
Triton and Cymothoë were heaving tl
off the quicksands, before the poet w
a similitude for illustration:

Ac, veluti magno in populo cum sæp
Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vul
Jamque faces et saxa volant: furor ar
Tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si fort
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque aurib
Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora m
Sic cunctus pelagi cecidit fragor: æqu
Prospiciens genitor, cœloque invectu

nade no illustration. If he could have illus-
, it had been an 'ambitious ornament' out
son, and would have diverted our concern-
: *nunc, non erat his locus;* and therefore he
ed it to its proper place.

ıse are the criticisms of most moment which
been made against the Æneïs by the ancients
oderns. As for the particular exceptions
t this or that passage, Macrobius and Pon-
have answered them already. If I desired to
r more learned than I am, it had been as easy
e to have taken their objections and solutions,
ı for a country parson to take the expositions
: fathers out of Junius and Tremellius, and
ı have named the authors from whence I had
: for so Ruæus (otherwise a most judicious
ıentator on Virgil's works) has used Pontanus,
eatest benefactor; of whom he is very silent;
do not remember that he once cites him.

ıat follows next, is no objection; for that im-
ı fault: and it had been none in Virgil, if he
xtended the time of his action beyond a year.
ıst Aristotle has set no precise limits to it.
er's, we know, was within two months: Tasso,
sure, exceeds not a summer; and if I ex-
d him, perhaps he might be reduced into a
less compass. Bossu leaves it doubtful
ıer Virgil's action were within the year, or
ıp some months beyond it. Indeed, the whole
te is of no more concernment to the common
r, than it is to a ploughman, whether February
ear had twenty-eight or twenty-nine days in
But, for the satisfaction of the more curious
hich number I am sure your lordship is one),

later.

Ronsard, and the rest wl
are of opinion that the ac
up almost a year and hal
tion thus. Anchises died
winter, or beginning of tl
mediately after the interme
sea for Italy. He is surpri
scribed in the beginning
there it is that the scene o
where the action must con
by this storm on the coast
Carthage all that summer a
following; sets sail again f
beginning of the spring; me
and makes Sicily the seco
the action completes the ye

Ségrais reckons another way; and his computation is not condemned by the learned Rusæus; who compiled and published the commentaries on our poet, which we call the Dauphin's Virgil.

He allows the time of the year when Anchises died to be in the latter end of winter, or the beginning of the spring; he acknowledges, that, when Æneas is first seen at sea afterwards, and is driven by the tempest on the coast of Afric, is the time when the action is naturally to begin; he confesses, further, that Æneas left Carthage in the latter end of winter; for Dido tells him in express terms, as an argument for his longer stay,

Quinetiam hiberno moliris sidere classem.

But, whereas Ronsard's followers suppose, that, when Æneas had buried his father, he set sail immediately for Italy (though the tempest drove him on the coast of Carthage), Ségrais will by no means allow that supposition, but thinks it much more probable that he remained in Sicily till the midst of July, or the beginning of August; at which time he places the first appearance of his hero on the sea; and there opens the action of the poem. From which beginning, to the death of Turnus, which concludes the action, there need not be supposed above ten months of intermediate time: for, 'arriving at Carthage in the latter end of summer, staying there the winter following, departing thence in the very beginning of the spring, making a short abode in Sicily the second time, landing in Italy, and making the war, may be reasonably judged the business but of ten months. To this the Ronsardians reply, that having been for seven

and Romans, would detain h
a longer time must be taken
his ships after so tedious a vo
his weather-beaten soldiers
These indeed are but suppo
yet those of Ségrais seem
the feast of Dido, when sh
first, has the appearance of a
seems already almost ended,
story; therefore the love was
hunting followed properly w
scorching country were decli
passed in jollity, as the seaso
quired; and he left her in the
as is already proved. This o
the arrival of Æneas at the mo
marks the season of the sprin
perfectly described by the sin
luting the dawn, and by the
which the poet seems to

months more: for, when Æneas went for succour to the Tuscans, he found their army in a readiness to march, and wanting only a commander; so that, according to this calculation, the Æneïs takes not up above a year complete, and may be comprehended in less compass.

This, amongst other circumstances treated more at large by Ségrais, agrees with the rising of Orion, which caused the tempest described in the beginning of the first book. By some passages in the Pastorals, but more particularly in the Georgics, our poet is found to be an exact astronomer, according to the knowledge of that age. Now Ilioneus (whom Virgil twice employs in embassies, as the best speaker of the Trojans) attributes that tempest to Orion, in his speech to Dido,

Cum, subito assurgens fluctu, nimbosus Orion—

He must mean either the heliacal or achronical rising of that sign. The heliacal rising of a constellation is when it comes from under the rays of the sun, and begins to appear before day-light: the achronical rising, on the contrary, is when it appears at the close of day, and in opposition to the sun's diurnal course.

The heliacal rising of Orion is at present computed to be about the sixth of July; and about that time it is, that he either causes or presages tempests on the seas.

Ségrais has observed further, that when Anna counsels Dido to stay Æneas during the winter, she speaks also of Orion—

Dum pelago desævit hyems, et aquosus Orion.

ly; and rainy in the winter, wh
cally. Your lordship will pard
quent repetition of these can
could not avoid in this abbreviati
I think, deserves no little con
new criticism.

I have yet a word or two to
chines, from my own observa
has imitated those of Homer, b
It was established, long befor
Roman religion as well as in th
were gods; and both nations,
worshipped the same deities:
ians, from whom the Romans, I
ther be thought to derive the ri
than from the Grecians; bec
themselves descended from th
gods had his proper office, an

her party: therefore we find him busy in the beginning of the Æneis, to calm the tempest raised by Æolus, and afterwards conducting the Trojan fleet to Cumæ in safety, with the loss only of their pilot, for whom he bargains. I name those two examples (amongst a hundred which I omit), to prove that Virgil, generally speaking, employed his machines in performing those things which might possibly have been done without them. What more frequent than a storm at sea, upon the rising of Orion? What wonder, if, amongst so many ships, there should one be overset, which was commanded by Orontes; though half the winds had not been there which Æolus employed? Might not Palinurus, without a miracle, fall asleep, and drop into the sea; having been overwearied with watching, and secure of a quiet passage, by his observation of the skies? At least Æneas, who knew nothing of the machine of Somnus, takes it plainly in this sense:

O nimium cœlo et pelago confise sereno,
Nudus in ignotâ, Palinure, jacebis arenâ.

But machines sometimes are specious things to amuse the reader, and give a colour of probability to things otherwise incredible. And, besides, it soothed the vanity of the Romans, to find the gods so visibly concerned in all the actions of their predecessors. We, who are better taught by our religion, yet own every wonderful accident, which befals us for the best, to be brought to pass by some special providence of Almighty God, and by the care of guardian angels: and from hence I might infer, that no heroic poem can be writ on the Epi-

curean principles; which I could easily demonstrate, if there were need to prove it, or I had leisure.

When Venus opens the eyes of her son Æneas, to behold the gods who combated against Troy in that fatal night when it was surprised, we share the pleasure of that glorious vision (which Tasso has not ill copied in the sacking of Jerusalem). But the Greeks had done their business; though neither Neptune, Juno, nor Pallas, had given them their divine assistance. The most crude machine which Virgil uses, is in the episode of Camilla, where Opis, by the command of her mistress, kills Arans. The next is in the twelfth Æneid, where Venus cures her son Æneas. But, in the last of these, the poet was driven to a necessity; for Turnus was to be slain that very day; and Æneas, wounded as he was, could not have engaged him in single combat, unless his hurt had been miraculously healed. And the poet had considered, that the dittany which she brought from Crete, could not have wrought so speedy an effect, without the juice of ambrosia, which she mingled with it. After all, that his machine might not seem too violent, we see the hero limping after Turnus. The wound was skinned; but the strength of his thigh was not restored. But what reason had our author to wound Æneas at so critical a time? and how came the cuisses to be worse tempered than the rest of his armour, which was all wrought by Vulcan and his journeymen? These difficulties are not easily to be solved, without confessing that Virgil had not life enough to correct his work; though he had reviewed it, and found those errors, which he resolved to mend: but,

being prevented by death, and not willing to leave an imperfect work behind him, he ordained, by his last testament, that his Æneis should be burned. As for the death of Aruns, who was shot by a goddess; the machine was not altogether so outrageous, as the wounding Mars and Venus by the sword of Diomede. Two divinities, one would have thought, might have pleaded their prerogative of impassibility, or at least not have been wounded by any mortal hand; beside that the ἰχώρ which they shed, was so very like our common blood, that it was not to be distinguished from it, but only by the name and colour. As for what Horace says in his 'Art of Poetry,' that no machines are to be used, unless on some extraordinary occasion,

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus—

that rule is to be applied to the theatre, of which he is then speaking, and means no more than this; that when the knot of the play is to be untied, and no other way is left for making the discovery—then, and not otherwise, let a god descend upon a rope, and clear the business to the audience; but this has no relation to the machines which are used in an epic poem.

In the last place, for the Dira, or flying pest, which, flapping on the shield of Turnus, and fluttering about his head, disheartened him in the duel, and presaged to him his approaching death, I might have placed it more properly amongst the objections; for the critics, who lay want of courage to the charge of Virgil's hero, quote this passage as a main proof of their assertion. They say our author *had not only secured* him before the duel, but also,

Charlotte Metiscus); tha
who was partial to the T
the event, (though he ha
given it a jog of his hand
thought convenient to giv
security, by sending the s
him: for which they quote

———*Non me tua*
Dicta, ferox: di me te

In answer to which, I
one of those which the poe
and not out of necessity.
beautiful or more poetical t
three Diræ, or the setting o
Milton has borrowed from
different end: for first he n
the scales for St. Gabriel a
no combat was to follow; t
Angel's scale descend, and t
contrary to Virgil, if I ha

event. Yet I dare not condemn so great a genius as Milton: for I am much mistaken if he alludes not to the text in Daniel, where Belshazzar was put into the balance, and found too light. This is digression; and I return to my subject. I said above, that these two machines of the balance and the Dira were only ornamental, and that the success of the duel had been the same without them: for when Æneas and Turnus stood fronting each other before the altar, Turnus looked dejected, and his colour faded in his face, as if he desponded of the victory before the fight; and not only he, but all his party, when the strength of the two champions was judged by the proportion of their limbs, concluded it was *impar pugna*, and that their chief was over-matched; whereupon Juturna (who was of the same opinion) took this opportunity to break the treaty and renew the war. Juno herself had plainly told the nymph beforehand, that her brother was to fight

Imparibus fatis, nec dis nec viribus æquis;

so that there was no need of an apparition to fright Turnus: he had the presage within himself of his impending destiny. The Dira only served to confirm him in his first opinion, that it was his destiny to die in the ensuing combat: and in this sense are those words of Virgil to be taken,

——Non me tua fervida terrent
Dicta, ferox: di me terrent, et Jupiter hostis.

I doubt not but the adverb *solum* is to be understood: 'It is not your [threats] *only* that *give* me this concernment; but I find also, by this portent,

to approach? Besides, the chief ern
was to warn Juturna from the field:
have brought the chariot again, whe
brother worsted in the duel. I migh
that Æneas was so eager of the figh
the city, now almost in his possessio
quarrel with Turnus by the sword: w
had manifestly declined the combat
his sister to convey him as far from t
enemy as she could—I say, not onl
but consented to it; for it is plain he
these words:

O soror, et dudum agnovi, cum pri
Fœdera turbâsti, teque hæc in bella
Et nunc nequiquam fallis dea.

I have dwelt so long on this subje
contract what I have to say in ref
translation; unless I would swell my

brought to its last perfection, for which it was particularly owing to him and Horace. I will give your lordship my opinion, that these two friends had consulted each other's judgment, wherein they should endeavour to excel; and they seem to have pitched on propriety of thought, elegance of words, and harmony of numbers. According to this model, Horace writ his Odes and Epodes: for his Satires and Epistles, being intended wholly for instruction, required another style—

Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri—

and therefore, as he himself professes, are *sermoni propiora*, nearer prose than verse. But Virgil, who never attempted the lyric verse, is every where elegant, sweet, and flowing in his hexameters. His words are not only chosen, but the places in which he ranks them for the sound. He who removes them from the station wherein their master set them, spoils the harmony. What he says of the Sibyl's prophecies, may be as properly applied to every word of his; they must be read in order as they lie; the least breath discomposes them, and somewhat of their divinity is lost. I cannot boast that I have been thus exact in my verses; but I have endeavoured to follow the example of my master, and am the first Englishman, perhaps, who made it his design to copy him in his numbers, his choice of words, and his placing them for the sweetness of the sound. On this last consideration, I have shunned the *cæsura* as much as possibly I could: for, wherever that is used, it gives a roughness to the verse; of which we can have little need in a language which is overstocked with consonants.

jesty to another: an
died in his verses.
hence it is that his ve
be called sweet, as lus
upon it once or twic
have a redundancy
Their metal is so soft
alloy to harden it. C
son already named), i
ficient sweetness to ou
choose our words for
perform which, a mast
ed; the poet must ha
have the art to manag
advantage, that they n
also know the nature
more sonorous, and wl
and so dispose them
quire: all which, and
cation beside, he may

lation of his works, I had four years more allowed me to correct my errors, that I might make my version somewhat more tolerable than it is: for a poet cannot have too great a reverence for his readers, if he expects his labours should survive him. Yet I will neither plead my age nor sickness in excuse of the faults which I have made: that I wanted time, is all that I have to say; for some of my subscribers grew so clamorous, that I could no longer defer the publication. I hope, from the candour of your lordship, and your often experienced goodness to me, that, if the faults are not too many, you will make allowances with Horace:

—si plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.—

You may please also to observe, that there is not, to the best of my remembrance, one vowel gaping on another for want of a *cæsura*, in this whole poem: but, where a vowel ends a word, the next begins either with a consonant, or what is its equivalent; for our *w* and *h* aspirate, and our diptthongs, are plainly such. The greatest latitude I take is in the letter *y*, when it concludes a word, and the first syllable of the next begins with a vowel. Neither need I have called this a latitude, which is only an explanation of this general rule—that no vowel can be cut off before another, when we cannot sink the pronunciation of it; as *he*, *she*, *me*, *I*, &c. Virgil thinks it sometimes a beauty to imitate the licence of the Greeks, and leave two vowels opening on each other, as in that verse of the third Pastoral,

Et succus pecori, et lac subducitur agnis,

their best poets have not prac
the pauses, Malherbe first brou
within this last century: and w
their Alexandrines. But, as
riddle, which he leaves unsolv

Dic, quibus in terris, insc
Nascantur flores; et Phy

so I will give your lordship a
exposition of it to your acu
sure there are few who make
ed the sweetness of these t
Hill:

Though deep, yet clear; th
dull;
Strong without rage: withou

and there are yet fewer who

language; since the French and the Italians, as well as we, are yet ignorant what feet are to be used in heroic poetry; since I have not strictly observed those rules myself, which I can teach others; since I pretend to no dictatorship among my fellow-poets; since, if I should instruct some of them to make well-running verses, they want genius to give them strength as well as sweetness; and, above all, since your lordship has advised me not to publish that little which I know, I look on your counsel as your command, which I shall observe inviolably, till you shall please to revoke it, and leave me at liberty to make my thoughts public. In the meantime, that I may arrogate nothing to myself, I must acknowledge that Virgil in Latin, and Spenser in English, have been my masters. Spenser has also given me the boldness to make use sometimes of his Alexandrine line, which we call, though improperly, the Pindaric, because Mr. Cowley has often employed it in his odes. It adds a certain majesty to the verse, when it is used with judgment, and stops the sense from overflowing into another line. Formerly the French, like us, and the Italians, had but five feet, or ten syllables, in their heroic verse; but, since Ronsard's time, (as I suppose) they found their tongue too weak to support their epic poetry, without the addition of another foot. That indeed had given it somewhat of the run and measure of a trimeter; but it runs with more activity than strength: their language is not strung with sinews, like our English: it has the nimbleness of a greyhound, but not the bulk and body of a mastiff. Our men and our verses overbear them by their weight; and *Pondere, non numero*, is the British motto. The

their chief ... to receive those little o
draw their nymphs in t
the weight of gold and o
for queens and goddesses.
in those turns, like Ovid
of them in his Æneis, t
Georgics:

Ignoscenda quidem, s

That turn is beautiful
in the story of Orpheu
great poem. I have use
sometimes: but I own it
to those who understa
Ovid's

Semivirumque bove

he is wise enough to imitate Augustus, if he
a Maro. The triumvir and proscriber had
:ended to us in a more hideous form than they
' appear, if the emperor had not taken care to
:e friends of him and Horace. I confess, the
ishment of Ovid was a blot in his escutcheon;
he was only banished; and who knows but his
se was capital, and then his exile was a favour?
osto, who, with all his faults, must be acknow-
ged a great poet, has put these words into the
ıth of an evangelist [16]; but whether they will
ı for Gospel now, I cannot tell:

Non fù si santo ni benigno Augusto,
Come la tuba di Virgilio suona.
L'haver havuto in poesia buon gusto,
La proscrittione iniqua gli perdona.

But heroic poetry is not of the growth of France,
it might be of England, if it were cultivated.
enser wanted only to have read the rules of
ssu; for no man was ever born with a greater
ius, or had more knowledge to support it. But
performance of the French is not equal to their
ll; and hitherto we have wanted skill to perform
.ter. Ségrais, whose preface is so wonderfully
ıd, yet is wholly destitute of elevation; though
version is much better than that of the two
ıthers, or any of the rest who have attempted
'gil. Hannibal Caro is a great name amongst
Italians; yet his translation of the Æneïs is
st scandalously mean, though he has taken the
vantage of writing in blank verse, and freed him-
f from the shackles of modern rhyme, (if it be

[16] St. John.

modern; for Le Clerc has told us la
lieve has made it out, that David
written in as errant rhyme as they
Now, if a Muse cannot run when sh
it is a sign she has but little speed.
a digression here, though I am strang
it: but will only say, that he who ca
rhyme, may write better in blank
is certainly a constraint even to the
those who make it with most ease;
I have as little reason to complain
as any man, excepting Quarles and W
it adds to sweetness, it takes away f
he who loses the least by it may be
It often makes us swerve from an au
as, if a mark be set up for an arche
tance, let him aim as exactly as he
wind will take his arrow, and dive
white. I return to our Italian tr
Æneïs: he is a foot-poet, he lacqu
of Virgil at the best, but never mou
Dr. Morelli [18], who is no mean critic
and therefore may be presumed to
his own language, has confirmed me
by his judgment; and thinks, with
often mistaken his master's sense.
if I durst, but am afraid I have com
fault more often, and more grossly:
saken Ruæus (whom generally I f
places, and made expositions of my
quite contrary to him; of which

[17] This general slur upon these poets ha
several modern critics to be uncandid and u
[18] A learned physician.

two examples, because they are so near each other, in the tenth Æneïd—

Sorti Pater æquus utrique.

Pallas says it to Turnus, just before they fight. Ruæus thinks that the word *Pater* is to be referred to Evander, the father of Pallas. But how could he imagine that it was the same thing to Evander, if his son were slain, or if he overcame? The poet certainly intended Jupiter, the common father of mankind; who, as Pallas hoped, would stand an impartial spectator of the combat, and not be more favourable to Turnus than to him. The second is not long after it, and both before the duel is begun. They are the words of Jupiter, who comforts Hercules for the death of Pallas, which was immediately to ensue, and which Hercules could not hinder (though the young hero had addressed his prayers to him for his assistance), because the gods cannot controul destiny.—The verse follows—

Sic ait; atque oculos Rutulorum rejicit arvis—

which the same Ruæus thus construes: 'Jupiter, after he had said this, immediately turns his eyes to the Rutulian fields, and beholds the duel.' I have given this place another exposition, that he turned his eyes from the field of combat, that he might not behold a sight so unpleasing to him. The word *rejicit*, I know, will admit of both senses; but Jupiter, having confessed that he could not alter fate, and being grieved he could not, in consideration of Hercules—it seems to me that he should avert his eyes, rather than take pleasure in the spectacle,

either the French or the I
trymen have translated
of Virgil, with great suc
lordship, whose version
is eminently good. Am
Silenus of my Lord Rosc
commended. I say no
Mr. Waller, and Mr. C
my ambition to be tho
be much inferior to th
living. But it is one t
ment, and translate it
to have the weight of
ders. They who belie
attempt the fourth, a
first or fourth Georgi
the fourth, the fifth,

said in a former dissertation [19], the words are, in poetry, what the colours are in painting; if the design be good, and the draught be true, the colouring is the first beauty that strikes the eye. Spenser and Milton are the nearest, in English, to Virgil and Horace in the Latin; and I have endeavoured to form my style by imitating their masters. I will further own to you, my lord, that my chief ambition is to please those readers who have discernment enough to prefer Virgil before any other poet in the Latin tongue. Such spirits as he desired to please, such would I choose for my judges, and would stand or fall by them alone. Ségrais has distinguished the readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three classes (he might have said the same of writers too, if he had pleased). In the lowest form he places those whom he calls *les petits esprits*—such things as are our upper-gallery audience in a playhouse, who like nothing but the bawdy and rind of wit; prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram, before solid sense and elegant expression: these are mob readers. If Virgil and Martial stood for parliament-men, we know already who would carry it. But, though they make the greatest appearance in the field, and cry the loudest, the best on't is, they are but a sort of French Huguenots, or Dutch boors, brought over in herds, but not naturalised: who have not land of two pounds *per annum* in Parnassus, and therefore are not privileged to poll. Their authors are of the same level; fit to represent them on a mountebank's stage, or to be masters of the ceremonies in a bear-

[19] *See his Preface to Fresnoy's* Art of Painting.

into his shallow bed, like the
with scarce water to moi
There are a middle sort c
there is a middle state of so
ther insight than the former.
city of judging right (for I
are bribed by a party, anc
were not corrupted; but
warm young men, who are
to discern the difference be
tatious sentences, and the
are above liking Martial, or
they would certainly set V
Lucan. I need not say thei
taste with their admirers.
in all they write; but it is
like that of the vain man whc

poets only for young men. They had great success at their first appearance; but 'not being of God,' (as a wit said formerly), they could not stand.

I have already named two sorts of judges; but Virgil wrote for neither of them: and, by his example, I am not ambitious of pleasing the lowest or the middle form of readers.

He chose to please the most judicious—souls of the highest rank, and truest understanding. These are few in number; but whoever is so happy as to gain their approbation, can never lose it, because they never give it blindly. Then they have a certain magnetism in their judgment, which attracts others to their sense. Every day they gain some new proselyte, and in time become the church. For this reason, a well-weighed judicious poem, which at its first appearance gains no more upon the world than to be just received, and rather not blamed than much applauded, insinuates itself by insensible degrees into the liking of the reader: the more he studies it, the more it grows upon him; every time he takes it up, he discovers some new graces in it. And whereas poems, which are produced by the vigour of imagination only, have a gloss upon them at the first, which time wears off: the works of judgment are like the diamond; the more they are polished, the more lustre they receive. Such is the difference betwixt Virgil's Æneïs and Marini's Adone. And, if I may be allowed to change the metaphor, I would say, that Virgil is like the Fame which he describes:

Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.

Such a sort of reputation is my aim, though in a

able to have done any thi
fire of poetry is commonl
men. Yet Virgil has give
tellus for my encourage
heated, the younger cham
fore him. And we find the
the gift, but for the honor
Dampier has informed us,
air of the country which
wholesome.

I had long since consider
the best judges, is not to
and Virgil least of any
beauty lying in his choice
from it by the narrow con
unless I would make use of
those clogged with conson

Nor could the world have borne so fierce a flame—

where the many liquid consonants are placed so artfully, that they give a pleasing sound to the words, though they are all of one syllable.

It is true, I have been sometimes forced upon it in other places of this work; but I never did it out of choice: I was either in haste, or Virgil gave me no occasion for the ornament of words; for it seldom happens but a monosyllable line turns verse to prose: and even that prose is rugged and unharmonious. Philarchus, I remember, taxes Balzac for placing twenty monosyllables in file, without one dissyllable betwixt them. The way I have taken is not so strait as metaphrase, nor so loose as paraphrase: some things too I have omitted, and sometimes have added of my own. Yet the omissions, I hope, are but of circumstances, and such as would have no grace in English; and the additions, I also hope, are easily deduced from Virgil's sense. They will seem (at least I have the vanity to think so) not stuck into him, but growing out of him. He studies brevity more than any other poet: but he had the advantage of a language wherein much may be comprehended in a little space. We, and all the modern tongues, have more articles and pronouns, besides signs of tenses and cases, and other barbarities on which our speech is built by the faults of our forefathers. The Romans founded theirs upon the Greek: and the Greeks, we know, were labouring many hundred years upon their language, before they brought it to perfection. They rejected all those signs, and cut off as many articles as they *could spare;* comprehending in one word what we

mory of our English Poetry) I v
say, that his metaphors are sometim
and his language is not always pure
same time, I must excuse him: for, t
quity of the times, he was forced t
age when, instead of learning foreig
should have studied the beauties
tongue, which, like all other speeche
vated early, or we shall never write i
of elegance. Thus, by gaining ab
home; like the painter in the Arca
to see a skirmish, had his arms lop
turned (says Sir Philip Sidney), well
to draw a battle, but without a hand
work.

There is another thing in which I
to deviate from him and Spenser. T
hemistichs (or half-verses), breaking
dle of a line. I confess there are
in the Fairy Queen; and even thos

half-verses: of which we find not one in Homer, and I think not in any of the Greek poets, or the Latins, excepting only Virgil; and there is no question but he thought he had Virgil's authority for that licence. But I am confident, our poet never meant to leave him or any other such a precedent; and I ground my opinion on these two reasons: first, we find no example of a hemistich in any of his Pastorals or Georgics; for he had given the last finishing strokes to both these poems: but his Æneïs he left so incorrect, at least so short of that perfection at which he aimed, that we know how hard a sentence he passed upon it: and in the second place, I reasonably presume that he intended to have filled up all those hemistichs, because in one of them we find the sense imperfect:

Quem tibi jam Trojâ————

which some foolish grammarian has ended for him with a half-line of nonsense—

peperit fumante Crëusa:

for Ascanius must have been born some years before the burning of that city; which I need not prove. On the other side, we find also, that he himself filled up one line in the sixth Æneïd, the enthusiasm seizing him, while he was reading to Augustus,

Misenum Æoliden, quo non præstantior alter
Ære ciere viros————

to which he added, in that transport, *Martemque accendere cantu;* and never was any line more nobly finished; for the reasons which I have given in

ducts of a hasty Muse—na
in the Nile: part of them l
a lump of unformed unani

I am sensible that many
as imperfect as those halv
gest them better: but gi
excuse of Boccace, who
that some of his novels
rest, returned this answer
made the paladins, was n
of them. The leaders
multitude must consist of

I am also bound to tell
defence, that, from the b
gic to the end of the las
culty of translation grov
ceeding book: for Virg
stock, which I may call

e see that the credit, not only of banks, but of :cheqners, cracks, when little comes in, and much ies out. Virgil called upon me in every line for me new word; and I paid so long, that I was most bankrupt: so that the latter end must needs e more burdensome than the beginning or the iddle; and consequently the twelfth Æneid cost e double the time of the first and second. What ıd become of me, if Virgil had taxed me with nother book? I had certainly been reduced to ay the public in hammered money, for want of illed; that is, in the same old words which I had ıed before: and the receivers must have been rced to have taken any thing, where there was so ttle to be had.

Besides this difficulty (with which I have strugled, and made a shift to pass it over), there is one emaining, which is insuperable to all translators. Ve are bound to our author's sense, though with ıe latitudes already mentioned (for I think it not ı sacred, as that one *iota* must not be added or iminished, on pain of anathema). But slaves we e, and labour on another man's plantation; we ess the vineyard, but the wine is the owner's: if e soil be sometimes barren, then we are sure of ing scourged: if it be fruitful, and our care sucseds, we are not thanked: for the proud reader will ly say, the poor drudge has done his duty. But is is nothing to what follows: for, being obliged ı make his sense intelligible, we are forced to unme our own verses, that we may give his meaning ı the reader. He who invents, is master of his ıoughts and *words*: he can turn and vary them as *pleases, till he* renders them harmonious: but the

[illegible], on which Virgil says Ca
Æneid. If I should translate it s
as the word signifies, the reader wou
mistaken Virgil: for those village-w
call them, give us a mean idea of t
the sound of the Latin is so much
by the just mixture of the vowels v
nants, that it raises our fancies to c
what more noble than a common herl
roses under him, and strew lilies ov
not unworthy the grandson of the g

If I cannot copy his harmonious
shall I imitate his noble flights, whe
and words are equally sublime?

Quem
——quisquis studet æmula
——ceratis ope Dædaleâ
Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus
Nomina ponto.

contemn the world when I think on it, and myself when I translate it.

Lay by Virgil, I beseech your lordship, and all my better sort of judges, when you take my version; and it will appear a passable beauty when the original Muse is absent. But, like Spenser's false Florimel made of snow, it melts and vanishes when the true one comes in sight. I will not excuse but justify myself for one pretended crime, with which I am liable to be charged by false critics, not only in this translation, but in many of my original poems—that I latinize too much. It is true, that, when I find an English word significant and sounding, I neither borrow from the latin nor any other language; but, when I want at home, I must seek abroad.

If sounding words are not of our growth and manufacture, who shall hinder me to import them from a foreign country? I carry not out the treasure of the nation, which is never to return; but what I bring from Italy, I spend in England: here it remains, and here it circulates: for, if the coin be good, it will pass from one hand to another. I trade both with the living and the dead, for the enrichment of our native language. We have enough in England to supply our necessity; but, if we will have things of magnificence and splendour, we must get them by commerce. Poetry requires ornament; and that is not to be had from our old Teuton monosyllables: therefore, if I find any elegant word in a classic author, I propose it to be naturalized, by using it myself; and if the public approves of it, the bill passes. But every man cannot distinguish between pedantry and poetry: every man therefore

too many foreign words
looks as if they were de
tives, but to conquer the

I am now drawing t
suspect your lordship is
mit me first to own what
dertaking. The late Ea
over his new translation
ended before I engaged
ther did I then intend it
afterwards made me by
his lordship's leave, that
he freely granted: and I
for that permission. E
his work (which he mig
fore I could publish mi
if death had not preve
manuscript in my hand
I doubted of my autho
stood Virgil better th

him. Besides this help, which was not inconsiderable, Mr. Congreve has done me the favour to review the Æneïs, and compare my version with the original. I shall never be ashamed to own that this excellent young man has showed me many faults, which I have endeavoured to correct. It is true, he might have easily found more; and then my translation had been more perfect.

Two other worthy friends [22] of mine, who desire to have their names concealed, seeing me straitened in my time, took pity on me, and gave me the Life of Virgil, the two Prefaces to the Pastorals and the Georgics, and all the Arguments in prose to the whole translation; which, perhaps, has caused a report, that the two first poems are not mine. If it had been true, that I had taken their verses for my own, I might have gloried in their aid; and, like Terence, have fathered the opinion that Scipio and Lælius joined with me. But the same style being continued through the whole, and the same laws of versification observed, are proofs sufficient, that this is one man's work: and your lordship is too well acquainted with my manner, to doubt that any part of it is another's.

That your lordship may see I was in earnest when I promised to hasten to an end, I will not give the reasons why I writ not always in the proper terms of navigation, land-service, or in the cant of any profession. I will only say that Virgil has avoided those proprieties, because he writ not to mariners, soldiers, astronomers, gardeners, peasants, &c. but to all in general, and in particular to men and ladies of the first quality, who have been better bred than

[22] Chetwood and Addison.

to be too nicely knowing in the terms. In such cases, it is enough for a poet to write so plainly that he may be understood by his readers; to avoid impropriety, and not affect to be thought learned in all things.

I have omitted the four preliminary lines of the first Æneïd, because I think them inferior to any four others in the whole poem, and consequently believe they are not Virgil's. There is too great a gap betwixt the adjective *vicina* in the second line, and the substantive *arva* in the latter end of the third, which keeps his meaning in obscurity too long, and is contrary to the clearness of his style.

Ut quamvis avido

is too ambitious an ornament to be his; and

Gratum opus agricolis,

are all words unnecessary, and independent of what he said before.

———*Horrentia Martis*
Arma——

is worse than any of the rest. *Horrentia* is such a flat epithet, as Tully would have given us in his verses. It is a mere filler, to stop a vacancy in the hexameter, and connect the preface to the work of Virgil. Our author seems to sound a charge, and begins like the clangour of a trumpet—

Arma, virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris—

scarce a word without an *r*, and the vowels for the greater part sonorous. The prefacer began with *Ille ego*, which he was constrained to patch up in

the fourth line with *at nunc*, to make the sense cohere. And, if both those words are not notorious botches, I am much deceived; though the French translator thinks otherwise. For my own part, I am rather of the opinion that they were added by Tucca and Varius, than retrenched.

I know it may be answered, by such as think Virgil the author of the four lines, that he asserts his title to the Æneïs in the beginning of this work, as he did to the two former in the last lines of the fourth Georgic. I will not reply otherwise to this, than by desiring them to compare these four lines with the four others, which we know are his, because no poet but he alone could write them. If they cannot distinguish creeping from flying, let them lay down Virgil, and take up Ovid, *de Ponto*, in his stead. My master needed not the assistance of that preliminary poet to prove his claim. His own majestic mien discovers him to be the king, amidst a thousand courtiers. It was a superfluous office; and therefore I would not set those verses in the front of Virgil, but have rejected them to my own preface.

I, who before, with shepherds in the groves,
Sung, to my oaten pipe, their rural loves,
And, issuing thence, compell'd the neighb'ring field
A plenteous crop of rising corn to yield,
Manur'd the glebe, and stock'd the fruitful plain,
(A poem grateful to the greedy swain), &c.

If there be not a tolerable line in all these six, the prefacer gave me no occasion to write better. This is a just apology in this place. But I have done great wrong to Virgil in the whole translation:

want of time, the inferiority of our language, the inconvenience of rhyme, and all the other excuses I have made, may alleviate my fault, but cannot justify the boldness of my undertaking. What avails it me to acknowledge freely that I have not been able to do him right in any line? for even my own confession makes against me; and it will always be returned upon me, 'Why then did you attempt it?' To which no other answer can be made, than that I have done him less injury than any of his former libellers.

What they called his picture, had been drawn at length, so many times, by the daubers of almost all nations, and still so unlike him, that I snatched up the pencil with disdain; being satisfied beforehand, that I could make some small resemblance of him, though I must be content with a worse likeness. A sixth Pastoral, a *Pharmaceutria*, a single *Orpheus*, and some other features, have been exactly taken: but those holiday-authors writ for pleasure; and only showed us what they could have done, if they would have taken pains to perform the whole.

Be pleased, my lord, to accept with your wonted goodness this unworthy present which I make you. I have taken off one trouble from you, of defending it, by acknowledging its imperfections: and though some part of them are covered in the verse (as Erichthonius rode always in a chariot, to hide his lameness), such of them as cannot be concealed, you will please to connive at, though, in the strictness of your judgment, you cannot pardon. If Homer was allowed to nod sometimes in so long a work, it will be no wonder if I often fall asleep. You took my *Aureng-zebe* into your protection,

with all his faults: and I hope here cannot be so many; because I translate an author who gives me such examples of correctness. What my jury may be, I know not; but it is good for a criminal to plead before a favourable judge—if I had said partial, would your lordship have forgiven me? or will you give me leave to acquaint the world that I have many times been obliged to your bounty since the revolution? Though I never was reduced to beg a charity, nor ever had the impudence to ask one, either of your lordship, or your noble kinsman the Earl of Dorset, much less of any other; yet, when I least expected it, you have both remembered me: so inherent it is in your family not to forget an old servant. It looks rather like ingratitude on my part, that, where I have been so often obliged, I have appeared so seldom to return my thanks, and where I was also so sure of being well received. Somewhat of laziness was in the case, and somewhat too of modesty; but nothing of disrespect or unthankfulness. I will not say that your lordship has encouraged me to this presumption, lest, if my labours meet with no success in public, I may expose your judgment to be censured. As for my own enemies, I shall never think them worth an answer; and if your lordship has any, they will not dare to arraign you for want of knowledge in this art, till they can produce somewhat better of their own, than your 'Essay on Poetry.' It was on this consideration, that I have drawn out my preface to so great a length. Had I not addressed to a poet and a critic of the first magnitude, I had myself been taxed for want of judgment, and shamed my patron for want of understanding. But neither will you,

May you live happ
of your country, the e
and the ornament of
ed more earnestly by

Most h

An

ÆNEIS.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

The Trojans, after a seven years' voyage, set sail for Italy, but are overtaken by a dreadful storm, which Æolus raises at Juno's request. The tempest sinks one, and scatters the rest. Neptune drives off the winds, and calms the sea. Æneas, with his own ship and six more, arrives safe at an African port. Venus complains to Jupiter of her son's misfortunes. Jupiter comforts her, and sends Mercury to procure him a kind reception among the Carthaginians. Æneas, going out to discover the country, meets his mother in the shape of a huntress, who conveys him in a cloud to Carthage, where he sees his friends whom he thought lost, and receives a kind entertainment from the queen. Dido, by a device of Venus, begins to have a passion for him, and, after some discourse with him, desires the history of his adventures since the siege of Troy, which is the subject of the two following books.

ARMS, and the man I sing, who, forc'd by Fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,
Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan shore.
Long labours, both by sea and land, he bore;
And in the doubtful war, before he won
The Latian realm, and built the destin'd town;

His banish'd gods restor'd to rites divine,
And settled sure succession in his line:
From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majestic Rome.
O Muse! the causes and the crimes relate;
What goddess was provok'd, and whence her hate;
For what offence the queen of heaven began
To persecute so brave, so just a man;
Involv'd his anxious life in endless cares,
Expos'd to wants, and hurried into wars!
Can heavenly minds such high resentment show,
Or exercise their spite in human woe?
Against the Tyber's mouth, but far away,
An ancient town was seated on the sea—
A Tyrian colony—the people made
Stout for the war, and studious of their trade:
Carthage the name—belov'd by Juno more
Than her own Argos, or the Samian shore.
Here stood her chariot; here, if heaven were kind,
The seat of awful empire she design'd.
Yet she had heard an ancient rumour fly
(Long cited by the people of the sky),
That times to come should see the Trojan race
Her Carthage ruin, and her towers deface;
Nor thus confin'd, the yoke of sovereign sway
Should on the necks of all the nations lay.
She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was in fate;
Nor could forget the war she wag'd of late,
For conquering Greece, against the Trojan state.
Besides, long causes working in her mind,
And secret seeds of envy, lay behind:
Deep graven in her heart, the doom remain'd
Of partial Paris, and her form disdain'd;
The grace bestow'd on ravish'd Ganymed,
Electra's glories and her injur'd bed.

Each was a cause alone; and all combin'd
To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.
For this, far distant from the Latian coast,
She drove the remnants of the Trojan host:
And seven long years the' unhappy wandering train
Were toss'd by storms, and scatter'd through the main.
Such time, such toil, requir'd the Roman name,
Such length of labour for so vast a frame.
New scarce the Trojan fleet, with sails and oars,
Had left behind the fair Sicilian shores,
Entering with cheerful shouts the watery reign,
And ploughing frothy furrows in the main;
When, labouring still with endless discontent,
The queen of heaven did thus her fury vent—
'Then am I vanquish'd? must I yield? (said she)
And must the Trojans reign in Italy?
So Fate will have it; and Jove adds his force;
Nor can my power divert their happy course.
Could angry Pallas, with revengeful spleen,
The Grecian navy burn, and drown the men?
She, for the fault of one offending foe,
The bolts of Jove himself presum'd to throw:
With whirlwinds from beneath she toss'd the ship,
And bare expos'd the bosom of the deep:
Then—as an eagle gripes the trembling game—
The wretch, yet hissing with her father's flame,
She strongly seiz'd, and, with a burning wound
Transfix'd and naked, on a rock she bound.
But I, who walk in awful state above,
The majesty of heaven, the sister-wife of Jove,
For length of years my fruitless force employ
Against the thin remains of ruin'd Troy!

And sounding tempe
This way, and that, the' i
And, pressing for release
High in his hall the' unda
And shakes his sceptre,
Which did he not, their
Would sweep the world
Earth, air, and seas, thro
And heaven would fly b
In fear of this, the fath
Confin'd their fury to t
And lock'd them saf
mountain loads
Impos'd a king, with a
To loose their fetters,
To whom the suppliar
And thus the tenour
'O Æolus!—for to t

l thy winds: with night involve the skies;
disperse my fatal enemies.
even, the charming daughters of the main,
d my person wait, and bear my train:"
my wish, and second my design,
est, Deiopeia, shall be thine,
ke thee father of a happy line.'
is the god:—' 'Tis yours, O queen! to will
·k, which duty binds me to fulfil.
ry kingdoms, and this wide command,
he presents of your bounteous hand:
my sovereign's grace; and, as your guest,
h gods at their celestial feast.
mpests at your pleasure, or subdue;
of empire, which I hold from you.'
id, and hurl'd against the mountain-side
ering spear, and all the god apply'd.
ng winds rush through the hollow wound,
ce aloft in air, and skim along the ground;
ttling on the sea, the surges sweep,
uid mountains, and disclose the deep.
ast, and West, with mix'd confusion roar,
the foaming billows to the shore.
les crack; the sailors' fearful cries
and sable night involves the skies;
ven itself is ravish'd from their eyes.
als of thunder from the poles ensue;
shing fires the transient light renew;
of things a frightful image bears;
sent death in various forms appears.
vith unusual fright, the Trojan chief,
ed hands and eyes, invokes relief;
rice and four times happy those, (he cried)
der Ilian walls, before their parents, died!

Thus while the pious pra
Fierce Boreas drove againe
And rent the sheets: the r
And mount the tossing ves
Nor can the shivering oars
The galley gives her side,
While those astern, desce
Through gaping waves be
Three ships were hurried
And on the secret shelve
Those hidden rocks the'
They called them 'Altar
And show'd their spacio
Three more fierce Euru
Dash'd on the shallows
And in mid ocean left t
Orontes' bark, that bo
(A horrid sight!) e'en i

Ilioneus was her chief: Aletes old,
Achates faithful, Abas young and bold,
Endur'd not less: their ships, with gaping seams,
Admit the deluge of the briny streams.
  Meantime imperial Neptune heard the sound
Of raging billows breaking on the ground.
Displeas'd, and fearing for his watery reign,
He rear'd his awful head above the main,
Serene in majesty,—then roll'd his eyes
Around the space of earth, and seas, and skies.
He saw the Trojan fleet dispers'd, distress'd,
By stormy winds and wintry heaven oppress'd.
Full well the god his sister's envy knew,
And what her aims and what her arts pursue.
He summon'd Eurus and the Western blast,
And first an angry glance on both he cast,
Then thus rebuk'd—'Audacious winds! from whence
This bold attempt, this rebel insolence?
Is it for you to ravage seas and land,
Unauthoris'd by my supreme command?
To raise such mountains on the troubled main?
Whom I—but first 'tis fit the billows to restrain:
And then you shall be taught obedience to my reign.
Hence! to your lord my royal mandate bear—
The realms of ocean and the fields of air
Are mine, not his. By fatal lot to me
The liquid empire fell, and trident of the sea.
His power to hollow caverns is confin'd:
There let him reign, the jailor of the wind,
With hoarse commands his breathing subjects call,
And boast and bluster in his empty hall.'

And opens the deep, and
Then heaves them off
guides
His finny coursers, an
The waves unruffle, a
As, when in tumults ri
Mad are their motions
And stones and brand
And all the rustic arm
If then some grave an
They hush their noise,
He soothes with sobe
And quenches their in
So, when the father o
And o'er the seas his
Their fury falls: he s
High on his chariot, a
Majestic moves along,

form'd beneath, with mossy seats,
he Nereïds, and exclude the heats.
rough the crannies of the living walls,
tal streams descend in murmuring falls.
rs need to bind the vessels here,
ded anchors; for no storms they fear.
ips within this happy harbour meet,
remainders of the scatter'd fleet.
jans, worn with toils, and spent with woes,
the welcome land, and seek their wish'd
repose.
od Achates, with repeated strokes
ing flints, their hidden fire provokes:
me succeeds: a bed of wither'd leaves
ıg sparkles in their fall receives:
into life, in fiery fumes they rise,
l with stronger food, invade the skies.
jans, dropping wet, or stand around
erful blaze, or lie along the ground.
y their corn infected with the brine,
ind with marbles, and prepare to dine.
limbs the mountain's airy brow,
es a prospect of the seas below,
s thence, or Antheus, he could spy,
he streamers of Caïcus fly.
els were in view: but, on the plain,
eamy stags command a lordly train
ıching heads: the more ignoble throng
their stately steps, and slowly graze along.
d; and, while secure they fed below,
k the quiver and the trusty bow
s us'd to bear: the leaders first
along, and then the vulgar pierc'd:

He so
In equal portions with
Thus, while he dealt it ro
With cheerful words alla
'Endure, and conquer:
To future good, our past
With me, the rocks of
The inhuman Cyclops,
What greater ills hereaf
Resume your courage
An hour will come, wi
Your sorrows past, as
Through various hazar
To Latium, and the re
Call'd to the seat (the
Where Trojan kingde
Endure the hardships
Live, and reserve yo

on the grassy turf, at ease they dine,
heir strength with meat, and cheer their
ouls with wine.
ger thus appeas'd, their care attends
ful fortune of their absent friends:
hopes and fears their minds possess,
o deem them dead, or in distress.
rest, Æneas mourns the fate
Orontes, and the uncertain state
Lycus, and of Amycus.—
out not their sorrows, ended thus;
m aloft, almighty Jove surveys
and shores, and navigable seas:
on Libyan realms he fix'd his eyes—
ndering thus on human miseries,
ius saw, she with a lowly look,
rom tears, her heavenly sire bespoke:—
of gods and men! whose awful hand
thunder on the seas and land;
ll with absolute command;
l my pious son thy power incense?
las! is vanish'd Troy's offence?
of Italy not only lost,
seas by various tempests toss'd,
om every shore, and barr'd from every
oast.
s'd once, a progeny divine,
s, rising from the Trojan line,
nes should hold the world in awe,
land and ocean give the law.
ur doom revers'd, which eas'd my care
y was ruin'd in that cruel war?
to fates I could oppose: but now,
une still pursues her former blow,

Then banish'd Faith shall once again return,
And Vestal fires in hallow'd temples burn;
And Remus with Quirinus shall sustain
The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain.
Janus himself before his fane shall wait,
And keep the dreadful issues of his gate,
With bolts and iron bars: within remains
Imprison'd Fury, bound in brazen chains:
High on a trophy rais'd, of useless arms,
He sits, and threats the world with vain alarms.'
He said, and sent Cyllenius with command
To free the ports, and ope the Punic land
To Trojan guests; lest, ignorant of fate,
The queen might force them from her town and state
Down from the steep of heaven Cyllenius flies,
And cleaves with all his wings the yielding skies.
Soon on the Libyan shore descends the god,
Performs his message, and displays his rod.
The surly murmurs of the people cease;
And as the Fates requir'd, they give the peace.
The queen herself suspends the rigid laws,
The Trojans pities, and protects their cause.
Meantime, in shades of night Æneas lies:
Care seiz'd his soul, and sleep forsook his eyes.
But when the sun restor'd the cheerful day,
He rose, the coast and country to survey,
Anxious and eager to discover more.—
It look'd a wild uncultivated shore:
But, whether human kind, or beasts alone,
Possess'd the new-found region, was unknown,
Beneath a ledge of rocks his fleet he hides:
Tall trees surround the mountain's shady sides:
The bending brow above a safe retreat provides.

Arm'd with two pointed darts, he leaves his friends;
And true Achates on his steps attends.
Lo! in the deep recesses of the wood,
Before his eyes his goddess mother stood—
A huntress in her habit and her mien:
Her dress a maid, her air confess'd a queen.
Bare were her knees, and knots her garments bind;
Loose was her hair, and wanton'd in the wind;
Her hand sustain'd a bow; her quiver hung behind.
She seem'd a virgin of the Spartan blood:
With such array Harpalyce bestrode
Her Thracian courser, and out-stripp'd the rapid flood.
'Ho! strangers! have you lately seen (she said)
One of my sisters, like myself array'd,
Who cross'd the lawn, or in the forest stray'd?
A painted quiver at her back she bore;
Varied with spots, a lynx's hide she wore;
And at full cry pursued the tusky boar.'
Thus Venus: thus her son replied again:
'None of your sisters have we heard or seen,
O virgin! or what other name you bear
Above that style—O more than mortal fair!
Your voice and mien celestial birth betray!
If, as you seem, the sister of the day,
Or one at least of chaste Diana's train,
Let not an humble suppliant sue in vain;
But tell a stranger, long in tempests toss'd,
What earth we tread, and who commands the coast?
Then on your name shall wretched mortals call,
And offer'd victims at your altars fall,'—
I dare not, (she replied) assume the name
Of goddess, or celestial honours claim;

Great were her wrongs, her
Which I will sum in short.
For wealth, and brother to th
Possess'd fair Dido's bed ; a
At once was wounded with a
Her father gave her, yet a sp
Pygmalion then the Tyrian s
One who contemn'd divine a
Then strife ensued, and curse
The monarch, blinded with d
With steel invades his brothe
Before the sacred altar made
And long from her conceal'd
Some tale, some new pretenc
To sooth his sister, and delud
At length, in dead of night, t
Of her unhappy lord : the sp

They meet, and all combine to leave the state,
Who hate the tyrant, or who fear his hate.
They seize a fleet, which ready rigg'd they find;
Nor is Pygmalion's treasure left behind.
The vessels, heavy laden, put to sea
With prosperous winds: a woman leads the way.
I know not, if by stress of weather driven,
Or was their fatal course dispos'd by heaven:
At last they landed, where from far your eyes
May view the turrets of new Carthage rise;
There bought a space of ground, which (Byrsa call'd
From the bull's hide) they first inclos'd, and wall'd.
But whence are you? what country claims your birth?
What seek you, strangers, on our Libyan earth?'
To whom, with sorrow streaming from his eyes,
And deeply sighing, thus her son replies:
'Could you with patience hear, or I relate,
O nymph! the tedious annals of our fate,
Through such a train of woes if I should run,
The day would sooner, than the tale, be done.
From ancient Troy, by force expell'd, we came—
If you by chance have heard the Trojan name.
On various seas by various tempests toss'd,
At length we landed on your Libyan coast.
The good Æneas am I call'd—a name,
While Fortune favour'd, not unknown to fame.
My household gods, companions of my woes,
With pious care I rescued from our foes.
To fruitful Italy my course was bent;
And from the king of heaven is my descent.
With twice ten sail I cross'd the Phrygian sea;
Fate and my mother goddess led my way.

But, interposing, sought
' Who'er you are—not t
Since on our friendly sho
Have courage: to the g
And to the queen expos
Now take this earnest o
Your scatter'd fleet is jo
The winds are chang'd,
Or I renounce my skill i
Twelve swans behold in
And stoop, with closing
Whom late the bird of J
And through the cloud
Now, all united in a good
They skim the ground, a
As they, with joy returni
And ride the circuit of th
Not otherwise your ships

The prince pursued the parting deity
With words like these: 'Ah! whither do you fly?
Unkind and cruel! to deceive your son
In borrow'd shapes, and his embrace to shun;
Never to bless my sight, but thus unknown;
And still to speak in accents not your own.'
Against the goddess these complaints he made,
But took the path, and her commands obey'd.
They march obscure: for Venus kindly shrouds,
With mists, their persons, and involves in clouds,
That, thus unseen, their passage none might stay,
Or force to tell the causes of their way.
This part perform'd, the goddess flies sublime,
To visit Paphos, and her native clime,
Where garlands, ever green and ever fair,
With vows are offer'd, and with solemn prayer:
A hundred altars in her temple smoke:
A thousand bleeding hearts her power invoke.
They climb the next ascent, and, looking down,
Now at a nearer distance view the town.
The prince with wonder sees the stately towers
(Which late were huts, and shepherds' homely bowers),
The gates and streets; and hears, from every part,
The noise and busy concourse of the mart.
The toiling Tyrians on each other call,
To ply their labour: some extend the wall;
Some build the citadel; the brawny throng
Or dig, or push unwieldy stones along.
Some for their dwellings choose a spot of ground,
Which, first design'd, with ditches they surround.
Some laws ordain; and some attend the choice
Of holy senates, and elect by voice.

Here some design a mole, while others there
Lay deep foundations for a theatre,
From marble quarries mighty columns hew,
For ornaments of scenes, and future view.
Such is their toil, and such their busy pains,
As exercise the bees in flowery plains,
When winter past, and summer scarce begun,
Invites them forth to labour in the sun:
Some lead their youth abroad, while some condense
Their liquid store, and some in cells dispense:
Some at the gate stand ready to receive
The golden burden, and their friends relieve:
All, with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive:
With envy stung, they view each other's deeds;
The fragrant work with diligence proceeds.
'Thrice happy you, whose walls already rise!'
Æneas said, and view'd, with lifted eyes,
Their lofty towers: then entering at the gate,
Conceal'd in clouds (prodigious to relate),
He mix'd, unmark'd, among the busy throng,
Borne by the tide, and pass'd unseen along.
Full in the centre of the town there stood,
Thick set with trees, a venerable wood:
The Tyrians landing near this holy ground,
And digging here, a prosperous omen found:
From under earth a courser's head they drew,
Their growth and future fortune to foreshow:
This fated sign their foundress Juno gave,
Of a soil fruitful, and a people brave.
Sidonian Dido here with solemn state
Did Juno's temple build, and consecrate,
Enrich'd with gifts, and with a golden shrine;
But more the goddess made the place divine.

On brazen steps the marble threshold rose,
And brazen plates the cedar beams inclose:
The rafters are with brazen coverings crown'd;
The lofty doors on brazen hinges sound.
What first Æneas in this place beheld,
Reviv'd his courage, and his fear expell'd.
For—while, expecting there the queen, he rais'd
His wondering eyes, and round the temple gaz'd,
Admir'd the fortune of the rising town,
The striving artists, and their arts' renown—
He saw in order painted on the wall,
Whatever did unhappy Troy befall—
The wars that fame around the world had blown,
All to the life, and every leader known.
There Agamemnon, Priam here, he spies,
And fierce Achilles, who both kings defies.
He stopp'd, and weeping said,—'O friend! e'en here
The monuments of Trojan woes appear!
Our known disasters fill ev'n foreign lands;
See there, where old unhappy Priam stands!
E'en the mute walls relate the warrior's fame,
And Trojan griefs the Tyrians' pity claim.'
He said—(his tears a ready passage find)
Devouring what he saw so well design'd;
And with an empty picture fed his mind:
For there he saw the fainting Grecians yield,
And here the trembling Trojans quit the field,
Pursued by fierce Achilles through the plain,
On his high chariot driving o'er the slain.
The tents of Rhesus next his grief renew,
By their white sails betray'd to nightly view;
And wakeful Diomede, whose cruel sword
The centries slew, nor spar'd their slumbering lord.

Hung by the neck and
The hostile spear, yet
With tracks of blood
Meantime the Tro
To Pallas' fane in lon
In hopes to reconcile
They weep; they be
their hair,
And rich embroider'd
But the stern goddess
Thrice round the Tro
The corpse of Hecto
Here Priam sues; an
The lifeless body of
So sad an object, and
Drew sighs and groans
To see the figure of
And his old sire his he
Himself he saw amid
Mix'd in the bloody

Thus while the Trojan prince employs his eyes,
Fix'd on the walls with wonder and surprise,
The beauteous Dido, with a numerous train,
And pomp of guards, ascends the sacred fane.
Such on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' height,
Diana seems: and so she charms the sight,
When in the dance the graceful goddess leads
The choir of nymphs, and overtops their heads.
Known by her quiver, and her lofty mien,
She walks majestic, and she looks their queen:
Latona sees her shine above the rest,
And feeds with secret joy her silent breast.
Such Dido was; with such becoming state,
Amidst the crowd, she walks serenely great.
Their labour to her future sway she speeds,
And passing with a gracious glance proceeds,
Then mounts the throne, high plac'd before the shrine:
In crowds around, the swarming people join.
She takes petitions, and dispenses laws,
Hears and determines every private cause:
Their tasks in equal portions she divides,
And, where unequal, there by lot decides.
Another way by chance Æneas bends
His eyes, and unexpected sees his friends,
Antheus, Sergestus grave, Cloanthus strong,
And at their backs a mighty Trojan throng,
Whom late the tempest on the billows toss'd,
And widely scatter'd on another coast.
The prince, unseen, surpris'd with wonder stands,
And longs, with joyful haste, to join their hands:
But, doubtful of the wish'd event, he stays,
And from the hollow cloud his friends surveys,
Impatient till they told their present state,
And where they left their ships, and what their fate,

'O queen! indulg'd by —
To found an empire in these ne
To build a town; with statute
The wild inhabitants beneath t
We wretched Trojans, toss'd o
From sea to sea, thy clemency
Forbid the fires our shipping
Receive the unhappy fugitive
And spare the remnant of a
We come not with design of
To drive the country, force t
Nor such our strength, nor s
The vanquish'd dare not to s
A land there is, Hesperia na
The soil is fruitful, and the
The Œnotrians held it once
Now call'd Italia, from the
To that sweet region was o
When winds, and every wa
Disturb'd our course, and,
— vessels on th

·d fortune no compassion draws,
table rights, nor human laws,
are just, and will revenge our cause.
ıs our prince— a juster lord,
· warrior, never drew a sword—
t of the right, religious of his word.
lives, and draws this vital air,
is friends of safety shall despair,
great queen, these offices repent,
: will equal, and perhaps augment.
not cities, nor Sicilian coasts,
ng Acestes Trojan lineage boasts.
ır ships a shelter on your shores,
from your woods with planks and oars,
ɔur prince be safe, we may renew
.n'd course, and Italy pursue.
best of men! the Fates ordain
ı art swallow'd in the Libyan main,
ır young Iiilus be no more,
ɔur navy from your friendly shore,
to good Acestes may return,
ı our friends our common losses mourn.'
ke Ilioneus: the Trojan crew
ɜs and clamours his request renew.
est queen awhile, with down-cast eyes,
| the speech, then briefly thus replies:
! dismiss your fears: my cruel fate,
bts attending an unsettled state,
e to guard my coast from foreign foes.
not heard the story of your woes,
e and fortune of your native place,
ɜ *and valour of* the Phrygian race?
ıns are not so devoid of sense,
mote from Phœbus' influence.

Whether to Latian shores your course is ben
Or, driven by tempests from your first inten
You seek the good Acestes' government,
Your men shall be receiv'd, your fleet repair
And sail with ships of convoy for your guard
Or would you stay, and join your friendly pow
To raise and to defend the Tyrian towers,
My wealth, my city, and myself, are yours.
And would to heaven, the storm you felt,
bring
On Carthaginian coasts your wandering king
My people shall, by my command, explore
The ports and creeks of every winding shore
And towns, and wilds, and shady woods, in q
Of so renown'd and so desir'd a guest.'
Rais'd in his mind the Trojan hero stood,
And long'd to break from out his ambient clo
Achates found it, and thus urg'd his way :
' From whence, O goddess-born, this long de
What more can you desire, your welcome sur
Your fleet in safety, and your friends secure:
One only wants : and him we saw in vain
Oppose the storm, and swallow'd in the main.
Orontes in his fate our forfeit paid :
The rest agrees with what your mother said.'
Scarce had he spoken, when the cloud gave w
The mists flew upward, and dissolv'd in day.
The Trojan chief appear'd in open sight,
August in visage, and serenely bright.
His mother-goddess, with her hands divine,
Had form'd his curling locks, and made his
ples shine,
And given his rolling eyes a sparkling grace,
And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face ;

Like polish'd ivory, beauteous to behold,
Or Parian marble, when enclas'd in gold:
Thus radiant from the circling cloud he broke;
And thus with manly modesty he spoke:
'He whom you seek am I; by tempests toss'd,
And sav'd from shipwreck on your Libyan coast;
Presenting, gracious queen, before your throne,
A prince that owes his life to you alone.
Fair majesty! the refuge and redress
Of those whom Fate pursues, and wants oppress!
You, who your pious offices employ
To save the reliques of abandon'd Troy;
Receive the shipwreck'd on your friendly shore,
With hospitable rites relieve the poor;
Associate in your town a wandering train,
And strangers in your palace entertain.
What thanks can wretched fugitives return,
Who scatter'd through the world in exile mourn?
The gods (if gods to goodness are inclin'd—
If acts of mercy touch their heavenly mind),
And, more than all the gods, your generous heart,
Conscious of worth, requite its own desert!
In you this age is happy, and this earth;
And parents more than mortal gave you birth.
While rolling rivers into seas shall run,
And round the space of heaven the radiant sun;
While trees the mountain-tops with shades supply,
Your honour, name, and praise, shall never die.
Whate'er abode my fortune has assign'd,
Your image shall be present in my mind.'
Thus having said, he turn'd with pious haste,
And joyful his expecting friends embrac'd:
With his right hand Ilioneus was [1] grac'd,

[1] *Dr. Carey* judiciously substitutes he.

Have cast you shipwrec
Are you the great Æne
Who from celestial seed
The same Æneas, whor
To fam'd Anchises on t
It calls into my mind,
When Teucer came, fr
And sought my father's
My father Belus then
Invaded Cyprus, made
And, conquering, finis
From him the Trojan
The Grecian chiefs, a
Your foe himself the
And his own ancestry
Enter, my noble gues
If not a costly welco
For I myself, like yo
Till heaven afforded
Like you, an alien in

Besides a hundred boars, a hundred lambs,
With bleating cries, attend their milky dams:
And jars of generous wine, and spacious bowls,
She gives, to cheer the sailors' drooping souls.
Now purple hangings clothe the palace-walls,
And sumptuous feasts are made in splendid halls:
On Tyrian carpets, richly wrought, they dine;
With loads of massy plate the side-boards shine,
And antique vases, all of gold emboss'd,
(The gold itself inferior to the cost
Of curious work) where on the sides were seen
The fights and figures of illustrious men,
From their first founder to the present queen.

The good Æneas, whose paternal care
Iülus' absence could no longer bear,
Dispatch'd Achates to the ships in haste,
To give a glad relation of the past,
And, fraught with precious gifts, to bring the boy
Snatch'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy—
A robe of tissue, stiff with golden wire;
An upper vest, once Helen's rich attire,
From Argos by the fam'd adultress brought,
With golden flowers and winding foliage wrought—
Her mother Leda's present, when she came
To ruin Troy, and set the world on flame;
The sceptre Priam's eldest daughter bore,
Her orient necklace, and the crown she wore
Of double texture, glorious to behold;
One order set with gems, and one with gold.
Instructed thus, the wise Achates goes,
And, in his diligence, his duty shows.

But Venus, anxious for her son's affairs,
New counsels tries, and new designs prepares:

That Cupid should assume the shape and face
Of sweet Ascanius, and the sprightly grace;
Should bring the presents, in her nephew's stea
And in Eliza's veins the gentle poison shed:
For much she fear'd the Tyrians, double-tongu'd
And knew the town to Juno's care belong'd.
These thoughts by night her golden slumbers brok
And thus, alarm'd, to winged Love she spoke:
'My son, my strength, whose mighty power alo
Controls the thunderer on his awful throne,
To thee thy much-afflicted mother flies,
And on thy succour and thy faith relies.
Thou know'st, my son, how Jove's revengeful wi
By force and fraud, attempts thy brother's life:
And often hast thou mourn'd with me his pains.
Him Dido now with blandishment detains;
But I suspect the town where Juno reigns.
For this, 'tis needful to prevent her art,
And fire with love the proud Phœnician's heart
A love so violent, so strong, so sure,
That neither age can change, nor art can cure.
How this may be perform'd, now take my mind
Ascanius by his father is design'd
To come, with presents laden, from the port,
To gratify the queen, and gain the court.
I mean to plunge the boy in pleasing sleep,
And, ravish'd, in Idalian bowers to keep,
Or high Cythera, that the sweet deceit
May pass unseen, and none prevent the cheat.
Take thou his form and shape. I beg the grace,
But only for a night's revolving space,
Thyself a boy, assume a boy's dissembled face;
That when, amidst the fervour of the feast,
The Tyrian hugs and fonds thee on her breast,

ith sweet kisses in her arms constrains,
nay'st infuse thy venom in her veins.'
d of love obeys, and sets aside
w and quiver, and his plumy pride:
lks Iülus in his mother's sight,
the sweet resemblance takes delight.
goddess then to young Ascanius flies,
a pleasing slumber seals his eyes:
in her lap, amidst a train of Loves,
ntly bears him to her blissful groves,
with a wreath of myrtle crowns his head,
ftly lays him on a flowery bed.
meantime assum'd his form and face,
ing Achates with a shorter pace,
rought the gifts. The queen already sate
t the Trojan lords, in shining state,
n a golden bed: her princely guest
ext her side; in order sate the rest.
anisters with bread are heap'd on high;
tendants water for their hands supply,
aving wash'd, with silken towels dry.
ifty handmaids in long order bore
nsers, and with fumes the gods adore;
ouths and virgins, twice as many, join
ce the dishes, and to serve the wine.
rian train, admitted to the feast,
ch, and on the painted couches rest.
the Trojan gifts with wonder gaze,
w the beauteous boy with more amaze,
y-colour'd cheeks, his radiant eyes,
tions, voice, and shape, and all the god's disguise;
ss unprais'd the vest and veil divine,
wandering foliage and rich flowers entwine.

Then sought the q
With greedy pleasure, a
Unhappy Dido little th
How dire a god, she dr
But he, not mindless o
Works in the pliant bo
And moulds her heart
care.
The dead is to the liv
And all Æneas enter
Now, when the ra
The meat remov'd a
The golden bowls wi
And through the pa
From gilded roofs d
Nocturnal beams, t
A golden bowl, tha
The queen comman
The bowl that Bel
Then, silence throu
O inexhaustible Jo

And you, my lords of Tyre, your vows address
To heaven, with mine, to ratify the peace.'
The goblet then she took, with nectar crown'd,
(Sprinkling the first libations on the ground)
And rais'd it to her mouth with sober grace,
Then, sipping, offer'd to the next in place.
Twas Bitias whom she call'd—a thirsty soul:
He took the challenge, and embrac'd the bowl,
With pleasure swill'd the gold, nor ceas'd to draw,
Till he the bottom of the brimmer saw.
The goblet goes around: Iöpas brought
His golden lyre, and sung what ancient Atlas taught—
The various labours of the wandering moon,
And whence proceed the' eclipses of the sun;
The' original of men and beasts; and whence
The rains arise, and fires their warmth dispense,
And fix'd and erring stars dispose their influence;
What shakes the solid earth; what cause delays
The summer nights, and shortens winter days.
With peals of shouts the Tyrians praise the song:
Those peals are echoed by the Trojan throng.
Th' unhappy queen with talk prolong'd the night,
And drank large draughts of love with vast delight;
Of Priam much inquir'd, of Hector more;
Then ask'd what arms the swarthy Memnon wore,
What troops he landed on the Trojan shore;
(The steeds of Diomede varied the discourse,
And fierce Achilles, with his matchless force;
At length, as Fate and her ill stars requir'd,
To hear the series of the war desir'd.
'Relate at large, my god-like guest, (she said,)
The Grecian stratagems, the town betray'd:

Seven times the sun
The winter banish'd

ÆNEIS.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

Æneas relates how the city of Troy was taken, after a ten years' siege, by the treachery of Sinon, and the stratagem of a wooden horse. He declares the fixed resolution he had taken not to survive the ruin of his country, and the various adventures he met with in defence of it. At last having been before advised by Hector's ghost, and now by the appearance of his mother Venus, he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and settle his household gods in another country. In order to this, he carries off his father on his shoulders, and leads his little son by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but misses his wife, whose ghost afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was designed for him.

All were attentive to the god-like man,
When from his lofty couch he thus began:
'Great queen, what you command me to relate,
Renews the sad remembrance of our fate:
An empire from its old foundations rent,
And every woe the Trojans underwent;

A peopled city made a desert place;
All that I saw, and part of which I was;
Not even the hardest of our foes could hear,
Nor stern Ulysses tell, without a tear.
And now the latter watch of wasting night,
And setting stars, to kindly rest invite.
But, since you take such interest in our woe,
And Troy's disastrous end desire to know,
I will restrain my tears, and briefly tell
What in our last and fatal night befel.
By destiny compell'd, and in despair,
The Greeks grew weary of the tedious war,
And, by Minerva's aid, a fabric rear'd,
Which like a steed of monstrous height appear'd:
The sides were plank'd with pine: they feign'd it made
For their return, and this the vow they paid.
Thus they pretend, but in the hollow side,
Selected numbers of their soldiers hide:
With inward arms the dire machine they load;
And iron bowels stuff the dark abode.
In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle
(While Fortune did on Priam's empire smile)
Renown'd for wealth; but, since, a faithless bay,
Where ships expos'd to wind and weather lay,
There was their fleet conceal'd. We thought, for Greece
Their sails were hoisted, and our fears release.
The Trojans, coop'd within their walls so long,
Unbar their gates, and issue in a throng,
Like swarming bees, and with delight survey
The camp deserted, where the Grecians lay:
The quarters of the several chiefs they show'd—
Here Phœnix, here Achilles made abode;
Here join'd the battles; there the navy rode.

Part on the pile their wandering eyes employ—
The pile by Pallas rais'd to ruin Troy.
Thymœtes first ('tis doubtful whether hir'd,
Or so the Trojan destiny requir'd)
Mov'd that the ramparts might be broken down,
To lodge the monster fabric in the town.
But Capys, and the rest of sounder mind,
The fatal present to the flames design'd,
Or to the watery deep; at least to bore
The hollow sides, and hidden frauds explore.
The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide,
With noise say nothing, and in parts divide.
Laocoön, follow'd by a numerous crowd,
Ran from the fort, and cried, from far, aloud:
'O wretched countrymen! what fury reigns?
What more than madness has possess'd your brains?
Think you the Grecians from your coasts are gone?
And are Ulysses' arts no better known?
This hollow fabric either must inclose,
Within its blind recess, our secret foes;
Or 'tis an engine rais'd above the town,
To' o'erlook the walls, and then to batter down.
Somewhat is sure design'd by fraud or force—
Trust not their presents, nor admit the horse.'
Thus having said, against the steed he threw
His forceful spear, which, hissing as it flew,
Pierc'd through the yielding planks of jointed wood,
And trembling in the hollow belly stood.
The sides, transpierc'd, return a rattling sound;
And groans of Greeks inclos'd come issuing through the wound.
And, had not heaven the fall of Troy design'd,
Or had not men been fated to be blind,
Enough was said and done, to' inspire a better [mind:

Then had our lances pierc'd the treacherous wood,
And Ilian tow'rs and Priam's empire stood.
Meantime, with shouts, the Trojan shepherds bring
A captive Greek in bands, before the king—
Taken, to take—who made himself their prey,
To' impose on their belief, and Troy betray;
Fix'd on his aim, and obstinately bent
To die undaunted, or to circumvent.
About the captive, tides of Trojans flow;
All press to see, and some insult the foe.
Now hear how well the Greeks their wiles disguis'd:
Behold a nation in a man compris'd.
Trembling the miscreant stood: unarm'd and bound,
He star'd, and roll'd his haggard eyes around;
Then said, 'Alas! what earth remains, what sea
Is open to receive unhappy me?
What fate a wretched fugitive attends,
Scorn'd by my foes, abandon'd by my friends!'
He said, and sigh'd, and cast a rueful eye:
Our pity kindles, and our passions die.
We cheer the youth to make his own defence,
And freely tell us what he was, and whence:
What news he could impart we long to know,
And what to credit from a captive foe.
His fear at length dismiss'd, he said, 'Whate'er
My fate ordains, my words shall be sincere:
I neither can nor dare my birth disclaim:
Greece is my country, Sinon is my name.
Though plung'd by Fortune's power in misery,
'Tis not in Fortune's power to make me lie.
If any chance has hither brought the name
Of Palamedes, not unknown to fame,
Who suffer'd from the malice of the times,
Accus'd and sentenc'd for pretended crimes,

ıe fatal wars he would prevent;
th the wretched Greeks too late lament—
ı boy, my father, poor and bare
neans, committed to his care,
ın and companion in the war.
tune favour'd, while his arms support
and rul'd the counsels of the court,
ne figure there; nor was my name
ıor I without my share of fame.
Ulysses, with fallacious arts,
impression in the people's hearts,
a treason in my patron's name
f things too far divulg'd by fame),
ın fell. Then I, without support,
mourn'd his loss, and left the court.
was, I could not bear his fate
t grief, but loudly blam'd the state,
the direful author of my woes.—
again; and hence my ruin rose.
d, if indulgent heaven once more
d me safely on my native shore,
with double vengeance to restore.
l the murderer's hate; and soon ensued
:s of malice from a man so proud.
s rumours through the camp he spread,
t, by treason, my devoted head;
's invented; left unturn'd no stone,
ıy guilt appear, and hide his own;
s was by force and threatening wrought—
why dwell I on that anxious thought?
ıation just revenge you seek,
appear a foe, to' appear a Greek;
ıu my name and country know:
ıur thirst of blood, and strike the blow:

With acted fear, the
' Long had the Grecia
And wearied with an
Resolv'd to raise the
And, had the gods pe
But oft the wintry se
Withstood their pass
minds.
Portents and prodigi
But most, when this
Then flaming meteo
And thunders rattled
Dismay'd, and fearfu
Eurypylus, to' inquir
He from the gods th
' O Grecians, when t
Your passage with a
So must your safe r
And Grecian blood
The spreading rumo
All heard, and each

For twice five days the good old seer withstood
The' intended treason, and was dumb to blood,
Till, tir'd with endless clamours and pursuit
Of Ithacus, he stood no longer mute,
But, as it was agreed, pronounc'd that I
Was destin'd by the wrathful gods to die.
All prais'd the sentence, pleas'd the storm should fall
On one alone, whose fury threaten'd all.
The dismal day was come: the priests prepare
Their leaven'd cakes, and fillets for my hair.
I follow'd nature's laws, and must avow,
I broke my bonds, and fled the fatal blow.
Hid in a weedy lake all night I lay,
Secure of safety when they sail'd away.
But now what further hopes for me remain,
To see my friends or native soil again:
My tender infants, or my careful sire,
Whom they returning will to death require;
Will perpetrate on them their first design,
And take the forfeit of their heads for mine?
Which, O! if pity mortal minds can move,
If there be faith below, or gods above,
If innocence and truth can claim desert,
Ye Trojans, from an injur'd wretch avert.'
False tears true pity move: the king commands
To loose his fetters, and unbind his hands,
Then adds these friendly words: 'Dismiss thy fears:
Forget the Greeks: be mine as thou wert theirs;
But truly tell, was it for force or guile,
Or some religious end, you rais'd the pile?'
Thus said the king.—He, full of fraudful arts,
This well-invented tale for truth imparts:
'Ye lamps of heaven! (he said, and lifted high
His hands now free)—thou venerable sky!

.

the ground,

ound,

em'd to threat:

y sweat.

vas seen to wield

er horrid shield

ight prepare,

edious war,

with prayers b

mens brought.

And, now their navy ploughs the watery main,
Yet, soon expect it on your shores again,
With Pallas pleas'd; as Calchas did ordain.
But first, to reconcile the blue-eyed maid
For her stol'n statue and her tower betrayed,
Warn'd by the seer, to her offended name
We rais'd and dedicate this wondrous frame,
So lofty, lest through your forbidden gates
It pass, and intercept our better fates:
For, once admitted there, our hopes are lost;
And Troy may then a new Palladium boast:
For so religion and the gods ordain,
That, if you violate with hands profane
Minerva's gift, your town in flames shall burn;
(Which omen, O ye gods, on Græcia turn!)
But if it climb, with your assisting hands,
The Trojan walls, and in the city stands;
Then Troy shall Argos and Mycenæ burn,
And the reverse of fate on us return.'

With such deceits he gain'd their easy hearts,
Too prone to credit his perfidious arts.
What Diomede, nor Thetis' greater son,
A thousand ships, nor ten years' siege, had done—
False tears and fawning words the city won.

A greater omen, and of worse portent,
Did our unwary minds with fear torment,
Concurring to produce the dire event.
Laocoön, Neptune's priest by lot that year,
With solemn pomp then sacrific'd a steer:
When (dreadful to behold!) from sea we spied
Two serpents, rank'd abreast, the seas divide,
And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide.
Their flaming crests above the waves they show;
Their bellies seem to burn the seas below;

Their speckled tails advance to steer their cour
And on the sounding shore the flying billows fore
And now the strand, and now the plain, they hel
Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were fill'd
Their nimble tongues they brandish'd as they cam
And lick'd their hissing jaws, that sputter'd flame
We fled amaz'd; their destin'd way they take,
And to Laocoön and his children make;
And first around the tender boys they wind,
Then with their sharpen'd fangs their limbs a
bodies grind.
The wretched father, running to their aid
With pious haste, but vain, they next invade;
Twice round his waist their winding volumes roll'
And twice about his gasping throat they fold.
The priest thus doubly chok'd—their crests divi
And tow'ring o'er his head in triumph ride.
With both his hands he labours at the knots;
His holy fillets the blue venom blots:
His roaring fills the flitting air around.
Thus, when an ox receives a glancing wound,
He breaks his bands, the fatal altar flies,
And with loud bellowings breaks the yielding ski
Their tasks perform'd, the serpents quit their pr
And to the tower of Pallas make their way:
Couch'd at her feet, they lie protected there,
By her large buckler and protended spear.
Amazement seizes all: the general cry
Proclaims Laocoön justly doom'd to die,
Whose hand the will of Pallas had withstood,
And dar'd to violate the sacred wood.
All vote to' admit the steed, that vows be paid,
And incense offer'd, to the' offended maid.

A spacious breach is made: the town lies bare:
Some hoising-levers, some the wheels, prepare,
And fasten to the horse's feet: the rest
With cables haul along the' unwieldy beast.
Each on his fellow for assistance calls:
At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,
Big with destruction. Boys with chaplets crown'd,
And choirs of virgins, sing and dance around.
Thus rais'd aloft, and then descending down,
It enters o'er our heads, and threats the town.
O sacred city, built by hands divine!
O valiant heroes of the Trojan line!
Four times he struck: as oft the clashing sound
Of arms was heard, and inward groans rebound.
Yet, mad with zeal, and blinded with our fate,
We haul along the horse in solemn state;
Then place the dire portent within the tower.
Cassandra cried, and curs'd the' unhappy hour;
Foretold our fate; but, by the gods' decree,
All heard, and none believ'd the prophecy.
With branches we the fanes adorn, and waste,
In jollity, the day ordain'd to be the last.
Meantime the rapid heavens roll'd down the light,
And on the shaded ocean rush'd the night:
Our men, secure, nor guards nor centries held;
But easy sleep their weary limbs compell'd.
The Grecians had embark'd their naval powers
From Tenedos, and sought our well-known shores,
Safe under covert of the silent night,
And guided by the' imperial galley's light;
When Sinon, favour'd by the partial gods,
Unlock'd the horse, and op'd his dark abodes;
Restor'd to vital air our hidden foes,
Who joyful from their long confinement rose.

Thesander bold, and Sthenelus their guide,
And dire Ulysses, down the cable slide:
Then Thoas, Athamas, and Pyrrhus, haste;
Nor was the Podalirian hero last,
Nor injur'd Menelaüs, nor the fam'd
Epeus, who the fatal engine fram'd.
A nameless crowd succeed; their forces join
To invade the town, oppress'd with sleep and wi
Those few they find awake, first meet their fate
Then to their fellows they unbar the gate.
'Twas in the dead of night, when sleep repai
Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with car
When Hector's ghost before my sight appears:
A bloody shroud he seem'd, and bath'd in tears;
Such as he was, when, by Pelides slain,
Thessalian coursers dragg'd him o'er the plain.
Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were thr
Through the bor'd holes: his body black with du
Unlike that Hector who return'd, from toils
Of war triumphant, in Æacian spoils,
Or him, who made the fainting Greeks retire,
And launch'd against their navy Phrygian fire.
His hair and beard stood stiffen'd with his gore:
And all the wounds he for his country bore,
Now stream'd afresh, and with new purple ran.
I wept to see the visionary man,
And, while my trance continued, thus began:
'O light of Trojans, and support of Troy,
Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!
O, long expected by thy friends! from whence
Art thou so late return'd for our defence?
Do we behold thee, wearied as we are
With length of labours, and with toils of war?

After so many funerals of thy own,
Art thou restor'd to thy declining town?
But say, what wounds are these? what new disgrace
Deforms the manly features of thy face?'
To this the spectre no reply did frame,
But answer'd to the cause for which he came,
And, groaning from the bottom of his breast,
Thus warning, in these mournful words, express'd:
'O goddess-born! escape, by timely flight,
The flames and horrors of this fatal night.
The foes already have possess'd the wall:
Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.
Enough is paid to Priam's royal name,
More than enough to duty and to fame.
If by a mortal hand my father's throne
Could be defended, 'twas by mine alone.
Now Troy to thee commends her future state,
And gives her gods companions of thy fate:
From their assistance, happier walls expect,
Which, wandering long, at last thou shalt erect.'
He said, and brought me, from their bless'd abodes,
The venerable statues of the gods,
With ancient Vesta from the sacred choir,
The wreaths and relics of the' immortal fire.
Now peals of shouts come thundering from afar,
Cries, threats, and loud laments, and mingled war:
The noise approaches, though our palace stood
Aloof from streets, encompass'd with a wood.
Louder, and yet more loud, I hear the' alarms
Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms.
Fear broke my slumbers; I no longer stay,
But mount the terrace, thence the town survey,
And hearken what the frightful sounds convey.

Uproot the forest
Flocks, folds, and
The shepherd clim
The wasteful rava
Then Hector's fait
And Grecian fraud
The palace of Dei
In smoky flames, a
Ucalegon burns ne
With splendour not
jan light.
New clamours and
The sound of trump
With frenzy seiz'd,
Resolv'd on death,
But first to gather f
(If Fortune favour'
Spurr'd by my cour
With sense of honou
Panthûs, Apollo's

ers the Trojan state to Grecian hands.
e consumes the town, the foe commands;
med hosts, an unexpected force,
from the bowels of the fatal horse.
the gates, proud Sinon throws about
mes! and foes, for entrance, press without,
housand others, whom I fear to name,
than from Argos or Mycenæ came.
eral posts their parties they divide:
lock the narrow streets, some scour the wide:
old they kill, the' unwary they surprise:
ghts finds death, and death finds him who flies.
arders of the gate but scarce maintain
nequal combat, and resist in vain.'
ard; and heaven, that well-born souls inspires,
ts me, through lifted swords and rising fires
, where clashing arms and clamour calls,
ish undaunted to defend the walls.
us and Iphytus by my side engage,
lour one renown'd, and one for age.
s and Hypanis by moonlight knew
otions and my mien, and to my party drew;
young Chorœbus, who by love was led
n renown and fair Cassandra's bed:
ately brought his troops to Priam's aid,
arn'd in vain by the prophetic maid;
when I saw resolv'd in arms to fall,
at one spirit animated all;
e souls! (said I)—but brave, alas! in vain—
finish what our cruel fates ordain.
ee the desperate state of our affairs;
eaven's protecting powers are deaf to prayers.
assive gods behold the Greeks defile
temples, and abandon to the spoil

Of death, and adde
As hungry wolve
Scour through the fi
Their whelps at hor
And long to temper
So rush'd we forth a
Resolv'd, in death, t
We leave the narrow
The' unequal comba
Night was our friend
What tongue can tel
What eyes can weep
An ancient and impe
The streets are fill'd
Houses and holy tem
And hostile nations m
Not only Trojans fall
The vanquish'd triump
Ours take new courag
Confus'd the fortune is
A

He said, but soon corrected his mistake,
Found, by the doubtful answers which we make.
Amaz'd, he would have shun'd the' unequal fight;
But we, more numerous, intercept his flight.
As when some peasant in a bushy brake
Has with unwary footing press'd a snake!
He starts aside, astonish'd, when he spies
His rising crest, blue neck, and rolling eyes;
So, from our arms, surpris'd Androgeos flies—
In vain; for him and his we compass round,
Possess'd with fear, unknowing of the ground;
And of their lives an easy conquest found.
Thus Fortune on our first endeavour smil'd.
Chorœbus then, with youthful hopes beguil'd,
Swoln with success, and of a daring mind,
This new invention fatally design'd:
'My friends, (said he) since Fortune shows the way,
'Tis fit we should the' auspicious guide obey.
For what has she these Grecian arms bestow'd,
But their destruction, and the Trojans' good?
Then change we shields, and their devices bear:
Let fraud supply the want of force in war.
They find us arms.' This said, himself he dress'd
'n dead Androgeos' spoils, his upper vest,
His painted buckler, and his plumy crest.
'hus Ripheus, Dymas, all the Trojan train,
ay down their own attire, and strip the slain.
ix'd with the Greeks, we go with ill presage,
atter'd with hopes to glut our greedy rage:
iknown, assaulting whom we blindly meet,
d strew, with Grecian carcasses, the street.
is while their straggling parties we defeat,
e to the shore and safer ships retreat;

Cassandra
Whom no
In safety
On heaven
'Twas all s
So sad a sig
But, fir'd w
Amid the b
Our leader's
But storms o
Pour down,
We from our
Who thought
They aim at t
And ours bene
Then, mov'd w
Their troops d
The Grecians r
With fury charg
The brother

: observe, and to the rest betray,
rent speech; our borrow'd arms survey.
l with odds, we fall; Chorœbus first,
' altar, by Peneleus pierc'd.
heus follow'd, in the' unequal fight;
s word, observant of the right:
hought not so. Dymas their fate attends,
panis, mistaken by their friends.
thûs, thee thy mitre, nor the bands
Phœbus, sav'd from impious hands.
n flames! your testimony bear,
erform'd and what I suffer'd there,
l avoiding in the fatal strife;
o death, and prodigal of life.
ye heavens! I live not by my fault:
o have deserv'd the death I sought.
n I could not fight, and would have died,
' to distance by the growing tide,
us and I were hurried thence,
ias wounded, and without defence.
nours from the' invested palace ring:
o die, or disengage the king.
e' assault, so high the tumult rose,
rs defend, and while the Greeks oppose,
: Dardan and Argolic race
ı contracted in that narrow space;
Ilium else were void of fear,
ılt, war, and slaughter, only there.
gets in a tortoise cast, the foes,
lvancing, to the turrets rose:
unt the scaling-ladders; some, more bold,
pwards, and by posts and pillars hold:
hand gripes their bucklers in the' ascent,
th the right they seize the battlement.

whence
With unavailing arms the '
From this the trembling k
The Grecian camp, and sa
Beams from its lofty heigt
Then, wrenching with our l
And, where the rafters on
We push them headlong w
The lightning flies not swi
Nor thunder louder than t
Down goes the top at onc
Are piecemeal torn, or po
Yet more succeed, and m
We cease not from above,

gate stood Pyrrhus, threatening loud,
ing arms conspicuous in the crowd.
enew'd in youth, the crested snake,
the winter in a thorny brake.
g off his slough when spring returns,
aloft, and with new glory burns,
th poisonous herbs: his ardent sides
sun; and, rais'd on spires, he rides
he grass: hissing he rolls along,
shes by fits his forky tongue.
phas, and fierce Automedon,
charioteer, together run
e gate: the Scyrian infantry
crowds, and the barr'd passage free.
e court, with shouts the skies they rend;
g firebrands to the roofs ascend.
nong the foremost, deals his blows,
is axe repeated strokes bestows
ong doors: then all their shoulders ply,
he posts the brazen hinges fly.
pace: the double bars at length
s axe, and unresisted strength.
breach is made: the rooms conceal'd
d all the palace is reveal'd—
f audience, and of public state,
the lonely queen in secret sate.
liers now by trembling maids are seen,
door, and scarce a space, between.
is fill'd with loud laments and cries;
s of women rend the vaulted skies.
l matrons run from place to place,
he thresholds, and the posts embrace.
work inhuman Pyrrhus plies;
s father sparkles in his eyes.

Nor bars, nor fighting guards, his force sustain:
The bars are broken, and the guards are slain.
In rush the Greeks, and all the' apartments fill;
Those few defendants whom they find, they kill.
Not with so fierce a rage the foaming flood
Roars when he finds his rapid course withstood;
Bears down the dams with unresisted sway,
And sweeps the cattle and the cots away.
These eyes beheld him, when he march'd between
The brother kings: I saw the' unhappy queen,
The hundred wives, and where old Priam stood,
To stain his hallow'd altar with his blood.
The fifty nuptial beds (such hopes had he,
So large a promise, of a progeny),
The posts of plated gold, and hung with spoils,
Fell the reward of the proud victor's toils.
Where'er the raging fire had left a space,
The Grecians enter, and possess the place.
Perhaps you may of Priam's fate inquire.
He—when he saw his regal town on fire,
His ruin'd palace, and his entering foes,
On every side inevitable woes—
In arms disus'd invests his limbs, decay'd,
Like them, with age; a late and useless aid.
His feeble shoulders scarce the weight sustain:
Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along with pain,
Despairing of success, ambitious to be slain!
Uncover'd but by heav'n, there stood in view
An altar: near the hearth a laurel grew,
Dodder'd with age, whose boughs encompass round
The household gods, and shade the holy ground.
Here Hecuba, with all her helpless train
Of dames, for shelter sought, but sought in vain.

Driven like a flock of doves along the sk;
Their images they hug, and to their altars
The queen, when she beheld her trembling
And hanging by his side a heavy sword,
'What rage (she cried) has seiz'd my husband:
What arms are these, and to what use desig.
These times want other aids! were Hector
Ev'n Hector now in vain, like Priam, would a
With us, one common shelter thou shalt find,
Or in one common fate with us be join'd.'
She said, and with a last salute embrac'd
The poor old man, and by the laurel plac'd.
Behold! Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Pursued by Pyrrhus, there for safety runs.
Through swords and foes, amaz'd and hurt, he
Through empty courts, and open galleries.
Him Pyrrhus, urging with his lance, pursues,
And often reaches, and his thrusts renews.
The youth, transfix'd, with lamentable cries
Expires before his wretched parents' eyes:
Whom gasping at his feet when Priam saw,
The fear of death gave place to nature's law;
nd, shaking more with anger than with age,
The gods (said he) requite thy brutal rage!
sure they will, barbarian, sure they must,
there be gods in heaven, and gods be just—
o tak'st in wrongs an insolent delight;
th a son's death to' infect a father's sight.
t he, whom thou and lying fame conspire
call thee his—not he, thy vaunted sire,
s us'd my wretched age: the gods he fear'd,
laws of nature and of nations heard.
heer'd my sorrows, and, for sums of gold,
bloodless carcass of my Hector sold;

Pitied the woes a parent underwent,
And sent me back in safety from his tent.'
This said, his feeble hand a javelin threw,
Which, fluttering, seem'd to loiter as it flew:
Just, and but barely, to the mark it held,
And faintly tinkled on the brazen shield.
Then Pyrrhus thus: 'Go thou from me to fa
And to my father my foul deeds relate.
Now die!'—With that he dragg'd the tremblingsi
Sliddering through clotter'd blood and holy mir
(The mingled paste his murder'd son had made)
Haul'd from beneath the violated shade,
And on the sacred pile the royal victim laid.
His right hand held his bloody falchion bare,
His left he twisted in his hoary hair;
Then, with a speeding thrust, his heart he found;
The lukewarm blood came rushing through the wound,
And sanguine streams distain'd the sacred ground.
Thus Priam fell, and shar'd one common fate
With Troy in ashes, and his ruin'd state—
He, who the sceptre of all Asia sway'd,
Whom monarchs like domestic slaves obey'd.
On the bleak shore now lies the' abandon'd king,
A headless carcass, and a nameless thing[1].
Then, not before, I felt my cruddled blood
Congeal with fear; my hair with horror stood:
My father's image fill'd my pious mind,
Lest equal years might equal fortune find.
Again I thought on my forsaken wife,
And trembled for my son's abandon'd life.
I look'd about, but found myself alone,
Deserted at my need! My friends were gone.

[1] This line is taken from Sir John Denham.

Some spent with toil, some with despair oppress'd,
Leap'd headlong from the heights; the flames consum'd the rest.
Thus wandering in my way without a guide,
The graceless Helen in the porch I spied
Of Vesta's temple; there she lurk'd alone;
Muffled she sate, and, what she could, unknown:
But, by the flames that cast their blaze around,
That common bane of Greece and Troy I found.
For Ilium burnt, she dreads the Trojan sword;
More dreads the vengeance of her injur'd lord;
Ev'n by those gods, who refug'd her, abhorr'd.
Trembling with rage, the strumpet I regard,
Resolv'd to give her guilt the due reward.
'Shall she triumphant sail before the wind,
And leave in flames unhappy Troy behind?
Shall she her kingdom and her friends review,
In state attended with a captive crew,
While unreveng'd the good old Priam falls,
And Grecian fires consume the Trojan walls?
For this the Phrygian fields and Xanthian flood
Were swell'd with bodies, and were drunk with blood?
'Tis true, a soldier can small honour gain,
And boast no conquest, from a woman slain:
Yet shall the fact not pass without applause,
Of vengeance taken in so just a cause.
The punish'd crime shall set my soul at ease,
And murmuring manes of my friends appease.'
Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleasing light
Spread o'er the place; and shining heavenly bright,
My mother stood reveal'd before my sight—
Never so radiant did her eyes appear;
Not her own star confess'd a light so clear—

Great in her charms, as when on gods above
She looks, and breathes herself into their love.
She held my hand, the destin'd blow to break;
Then from her rosy lips began to speak:
'My son! from whence this madness, this neglect
Of my commands, and those whom I protect?
Why this unmanly rage? Recal to mind
Whom you forsake, what pledges leave behind.
Look if your helpless father yet survive,
Or if Ascanius or Creüsa live.
Around your house the greedy Grecians err;
And these had perish'd in the nightly war,
But for my presence and protecting care.
Not Helen's face, nor Paris, was in fault:
But by the gods was this destruction brought.
Now cast your eyes around, while I dissolve
The mists and films that mortal eyes involve,
Purge from your sight the dross, and make you see
The shape of each avenging deity.
Enlighten'd thus, my just commands fulfil,
Nor fear obedience to your mother's will.
Where yon disorder'd heap of ruin lies,
Stones rent from stones—where clouds of dust arise,—
Amid that smother, Neptune holds his place,
Below the wall's foundation drives his mace,
And heaves the building from the solid base.
Look, where, in arms, imperial Juno stands
Full in the Scæan gate, with loud commands
Urging on shore the tardy Grecian bands.
See! Pallas, of her snaky buckler proud,
Bestrides the tower, refulgent through the cloud:
See! Jove new courage to the foe supplies,
And arms against the town the partial deities.

Haste hence, my son! this fruitless labour end:
Haste, where your trembling spouse and sire attend: [befriend.'
Haste! and a mother's care your passage shall befriend.'
She said, and swiftly vanish'd from my sight,
Obscure in clouds, and gloomy shades of night.
I look'd, I listen'd; dreadful sounds I hear;
And the dire forms of hostile gods appear.
Troy sunk in flames I saw (nor could prevent),
And Ilium from its old foundations rent—
Rent like a mountain ash, which dar'd the winds,
And stood the sturdy strokes of labouring hinds.
About the roots the cruel axe resounds;
The stumps are pierc'd with oft-repeated wounds:
The war is felt on high: the nodding crown
Now threats a fall, and throws the leafy honours down.
To their united force it yields, though late, [fate:
And mourns with mortal groans the' approaching
The roots no more their upper load sustain:
But down she falls, and spreads a ruin through the plain.
Descending thence, I 'scape through foes and fire;
Before the goddess, foes and flames retire.
Arriv'd at home, he, for whose only sake,
Or most for his, such toils I undertake—
The good Anchises—whom, by timely flight,
I purpos'd to secure on Ida's height—
Refus'd the journey, resolute to die,
And add his funerals to the fate of Troy,
Rather than exile and old age sustain.
'Go you, whose blood runs warm in every vein,
Had heaven decreed that I should life enjoy,
Heaven had decreed to save unhappy Troy.

'Tis, sure, enough, if not too much, for one,
Twice to have seen our Ilium overthrown.
Make haste to save the poor remaining crew;
And give this useless corpse a long adieu.
These weak old hands suffice to stop my breath:
At least the pitying foes will aid my death,
To take my spoils, and leave my body bare:
As for my sepulchre, let heaven take care.
'Tis long since I, for my celestial wife,
Loath'd by the gods, have dragg'd a lingering life
Since every hour and moment I expire,
Blasted from heaven by Jove's avenging fire.'
This oft repeated, he stood fixt to die:
Myself, my wife, my son, my family,
Entreat, pray, beg, and raise a doleful cry—
'What! will he still persist, on death resolve,
And in his ruin all his house involve?'
He still persists his reasons to maintain;
Our prayers, our tears, our loud laments, are vain
Urg'd by despair, again I go to try
The fate of arms, resolv'd in fight to die.
What hope remains, but what my death must give
'Can I, without so dear a father, live?
You term it prudence, what I baseness call:
Could such a word from such a parent fall?
If Fortune please, and so the gods ordain,
That nothing should of ruin'd Troy remain,
And you conspire with Fortune, to be slain;
The way to death is wide, the' approaches near:
For soon relentless Pyrrhus will appear,
Reeking with Priam's blood—the wretch who slew
The son (inhuman) in the father's view,
And then the sire himself to the dire altar drew.

O goddess mother! give me back to Fate;
Your gift was undesir'd, and came too late.
Did you, for this, unhappy me convey
Through foes and fires, to see my house a prey?
Shall I my father, wife, and son, behold,
Weltering in blood, each other's arms infold?
Haste! gird my sword, though spent, and overcome:
'Tis the last summons to receive our doom.
I hear thee, Fate! and I obey thy call!
Not unreveng'd the foe shall see my fall.
Restore me to the yet unfinish'd fight:
My death is wanting to conclude the night.'
Arm'd once again, my glittering sword I wield,
While the other hand sustains my weighty shield;
And forth I rush to seek the' abandon'd field.
I went; but sad Creüsa stopp'd my way,
And 'cross the threshold in my passage lay,
Embrac'd my knees, and, when I would have gone,
Show'd me my feeble sire, and tender son.
'If death be your design—at least (said she)
Take us along, to share your destiny.
If any further hopes in arms remain,
This place, these pledges of your love, maintain.
To whom do you expose your father's life,
Your son's, and mine, your now forgotten wife?'
While thus she fills the house with clamorous cries,
Our hearing is diverted by our eyes:
For, while I held my son, in the short space
Betwixt our kisses and our last embrace,
(Strange to relate!) from young Iülus' head
A lambent flame arose, which gently spread
Around his brows, and on his temples fed.
Amaz'd, with running water we prepare
To quench the sacred fire, and slake his hair;

A peal of rattling thunder
There shot a streaming lu
Which on the winged light
From o'er the roof the bla
And, trailing, vanish'd in
It swept a path in heaven
Then in a steaming stenc

The good old man with
The gods' protection, an
'Now, now, (said he) m
I yield, I follow where
Keep, O my country g
And guard this relic of
This tender child!—Th
And you can yet restor
At least accomplish w
I stand resign'd, and a

Next, you, my servants, heed my strict commands:
Without the walls a ruin'd temple stands,
To Ceres hallow'd once: a cypress nigh
Shoots up her venerable head on high,
By long religion kept: there bend your feet:
And in divided parties let us meet.
Our country gods, the relics, and the bands,
Hold you, my father, in your guiltless hands:
In me 'tis impious, holy things to bear,
Red as I am with slaughter, new from war,
Till in some living stream I cleanse the guilt
Of dire debate, and blood in battle spilt.'
Thus ordering all that prudence could provide,
I clothe my shoulders with a lion's hide,
And yellow spoils; then, on my bending back,
The welcome load of my dear father take;
While on my better hand Ascanius hung,
And with unequal paces tript along.
Creüsa kept behind: by choice we stray
Through every dark and every devious way.
I, who so bold and dauntless, just before,
The Grecian darts and shock of lances bore,
At every shadow now am seiz'd with fear,
Not for myself, but for the charge I bear;
Till, near the ruin'd gate arriv'd at last,
Secure, and deeming all the danger past,
A frightful noise of trampling feet we hear.
My father, looking through the shades with fear,
Cried out, 'Haste, haste, my son! the foes are nigh;
Their swords and shining armour I descry.'
Some hostile god, for some unknown offence,
Had sure bereft my mind of better sense;
For, while through winding ways I took my flight,
And sought the shelter of the gloomy night,

Alas! I lost Creüsa: hard to tell
If by her fatal destiny she fell,
Or weary sate, or wander'd with affright;
But she was lost for ever to my sight.
I knew not, or reflected, till I meet
My friends at Ceres' now deserted seat.
We met: not one was wanting; only she
Deceiv'd her friends, her son, and wretched me.
What mad expressions did my tongue refuse?
Whom did I not, of gods or men, accuse?
This was the fatal blow, that pain'd me more
Than all I felt from ruin'd Troy before.
Stung with my loss, and raving with despair,
Abandoning my now forgotten care,
Of counsel, comfort, and of hope, bereft,
My sire, my son, my country gods, I left.
In shining armour once again I sheath
My limbs, not feeling wounds, nor fearing death.
Then headlong to the burning walls I run,
And seek the danger I was fore'd to shun.
I tread my former tracks, through night explore
Each passage, every street I cross'd before.
All things were full of horror and affright,
And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night.
Then to my father's house I make repair,
With some small glimpse of hope to find her ther
Instead of her, the cruel Greeks I met:
The house was fill'd with foes, with flames beset
Driven on the wings of winds, whole sheets of fir
Through air transported, to the roofs aspire.
From thence to Priam's palace I resort,
And search the citadel, and desert court.
Then, unobserv'd, I pass by Juno's church:
A guard of Grecians had possess'd the porch;

There Phœnix and Ulysses watch the prey;
And thither all the wealth of Troy convey—
The spoils which they from ransack'd houses brought,
And golden bowls from burning altars caught,
The tables of the gods, the purple vests,
The people's treasure, and the pomp of priests.
A rank of wretched youths, with pinion'd hands,
And captive matrons, in long order stands.
Then, with ungovern'd madness, I proclaim,
Through all the silent streets, Creüsa's name:
Creüsa still I call: at length she hears,
And sudden, through the shades of night, appears—
Appears, no more Creüsa, nor my wife,
But a pale spectre, larger than the life.
Aghast, astonish'd, and struck dumb with fear,
I stood; like bristles rose my stiffen'd hair.
Then thus the ghost began to sooth my grief:
'Nor tears, nor cries, can give the dead relief.
Desist, my much-lov'd lord, to' indulge your pain:
You bear no more than what the gods ordain.
My fates permit me not from hence to fly;
Nor he, the great controller of the sky.
Long wandering ways for you the powers decree—
On land hard labours, and a length of sea.
Then, after many painful years are past,
On Latium's happy shore you shall be cast,
Where gentle Tiber from his bed beholds
The flowery meadows, and the feeding folds.
There end your toils; and there your fates provide
A quiet kingdom, and a royal bride:
There Fortune shall the Trojan line restore;
And you for lost Creüsa weep no more.

Restrains my fleeting s
I trust our common iss
She said, and gliding pa
I strove to speak: but
And thrice about her ne
And, thrice deceiv'd, or
Light as an empty drea
Or as a blast of wind, s
Thus having pass'd th
I to my longing friends
Amaz'd the augmented
Of men and matrons mi
A wretched exil'd crew
With arms appointed, an
Resolv'd, and willing, un
To run all hazards both o
The Morn began, from I
Her rosy cheeks; and Pl
Before the gates the Gre
And all pretence of late

ÆNEIS.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

Æneas proceeds in his relation: he gives an account of the fleet with which he sailed, and the success of his first voyage to Thrace. From thence he directs his course to Delos, and asks the oracle what place the gods had appointed for his habitation? By a mistake of the oracle's answer, he settles in Crete. His household gods give him the true sense of the oracle, in a dream. He follows their advice, and makes the best of his way for Italy. He is cast on several shores, and meets with very surprising adventures, till at length he lands on Sicily, where his father Anchises dies. This is the place which he was sailing from, when the tempest rose, and threw him upon the Carthaginian coast.

When heaven had overturn'd the Trojan state,
And Priam's throne, by too severe a fate;
When ruin'd Troy became the Grecians' prey,
And Ilium's lofty towers in ashes lay;
Warn'd by celestial omens, we retreat,
To seek in foreign lands a happier seat.
Near old Antandros, and at Ida's foot,
The timber of the sacred groves we cut,

And build our fleet—uncertain yet to find
What place the gods for our repose assign'd.
Friends daily flock; and scarce the kindly spring
Began to clothe the ground, and birds to sing,
When old Anchises summon'd all to sea:
The crew my father and the Fates obey.
With sighs and tears I leave my native shore,
And empty fields, where Ilium stood before.
My sire, my son, our less and greater gods,
All sail at once, and cleave the briny floods.
Against our coast, appears a spacious land,
Which once the fierce Lycurgus did command,
(Thracia the name—the people bold in war—
Vast are their fields, and tillage is their care)
A hospitable realm, while Fate was kind,
With Troy in friendship and religion join'd.
I land, with luckless omens; then adore
Their gods, and draw a line along the shore:
I lay the deep foundations of a wall,
And Ænos, nam'd from me, the city call.
To Dionæan Venus vows are paid,
And all the powers that rising labours aid;
A bull on Jove's imperial altar laid.
Not far, a rising hillock stood in view:
Sharp myrtles, on the sides, and cornels grew.
There, while I went to crop the silvan scenes,
And shade our altar with their leafy greens,
I pull'd a plant—with horror I relate
A prodigy so strange, and full of fate—
The rooted fibres rose; and, from the wound,
Black bloody drops distill'd upon the ground.
Mute and amaz'd, my hair with terror stood;
Fear shrunk my sinews, and congeal'd my bloo

Mass'd once again, another plant I try:
That other gush'd with the same sanguine dye.
Then fearing guilt for some offence unknown,
With prayers and vows the Dryads I atone,
With all the sisters of the woods, and most
The god of arms, who rules the Thracian coast—
That they, or he, these omens would avert,
Release our fears, and better signs impart.
Clear'd, as I thought, and fully fix'd at length
To learn the cause, I tugg'd with all my strength;
I bent my knees against the ground: once more
The violated myrtle ran with gore.
Scarce dare I tell the sequel: from the womb
Of wounded earth, and caverns of the tomb,
A groan, as of a troubled ghost, renew'd
My fright, and then these dreadful words ensued:
'Why dost thou thus my buried body rend?
O! spare the corpse of thy unhappy friend!
Spare to pollute thy pious hands with blood:
The tears distil not from the wounded wood;
But every drop this living tree contains,
Is kindred blood, and ran in Trojan veins.
O! fly from this unhospitable shore,
Warn'd by my fate; for I am Polydore!
Here loads of lances, in my blood embrued,
Again shoot upward, by my blood renew'd.'
My faltering tongue and shivering limbs declare
My horror; and in bristles rose my hair.
When Troy with Grecian arms was closely pent,
Old Priam, fearful of the war's event,
This hapless Polydore to Thracia sent:
Loaded with gold, he sent his darling, far
From noise and tumults, and destructive war,
Committed to the faithless tyrant's care;

Who, when he saw the power of Troy decline,
Forsook the weaker, with the strong to join—
Broke every bond of nature and of truth,
And murder'd, for his wealth, the royal youth.
O sacred hunger of pernicious gold;
What bands of faith can impious lucre hold?
Now, when my soul had shaken off her fears,
I call my father, and the Trojan peers—
Relate the prodigies of heaven—require
What he commands, and their advice desire.
All vote to leave that execrable shore,
Polluted with the blood of Polydore;
But, ere we sail, his funeral rites prepare,
Then, to his ghost, a tomb and altars rear.
In mournful pomp the matrons walk the round,
With baleful cypress and blue fillets crown'd,
With eyes dejected, and with hair unbound.
Then bowls of tepid milk and blood we pour,
And thrice invoke the soul of Polydore.
Now, when the raging storms no longer reign,
But southern gales invite us to the main,
We launch our vessels, with a prosperous wind,
And leave the cities and the shores behind.
An island in the Ægæan main appears:
Neptune and watery Doris claim it theirs.
It floated once, till Phœbus fix'd the sides
To rooted earth; and now it braves the tides.
Here, borne by friendly winds, we come ashore,
With needful ease our weary limbs restore,
And the Sun's temple and his town adore.
Anius the priest and king, with laurel crown'd,
His hoary locks with purple fillets bound,
Who saw my sire the Delian shore ascend,
Came forth with eager haste to meet his friend;

iim to his palace; and, in sign
ent love, their plighted hands they join.
the temple of the god I went,
is before the shrine my vows present:
O Thymbræus! give a resting place
sad relics of the Trojan race—
ecure, a region of their own,
g empire, and a happier town.
shall we fix? where shall our labours end?
shall we follow, and what fate attend?
my prayers a doubtful answer find;
clear anguries unveil thy mind.'
had I said: he shook the holy ground,
rels, and the lofty hills around;
m the tripos rush'd a bellowing sound.
te we fell; confess'd the present god,
ve this answer from his dark abode:
inted youths! go, seek that mother earth
hich your ancestors derive their birth.
that sent you forth, her ancient race,
ld bosom, shall again embrace.
n the wide world the Æneian house shall reign,
ldren's children shall the crown sustain.'
nœbus did our future fates disclose;
ty tumult, mix'd with joy, arose.
concern'd to know what place the god
l, and where determin'd our abode.
ier, long revolving in his mind
e and lineage of the Trojan kind,
swer'd their demands:—'Ye princes, hear
easing fortune, and dispel your fear.
itful isle of Crete, well known to fame,
of old to Jove's imperial name,

To the Ardeatian shor
There fix'd, and ther
Ere Ilium and the Tr
In humble vales they
Till Cybele, the moth
With tinkling cymbals
She secret rites and c
And to the yoke the
Let us the land, which
Appease the winds, an
If Jove assists the pa
The third propitious c
Thus having said, the
On smoking altars, to
A bull to Neptune, an
Another bull to bright
A milk-white ewe, the
And one coal-black, to
Ere this, a flying rumo
That fierce Idomeneus
Expell'd and evil'd . th

The shouts of sailors double near the shores;
They stretch their canvas, and they ply their oars.
'All hands aloft! for Crete! for Crete!' they cry,
And swiftly through the foamy billows fly.
Full on the promis'd land at length we bore,
With joy descending on the Cretan shore.
With eager haste a rising town I frame,
Which from the Trojan Pergamus I name;
The name itself was grateful:—I exhort
To found their houses, and erect a fort.
Our ships are haul'd upon the yellow strand:
The youth begin to till the labour'd land;
And I myself new marriages promote,
Give laws; and dwellings I divide by lot;
When rising vapours choke the wholesome air,
And blasts of noisome winds corrupt the year;
The trees devouring caterpillars burn;
Parch'd was the grass, and blighted was the corn:
Nor 'scape the beasts: for Sirius, from on high,
With pestilential heat infects the sky:
My men—some fall, the rest in fevers fry.
Again my father bids me seek the shore
Of sacred Delos, and the god implore,
To learn what end of woes we might expect,
And to what clime our weary course direct.
'Twas night, when ev'ry creature, void of cares,
The common gift of balmy slumber shares:
The statues of my gods (for such they seem'd),
Those gods whom I from flaming Troy redeem'd,
Before me stood majestically bright,
Full in the beams of Phœbe's entering light.
Then thus they spoke, and eas'd my troubled mind;
'What from the Delian god thou go'st to find,

tells thee here, and sends us to relate.
se powers are we, companions of thy fate,
o from the burning town by thee were brought,
y fortune follow'd, and thy safety wrought.
rough seas and lands as we thy steps attend,
shall our care thy glorious race befriend.
An ample realm for thee thy fates ordain,
A town, that o'er the conquer'd world shall reign.
Thou, mighty walls for mighty nations build;
Nor let thy weary mind to labours yield:
But change thy seat; for not the Delian god,
Nor we, have given thee Crete for our abode.
A land there is, Hesperia call'd of old
(The soil is fruitful, and the natives bold—
The Œnotrians held it once), by later fame,
Now call'd Italia, from the leader's name.
Iasius there, and Dardanus, were born.
From thence we came, and thither must return.
Rise, and thy sire with these glad tidings greet.
Search Italy: for Jove denies thee Crete."
Astonish'd at their voices and their sight,
(Nor were they dreams, but visions of the nig
I saw, I knew their faces, and descried,
In perfect view, their hair with fillets tied,
I started from my couch; a clammy sweat
On all my limbs, and shivering body, sate.
To heaven I lift my hands with pious haste,
And sacred incense in the flames I cast.
Thus to the gods their perfect honours done
More cheerful to my good old sire I run,
And tell the pleasing news. In little space
He found his error of the double race,
Not, as before he deem'd, deriv'd from Cr
No more deluded by the doubtful seat;

Then said,—' O son, turmoil'd in Trojan fate!
Such things as these Cassandra did relate.
This day revives within my mind, what she
Foretold of Troy renew'd in Italy,
And Latian lands: but who could then have thought
That Phrygian gods to Latium should be brought,
Or who believ'd what mad Cassandra taught?
Now let us go, where Phœbus leads the way.'
He said: and we with glad consent obey,
Forsake the seat: and, leaving few behind,
We spread our sails before the willing wind.
Now from the sight of land our galleys move,
With only seas around, and skies above;
When o'er our heads descends a burst of rain,
And night with sable clouds involves the main;
The ruffling winds the foamy billows raise:
The scatter'd fleet is forc'd to several ways:
The face of heaven is ravish'd from our eyes;
And in redoubled peals the roaring thunder flies.
Cast from our course, we wander in the dark;
No stars to guide, no point of land to mark.
Ev'n Palinurus no distinction found [around.
Betwixt the night and day; such darkness reign'd
Three starless nights the doubtful navy strays
Without distinction, and three sunless days:
The fourth renews the light; and from our shrouds
We view a rising land, like distant clouds:
The mountain-tops confirm the pleasing sight,
And curling smoke ascending from their height.
The canvas falls; their oars the sailors ply:
From the rude strokes the whirling waters fly.
At length I land upon the Strophades,
Safe from the danger of the stormy seas.

Those isles are compass'd by the Ionian main;
The dire abode where the foul Harpies reign,
Forc'd by the winged warriors to repair
To their old homes, and leave their costly fare.
Monsters more fierce offended heaven ne'er sent
From hell's abyss, for human punishment—
With virgin-faces, but with wombs obscene,
Foul paunches, and with ordure still unclean;
With claws for hands, and looks for ever lean.
We landed at the port, and soon beheld
Fat herds of oxen graze the flowery field:
And wanton goats without a keeper stray'd.—
With weapons we the welcome prey invade,
Then call the gods for partners of our feast,
And Jove himself, the chief invited guest.
We spread the tables on the greensward ground:
We feed with hunger; and the bowls go round;
When from the mountain-tops, with hideous cry,
And clattering wings, the hungry Harpies fly:
They snatch the meat, defiling all they find,
And, parting, leave a loathsome stench behind.
Close by a hollow rock, again we sit,
New dress the dinner, and the beds refit,
Secure from sight, beneath a pleasing shade,
Where tufted trees a native arbour made.
Again the holy fires on altars burn;
And once again the ravenous birds return,
Or from the dark recesses where they lie,
Or from another quarter of the sky—
With filthy claws their odious meal repeat,
And mix their loathsome ordures with their [1] mea
I bid my friends for vengeance then prepare,
And with the hellish nation wage the war.

[1] Dr. Carey reads *our*.

, as commanded, for the fight provide,
in the grass their glittering weapons hide:
, when along the crooked shore we hear
' clattering wings, and saw the foes appear,
ıus sounds a charge: we take the' alarm,
ɔur strong hands with swords and bucklers arm.
s new kind of combat, all employ
' utmost force, the monsters to destroy—
in:—the fated skin is proof to wounds;
'rom their plumes the shining sword rebounds.
ıgth rebuff'd, they leave their mangled prey,
their stretch'd pinions to the skies display.
ne remain'd—the messenger of Fate,
on a craggy cliff Celæno sate,
hus her dismal errand did relate:
ıt! not contented with our oxen slain,
you with heaven an impious war maintain,
drive the Harpies from their native reign?
therefore what I say; and keep in mind
Jove decrees, what Phœbus has design'd,
, the Furies' queen, from both relate—
eek the' Italian shores, foredoom'd by Fate:
Italian shores are granted you to find,
ı safe passage to the port assign'd.
now, that, ere your promis'd walls you build,
ırses shall severely be fulfill'd.—
ɔ famine is your lot—for this misdeed,
ɔ'd to grind the plates on which you feed.'
ıid, and to the neighbouring forest flew.
ourage fails us, and our fears renew.
less to win by war, to prayers we fall,
n the' offended Harpies humbly call,
whether gods or birds obscene they were)
ows, for pardon and for peace, prefer.

Thus having said, h
We loose from shor
And soon with swel
Amidst our course,
And next by rocky
We fly from Ithaca'
And curse the land
At length Leucate's
And the Sun's temp
Resolv'd to breathe
Our crooked anchors
And joyful to the litt
Here, safe beyond ou
To Jove, the guide a
The customs of our c
And Trojan games on
Our youth their naked
And exercise the wres
Pleas'd to have sail'd s
And left so many Grec

The sight of high Phæacia soon we lost,
And skimm'd along Epirus' rocky coast.
Then to Chaonia's port our course we bend,
And, landed, to Buthrotus' heights ascend.
Here wondrous things were loudly blaz'd by Fame—
How Helenus reviv'd the Trojan name,
And reign'd in Greece; that Priam's captive son
Succeeded Pyrrhus in his bed and throne:
And fair Andromache, restor'd by Fate,
Once more was happy in a Trojan mate.
I leave my galleys riding in the port,
And long to see the new Dardanian court.
By chance, the mournful queen, before the gate,
Then solemniz'd her former husband's fate.
Green altars, rais'd of turf, with gifts she crown'd;
And sacred priests in order stand around,
And thrice the name of hapless Hector sound.
The grove itself resembles Ida's wood;
And Simoïs seem'd the well-dissembled flood.
But when, at nearer distance, she beheld
My shining armour, and my Trojan shield,
Astonish'd at the sight, the vital heat
Forsakes her limbs, her veins no longer beat:
She faints, she falls, and scarce recovering strength,
Thus, with a faultering tongue, she speaks at length:
'Are you alive, O goddess-born?—(she said)
Or if a ghost, then where is Hector's shade?'
At this she cast a loud and frightful cry.—
With broken words I made this brief reply:
'All of me that remains, appears in sight;
I live; if living be to loath the light—
No phantom; but I drag a wretched life;
My fate resembling that of Hector's wife.

What have you suffer'd since you last your h
By what strange blessing are you now restor'
Still are you Hector's? or is Hector fled,
And his remembrance lost in Pyrrhus' bed?'
With eyes dejected, in a lowly tone,
After a modest pause, she thus began:
'Oh, only happy maid of Priam's race,
Whom death deliver'd from the foe's embrac
Commanded on Achilles' tomb to die,
Not forc'd, like us, to hard captivity,
Or in a haughty master's arms to lie.
In Grecian ships, unhappy we were borne,
Endur'd the victor's lust, sustain'd the scorn:
Thus I submitted to the lawless pride
Of Pyrrhus, more a handmaid than a bride.
Cloy'd with possession, he forsook my bed,
And Helen's lovely daughter sought to wed;
Then me to Trojan Helenus resign'd,
And his two slaves in equal marriage join'd;
Till young Orestes, pierc'd with deep despair
And longing to redeem the promis'd fair,
Before Apollo's altar slew the ravisher.
By Pyrrhus' death the kingdom we regain'd;
At least one half with Helenus remain'd.
Our part, from Chaon, he Chaonia calls,
And names, from Pergamus, his rising walls.
But you what fates have landed on our coast
What gods have sent you, or what storms have t
Does young Ascanius life and health enjoy,
Sav'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy?
O! tell me how his mother's loss he bears,
What hopes are promis'd from his blooming ye
How much of Hector in his face appears.'

She spoke; and mix'd her speech with mournful cries;
And fruitless tears came trickling from her eyes.
At length her lord descends upon the plain,
In pomp, attended with a numerous train;
Receives his friends, and to the city leads,
And tears of joy amidst his welcome sheds.
Proceeding on, another Troy I see,
Or, in less compass, Troy's epitome.
A rivulet by the name of Xanthus ran:
And I embrace the Scæan gate again.
My friends in porticos were entertain'd;
And feasts and pleasures through the city reign'd.
The tables fill'd the spacious hall around;
And golden bowls with sparkling wine were crown'd.
Two days we pass'd in mirth, till friendly gales,
Blown from the south, supplied our swelling sails.
Then to the royal seer I thus began:
'O thou who know'st, beyond the reach of man,
The laws of heaven, and what the stars decree,
Whom Phœbus taught unerring prophecy,
From his own tripod, and his holy tree—
Skill'd in the wing'd inhabitants of air,
What auspices their notes and flights declare—
O! say—for all religious rites portend
A happy voyage, and a prosperous end;
And every power and omen of the sky
Direct my course for destin'd Italy;
But only dire Celæno, from the gods,
A dismal famine fatally forebodes—
O! say, what dangers I am first to shun,
What toils to vanquish, and what course to run.'
The prophet first with sacrifice adores
The greater gods; their pardon then implores;

Unbinds the fillet from his holy head;
To Phœbus, next, my trembling steps he led
Full of religious doubts and awful dread.
Then, with his god possess'd, before the shri
These words proceeded from his mouth divi
'O goddess-born! (for heaven's appointed w
With greater auspices of good than ill,
Foreshows thy voyage, and thy course direct
Thy fates conspire, and Jove himself protect
Of many things, some few I shall explain,
Teach thee to shun the dangers of the main,
And how at length the promis'd shore to gai
The rest the Fates from Helenus conceal,
And Juno's angry power forbids to tell.
First, then, that happy shore, that seems so n
Will far from your deluded wishes fly:
Long tracts of seas divide your hopes from It
For you must cruise along Sicilian shores,
And stem the currents with your struggling
Then round the' Italian coast your navy stee
And, after this, to Circe's island veer;
And, last, before your new foundations rise,
Must pass the Stygian lake, and view the
skies.
Now mark the signs of future ease and rest;
And bear them safely treasur'd in thy breast.
When, in the shady shelter of a wood,
And near the margin of a gentle flood,
Thou shalt behold a sow upon the ground,
With thirty sucking young encompass'd roun
The dam and offspring white as falling snow-
These on thy city shall their name bestow;
And there shall end thy labours and thy woe

Nor let the threaten'd famine fright thy mind:
For Phœbus will assist; and Fate the way will find.
Let not thy course to that ill coast be bent,
Which fronts from far the' Epirian continent:
Those parts are all by Grecian foes possess'd.
The savage Locrians here the shores infest:
There fierce Idomeneus his city builds,
And guards with arms the Salentinian fields;
And on the mountain's brow Petilia stands,
Which Philoctetes with his troops commands.
Even when thy fleet is landed on the shore,
And priests with holy vows the gods adore,
Then with a purple veil involve your eyes,
Lest hostile faces blast the sacrifice.
These rites and customs to the rest commend,
That to your pious race they may descend.
When, parted hence, the wind that ready waits
For Sicily, shall bear you to the straits
Where proud Pelorus opes a wider way,
Tack to the larboard, and stand off to sea:
Veer starboard sea and land. The' Italian shore,
And fair Sicilia's coast, were one, before
An earthquake caus'd the flaw: the roaring tides
The passage broke, that land from land divides;
And, where the lands retir'd, the rushing ocean rides.
Distinguish'd by the straits, on either hand,
Now rising cities in long order stand,
And fruitful fields: so much can time invade
The mouldering work, that beauteous Nature made.—
Far on the right, her dogs foul Scylla hides:
Charybdis roaring on the left presides,
And in her greedy whirlpool sucks the tides;

The sinuous
Then dashes on the
And virgin bosom, hides her
Her parts obscene below the
With dogs inclos'd; and in
'Tis safer then to bear aloof
And coast Pachynus, thou
Than once to view mis-sh
And the loud yell of wate
Besides, if faith to He
And if prophetic Phœbu
Do not this precept of y
Which therefore more
Above the rest, great
Pay vows to Juno; J
Let gifts be to the mi
And mollify with pr
Thus, at the length,
And you shall safe
Arriv'd at Cumæ,
Of black Avernus,
prophet

Nor gathers from the rocks her scatter'd verse,
Nor sets in order what the winds disperse.
Thus many not succeeding, most upbraid
The madness of the visionary maid,
And with loud curses leave the mystic shade.

Think it not loss of time a while to stay,
Though thy companions chide thy long delay;
Though summon'd to the seas, though pleasing gales
Invite thy course, and stretch thy swelling sails:
But beg the sacred priestess to relate
With willing words, and not to write, thy fate.
The fierce Italian people she will show,
And all thy wars, and all thy future woe,
And what thou may'st avoid, and what must undergo.
She shall direct thy course, instruct thy mind,
And teach thee how the happy shores to find.
This is what heaven allows me to relate:
Now part in peace; pursue thy better fate,
And raise, by strength of arms, the Trojan state.'

This when the priest with friendly voice declar'd,
He gave me licence, and rich gifts prepar'd:
Bounteous of treasure, he supplied my want
With heavy gold, and polish'd elephant,
Then Dondonæan cauldrons put on board,
And every ship with sums of silver stor'd.
A trusty coat of mail to me he sent,
Thrice chain'd with gold, for use and ornament;
The helm of Pyrrhus added to the rest,
That flourish'd with a plume and waving crest.
Nor was my sire forgotten, nor my friends:
And large recruits he to my navy sends—
Men, horses, captains, arms, and warlike stores;
Supplies new pilots, and new sweeping oars.

Meantime, my sire commands to hoist our sails,
Lest we should lose the first auspicious gales.
The prophet bless'd the parting crew, and, last,
With words like these, his ancient friend embrac'd
'Old happy man, the care of gods above,
Whom heavenly Venus honour'd with her love,
And twice preserv'd thy life when Troy was lost;
Behold from far the wish'd Ausonian coast:
There land; but take a larger compass round;
For that before is all forbidden ground.
The shore that Phœbus has design'd for you,
At further distance lies, conceal'd from view.
Go happy hence, and seek your new abodes,
Bless'd in a son, and favour'd by the gods:
For I with useless words prolong your stay,
When southern gales have summon'd you away.
Nor less the queen our parting thence deplor'd,
Nor was less bounteous than her Trojan lord.
A noble present to my son she brought,
A robe with flowers on golden tissue wrought.
A Phrygian vest; and loads with gifts beside
Of precious texture, and of Asian pride.
'Accept (she said) 'these monuments of love,
Which in my youth with happier hands I wove:
Regard these trifles for the giver's sake:
'Tis the last present Hector's wife can make.
Thou call'st my lost Astyanax to mind:
In thee, his features and his form I find.
His eyes so sparkled with a lively flame;
Such were his motions; such was all his frame;
And ah! had heaven so pleas'd, his years had been the same.'
With tears I took my last adieu, and said,
'Your fortune, happy pair, already made,

Leaves you no further wish. My different state,
Avoiding one, incurs another fate.
To you a quiet seat the gods allow:
You have no shores to search, no seas to plough,
Nor fields of flying Italy to chase—
Deluding visions, and a vain embrace!
You see another Simoïs, and enjoy
The labour of your hands, another Troy,
With better auspice than her ancient towers,
And less obnoxious to the Grecian powers.
If e'er the gods, whom I with vows adore,
Conduct my steps to Tyber's happy shore—
If ever I ascend the Latian throne,
And build a city I may call my own—
As both of us our birth from Troy derive,
So let our kindred lines in concord live,
And both in acts of equal friendship strive.
Our fortunes, good or bad, shall be the same:
The double Troy shall differ but in name;
That what we now begin may never end,
But long to late posterity descend.'

Near the Ceraunian rocks our course we bore—
The shortest passage to the' Italian shore.
Now had the sun withdrawn his radiant light,
And hills were hid in dusky shades of night:
We land, and, on the bosom of the ground,
A safe retreat and a bare lodging found.
Close by the shore we lay; the sailors keep
Their watches, and the rest securely sleep.
The night, proceeding on with silent pace,
Stood in her noon, and view'd with equal face
Her steepy rise, and her declining race.
Then wakeful Palinurus rose, to spy
The face *of heaven*, and the nocturnal sky;
And listen'd every breath of air to try;

Then, when he saw no threatenin
But a sure promise of a settled al
He gave the sign to weigh: we b
Forsake the pleasing shore, and p
And now the rising morn with ro
Adorns the skies, and puts the st
When we from far, like bluish mi
The hills, and then the plains of I
Achates first pronounc'd the joyf
Then 'Italy!' the cheerful crew
My sire Anchises crown'd a cup w
And, offering, thus implor'd the p
'Ye gods, presiding over lands a
And you who raging winds and w
Breathe on our swelling sails a pr
And smooth our passage to the p
The gentle gales their flagging fo
And now the happy harbour is in
Minerva's temple then salutes our
Plac'd, as a land-mark, on the m

The temple, which aloft we view'd before,
To distance flies, and seems to shun the shore.
Scarce landed, the first omens I beheld
Were four white steeds that cropp'd the flowery field.
'War, war is threaten'd from this foreign ground
(My father cried), where warlike steeds are found.
Yet, since, reclaim'd, to chariots they submit,
And bend to stubborn yokes, and champ the bit,
Peace may succeed to war.'—Our way we bend
To Pallas, and the sacred hill ascend;
There prostrate to the fierce virago pray,
Whose temple was the land-mark of our way.
Each with a Phrygian mantle veil'd his head,
And all commands of Helenus obey'd,
And pious rites to Grecian Juno paid.
These dues perform'd, we stretch our sails, and stand
To sea, forsaking that suspected land.
From hence Tarentum's bay appears in view,
For Hercules renown'd, if fame be true.
Just opposite, Lacinian Juno stands;
Caulonian towers, and Scylacæan strands
For shipwrecks fear'd. Mount Ætna thence we spy,
Known by the smoky flames which cloud the sky.
Far off we hear the waves with surly sound
Invade the rocks, the rocks their groans rebound.
The billows break upon the sounding strand,
And roll the rising tide, impure with sand.
Then thus Anchises, in experience old:
'Tis that Charybdis which the seer foretold,
And those the promis'd rocks! Bear off to sea!'
With haste the frighted mariners obey.

And thrice the hollow r
And thrice we saw th
dews around.
The flagging winds forc
And, wearied, on Cyclo
The port, capacious and
Is to the foot of thunde
By turns a pitchy cloud
By turns hot embers fro
And flakes of mountain f
Oft from her bowels mas
And, shiver'd by the forc
Oft liquid lakes of burni
Fed from the fiery spring
Enceladus, they say, tran
With blasted limbs came
And, where he fell, the' a
This flaming hill, and on h
As often as he turns his w
He shakes the solid isle,

Scarce had the rising sun the day reveal'd;
Scarce had his heat the pearly dews dispell'd;
When from the woods there bolts, before our sight,
Somewhat betwixt a mortal and a sprite,
So thin, so ghastly meagre, and so wan,
So bare of flesh, he scarce resembled man.
This thing, all tatter'd, seem'd from far to' implore
Our pious aid, and pointed to the shore.
We look behind; then view his shaggy beard:
His clothes were tagg'd with thorns: and filth his limbs besmear'd:
The rest in mien, in habit, and in face,
Appear'd a Greek: and such indeed he was.
He cast on us, from far, a frightful view,
Whom soon for Trojans and for foes he knew—
Stood still, and paus'd; then all at once began,
To stretch his limbs, and trembled as he ran.
Soon as approach'd, upon his knees he falls,
And thus with tears and sighs for pity calls:
'Now, by the powers above, and what we share
From Nature's common gift, this vital air,
O Trojans, take me hence! I beg no more;
But bear me far from this unhappy shore.
'Tis true, I am a Greek, and further own,
Among your foes besieg'd the' imperial town.
For such demerits if my death be due,
No more for this abandon'd life I sue:
This only favour let my tears obtain,
To throw me headlong in the rapid main:
Since nothing more than death my crime demands,
I die content, to die by human hands.'
He said, and on his knees my knees embrac'd:
I bade him boldly tell his fortune past,

The' occasion of his fear
The good Anchises rais'd
Who thus, encourag'd, a
'From Ithaca, my nativ
To Troy; and Achæmen
Me my poor father with
(Oh! had I stay'd, with
But, fearful for themselv
Left me forsaken in the
The cave, though large,
Was pav'd with mangled
Our monstrous host, of
Erects his head, and sta
Bellowing his voice, and
Ye gods, remove this pl
The joints of slaughter'd
And for his wine he qua
These eyes beheld, whe
He seiz'd two captives
Stretch'd on his back, h
Their broken bodies, an
With spouting blood the
While the dire glutton g
Not unreveng'd Ulysses
Nor thoughtless of his o
For, gorg'd with flesh, an
While fast asleep the gia
Snoring aloud, and belch
His indigested foam, and
We pray; we cast the lo
The monstrous body, str
Each, as he could approa
To bore his eye-ball wit

Beneath his frowning forehead lay his eye;
For only one did the vast frame supply—
But that a globe so large, his front it fill'd,
Like the sun's disk, or like a Grecian shield.
The stroke succeeds; and down the pupil bends:
This vengeance follow'd for our slaughter'd friends.—
But haste, unhappy wretches! haste to fly!
Your cables cut, and on your oars rely!
Such, and so vast as Polypheme appears,
A hundred more this hated island bears:
Like him, in caves they shut their woolly sheep;
Like him, their herds on tops of mountains keep;
Like him, with mighty strides, they stalk from steep to steep.
And now three moons their sharpen'd horns renew,
Since thus in woods and wilds, obscure from view,
I drag my loathsome days with mortal fright,
And in deserted caverns lodge by night;
Oft from the rocks a dreadful prospect see
Of the huge Cyclops, like a walking tree:
From far I hear his thundering voice resound,
And trampling feet that shake the solid ground.
Cornels and savage berries of the wood,
And roots and herbs, have been my meagre food.
While all around my longing eyes I cast,
I saw your happy ships appear at last.
On those I fix'd my hopes, to these I run:
'Tis all I ask, this cruel race to shun:
What other death you please, yourselves bestow.'
Scarce had he said, when on the mountain's brow
We saw the giant shepherd stalk before
His following flock, and leading to the shore—
A monstrous bulk, deform'd, depriv'd of sight;
His staff a trunk of pine, to guide his steps aright;

His ponderous whistle from his neck descends;
His woolly care their pensive lord attends:
This only solace his hard fortune sends.
Soon as he reach'd the shore, and touch'd the wave
From his bor'd eye the guttering blood he laves
He gnash'd his teeth, and groan'd: through seas
strides;
And scarce the topmost billows touch'd his sides
Seiz'd with a sudden fear, we run to sea,
The cables cut, and silent haste away;
The well-deserving stranger entertain; [ma
Then, buckling to the work, our oars divide
The giant hearken'd to the dashing sound:
But, when our vessels out of reach he found,
He strided onward, and in vain essay'd
The' Ionian deep, and durst no further wade.
With that he roar'd aloud: the dreadful cry
Shakes earth and air and seas; the billows fly,
Before the bellowing noise, to distant Italy.
The neighbouring Ætna trembling all around,
The winding caverns echo to the sound.
His brother Cyclops hear the yelling roar,
And, rushing down the mountains, crowd the sh
We saw their stern distorted looks, from far,
And one-ey'd glance, that vainly threaten'd war
A dreadful council! with their heads on high
(The misty clouds about their foreheads fly)
Not yielding to the towering tree of Jove,
Or tallest cypress of Diana's grove.
New pangs of mortal fear our minds assail;
We tug at every oar, and hoist up every sail,
And take the' advantage of the friendly gale.
Forewarn'd by Helenus, we strive to shun
Charybdis' gulf, nor dare to Scylla run.

An equal fate on either side appears:
We, tacking to the left, are free from fears:
For, from Pelorus' point, the North arose,
And drove us back where swift Pantagias flows.
His rocky mouth we pass; and make our way
By Thapsus, and Megara's winding bay.
This passage Achæmenides had shown,
Tracing the course which he before had run.
Right o'er-against Plemmyrium's watery strand,
There lies an isle, once call'd the' Ortygian land.
Alpheüs, as old fame reports, has found
From Greece a secret passage under ground,
By love to beauteous Arethusa led; [bed.
And, mingling here, they roll in the same sacred
As Helenus enjoin'd, we next adore
Diana's name; protectress of the shore.
With prosperous gales we pass the quiet sounds
Of still Helorus, and his fruitful bounds.
Then, doubling cape Pachynus, we survey
The rocky shore extended to the sea.
The town of Camarine from far we see,
And fenny lake, undrain'd by Fate's decree.
In sight of the Geloan fields we pass,
And the large walls, where mighty Gela was;
Then Agragas, with lofty sumnits crown'd,
Long for the race of warlike steeds renown'd.
We pass'd Selinus, and the palmy land,
And widely shun the Lilybæan strand,
Unsafe, for secret rocks and moving sand.
At length on shore the weary fleet arriv'd,
Which Drepanum's unhappy port receiv'd.
Here, after endless labours, often toss'd
By raging storms, and driven on every coast,
My dear, dear father, spent with age, I lost—

Ease of my cares, and solace of m
Sav'd through a thousand toils, bu
The prophet, who my future woe
Yet this, the greatest and the wo
And dire Celæno, whose forebodi
Denounc'd all else, was silent of t
This my last labour was. Some
From thence convey'd us to your

Thus, to the listening queen, t
His wandering course and all his
And here concluding, he retir'd t